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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

WE are much indebted to "Lodge 59 of the ancient order of Druids" for drawing a Cabinet Minister from his retirement at this festive season of the year. It is true that Mr. Cardwell is not *per se* a very important personage, and that his utterances seldom rise above the level of decorous official platitudes. No living statesman who has attained the post of Secretary of State is so thoroughly bureaucratic, or speaks so habitually the language of well-regulated red-tape. He never commits an impropriety, or is guilty of a political escapade. It would be vain to look to him for any new truths or for any fresh views of old truths. But, on the other hand, he represents very faithfully the ideas which are, for the moment, uppermost in the Government of which he is a member, and serves, far better than a man of more independent thought, the purpose of a political indicator or barometer. If Lord Palmerston had been living, and had been still disposed to play the game of procrastination with the question of parliamentary reform, Mr. Cardwell would no doubt have been full of doubt and hesitation as to the propriety of extending the electoral franchise. But as a subordinate of Earl Russell's, he is not only the willing, but the eager advocate of a measure with that object. He does not confine himself to assuring us that the Government intend to deal with the question in the ensuing session, but expatiates unctuously upon the peculiar fitness of the present time for Liberal legislation. We are, of course, glad to find that such unexceptionable opinions are entertained in high quarters; but we cannot help feeling that our obligations to the right honourable gentleman who utters them are very slight indeed. However, we may accept the tepid enthusiasm of the Colonial Secretary as an augury of other conversions; and, if in no other way, we may welcome it as a sign that the tide is flowing in our direction, and that the time-serving politicians are likely to go with us rather than against us. The most important passage in Mr. Cardwell's speech was, however, that in which he referred to Jamaica. It may be said that he somewhat prejudged the vital question of rebellion or no rebellion, by eulogizing the promptitude of the authorities and the skilful disposition of the troops through which safety was speedily restored to all persons who desired to live in peace and orderly submission to the law. There was certainly a rather marked emphasis in his declaration that the Government intended to cast no stigma upon Governor Eyre by the issue of the Commission of Inquiry. But making all due allowance for the disposition of every government department to stand by its officers to the last, we are quite willing to give Mr. Cardwell credit for the

impartiality which he professes. He has, we believe, done his best to nominate a competent Commission, and we have no doubt that he will act without reserve upon their finding. Still, although we do not wish him to prejudge the decision which it will be their duty to pronounce, we should have been glad to see that he felt thoroughly alive to the immense importance of the issues which are pending. In a few well-chosen words addressed to one of the earliest deputations which he received on the subject, Earl Russell conveyed to the public his own deep anxiety on the question; and it would not have been unbecoming in the head of the Colonial Office to let us know that he shared the feelings of his chief. It is, however, rather Mr. Cardwell's misfortune than his fault that he should talk of an inquiry on which the good fame and reputation of England largely depends, very much as if it related to a mere piece of administrative mismanagement or blundering. That is, no doubt, the light in which the occurrences in Jamaica present themselves to the well-trained official mind.

Mr. Bright has apparently set himself the task of advising the Ministry from without, instead of from within, the Cabinet. He holds himself fortunate not to be one of the "exalted and sacred number of the statesmen" who are the advisers of the Queen; but thinks that "every honest man who stands before his countrymen to discuss intelligently and honestly public questions, is necessarily at the same time both an adviser of the Queen and of the people." In this double capacity he gave to the men of Rochdale, at a public meeting held there on Wednesday to discuss the question of Parliamentary Reform, his idea of the three things necessary to give completion to the Constitution of this country, and to confer upon the people a full and real representation. These are—first, such a representation as will leave no class excluded, which he finds in a £5 rating, or £6 rental franchise, or, better still, in household suffrage; secondly, the ballot; thirdly, such a change in the distribution of seats as shall give a more equal distribution of Parliamentary power to the various bodies of electors scattered throughout the United Kingdom. But of these three things he would ask for the first, without at present insisting on the others. He meets the supposed opposition of a new Parliament to Parliamentary Reform by assuring it that the extension of the suffrage does not involve an immediate dissolution of Parliament; while, on the other hand, the defeat of Earl Russell's Cabinet on a Reform Bill would be at once followed by an appeal to the country. This is so like Lord Russell's own tactics that we could almost imagine Mr. Bright inspired from within the Cabinet while advising it on the Rochdale platform. But that, of course, is impossible. Mr. Bright is too honest a man to act a part, and it is clear from his speech that he is

informing the Ministry, as far as he can, as to what the country expects from them, not fore-shadowing what they are about to do.

Since his memorable address to the Austrian Ambassador, on the 1st January, 1859, Europe has listened with ill-dissembled uneasiness to the New Year's speeches of the Emperor Napoleon. We have been continually on the *qui vive* for some surprise which might prove the precursor of another war; and we have as often experienced relief when the oracle emitted a peaceful or a meaningless sound. If there is nothing very reassuring, there is certainly nothing threatening in the few words which his Majesty addressed to the Corps Diplomatique on the present occasion. They are almost studiously divested of any application to the future; and although we cannot admit that the satisfaction which they express with reference to the events of the past year is at all well-founded, we are not sorry to be spared an intimation that there is any new mission open to the bayonets of France. Looking round Europe, we can scarcely help entertaining some suspicion that there is a lurking irony in the assertion that we can "at present congratulate ourselves upon having avoided dangers, removed apprehensions, and strengthened the bonds which unite nations and kings;" but, at the same time, we are not unwilling to hope that they contain a genuine expression of the speaker's contentment with the existing state of things. "When France is satisfied Europe is at peace," the Emperor was once good enough to say. And we are only too anxious to be at peace to cavil much at the grounds on which the satisfaction in question is arrived at. Unless there is more than the usual amount of insincerity in the Imperial compliments, it would, at all events, appear from the words in which his Majesty returned thanks to Prince Metternich for an Austrian order which has been conferred on the Prince Imperial, that he has no idea of turning his arms against Francis Joseph. Some of the foreign journals would, indeed, have us believe that an intimate alliance between Austria and France is on the *tapis*. Nor is it at all unlikely that there is some tendency towards more intimate relations on the part of these Powers. The Emperors have a common interest in the Mexican question, and in checking the growing power of Prussia. The condition of Venice might interpose some difficulty in the way of their arriving at a mutual understanding, if we could suppose that the Emperor Napoleon was sincerely desirous to make Italy powerful and independent. But, as we do not suppose anything of the kind, we see no reason why the Courts of Vienna and Paris should not act together upon most of the European questions which are now open.

General Della Marmora has formed a new administration. Its *personnel* is somewhat stronger than that of the Cabinet which was recently overthrown; but it will pursue substantially the same policy and rely upon the support of the same sections of the Chambers. There is some violation of constitutional practice and precedent in a Premier, who has just resigned in consequence of a vote of want of confidence, reappearing again at the head of a new Ministerial combination. But under present circumstances, General Della Marmora is a necessity; and the Italians will act wisely in accepting him as such. Until the French are fairly out of Rome, they must put up with one of the statesmen in whom the Emperor Napoleon has confidence, and of these the General is beyond all question the most competent and the most honest. If we are to believe letters from Rome, his firmness and judgment are likely to be tried by one of the most audacious proposals which ever proceeded even from the Papal Court. According to these, the Pope has lately written to the Emperor Napoleon, stating that he would accept funds from the Italian Government for the payment of a portion of the Pontifical debt, but without renouncing his rights with respect to the former Provinces of the Church, without treating with the Italian Government, and without recognising the September Convention. In other words, he proposes to take all advantages without incurring any of the liabilities of that arrangement. It would probably suit the Emperor that he should do so, because by this means the Catholic party in France would be conciliated at the sole expense of Italy. But against so one-sided a bargain it is the duty of the Italian Government to make a firm stand; and in the performance of that duty we do not think that General Della Marmora is likely to be found wanting. His conduct during the negotiations of last autumn in reference to the filling up of the vacant sees

showed that while he is ready to do all that he fairly can to meet the wishes and to consult the susceptibilities of the Pope, he is equally determined to maintain the dignity and to protect the interests of Italy.

The speech of the Queen of Spain at the opening of the Cortes is only interesting on account of its reference to the pending dispute with Chili. That reference is, however, so curt and vague that it really throws no light whatever upon the prospects of peace or war. We learn, however, from a letter addressed by the Earl of Clarendon to Mr. Bright, that the Spanish Government have accepted the good offices of France and England, and that if the Republic of Chili is willing to agree to the terms which these two Powers have proposed, the quarrel will be speedily arranged, and trade will be allowed to take its usual course. It is tolerably certain that the Spanish Government are desirous of an accommodation, and that they believe it will be effected, since the departure of the men-of-war destined for the Pacific has been suspended. There is, however, some doubt whether the Chilians are equally inclined for peace. Their national feelings have been greatly outraged by the proceedings of Admiral Pareja. They believe, rightly or wrongly, that the Spaniards can inflict little or no injury upon them, although they may to some extent impede foreign commerce. They are not without hope of assistance from the United States; and they feel an excusable reluctance to make the slightest concession to a Power from whom they wrung their independence by force of arms. Still we cannot help hoping that they will in the end see the propriety of acceding to the proposals of England and France, supported, as they no doubt will be, by the representatives of other nations. It is desirable to give Spain an opportunity of making a decent retreat. The indignation which her bullying and overbearing conduct towards her former dependencies has excited in Europe is a tolerably good guarantee against the repetition of such conduct; and the Chilians will best secure the continuance of the good offices which have been employed on their behalf in the present instance, by waiving any mere punctilios which may stand in the way of accommodation.

The assent of three-fourths of the States having been given to "the constitutional amendment," Mr. Seward has just issued a proclamation declaring the abolition of slavery throughout the North American Union. There is no reason to doubt that the late Confederate States will frankly accept, and honestly act up to the spirit of the enactment thus incorporated with the Constitution. General Grant, who has lately returned from a tour of rebellion in the South, reports in the most explicit terms that the mass of thinking men "accept the present condition of affairs in good faith." He is, indeed, of opinion that it is necessary to station bodies of troops in the Southern States, and even to keep on foot something in the nature of the Freedmen's bureau, in order to keep the peace between the Whites and the Blacks—to protect the newly-liberated slaves from oppression on the one hand, and, on the other, to restrain their tendency to insubordination and spoliation. But, apart from such measures which we can well believe to be expedient under existing circumstances, he would apparently at once readmit the late rebel States to the full enjoyment of their rights as members of the Union. That, we need hardly say, is the desire of the President, who has once more expressed it to the Senate in a very strongly and earnestly worded message. That, too, is the evident wish of the Northern people, who are anxious that all traces of the late conflict should be effaced as soon as possible. But the Republican majority in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate, appear to thwart both President and people. Elected during the war, they reflect its passions and animosities. By means of "caucuses" and other party machinery they are kept together in a compact body, under the guidance of their most extreme members. In spite of the more conciliatory temper of the present time, they seem determined to keep the South outside of the Constitution as long as possible; to make her feel the full bitterness of prolonged subjection, and only to admit her States on such terms as shall impose upon them a permanent badge of inferiority. Such a policy is not generous: it is not wise. It does not tend to restore the Union, or to reconcile its lately-contending sections. But it is admirably fitted to maintain the supremacy of the Republican party, and to prolong their exclusive possession of the powers and emoluments of office. At

present the Democrats are feeble and helpless. If the Southern States were readmitted, they would immediately become powerful, and would probably, at no distant period, regain their old ascendancy. We do not mean to say that a dread of this is the only motive which actuates the Republicans in their present course. But we fear that it has considerable influence in rendering them insensible to larger and more patriotic considerations. We are glad to see that there are indications of a disposition to secede, on the part of some of the more moderate members of the party. Still, notwithstanding this, it is clear that some time will yet elapse before the Confederate States are restored to their constitutional position; nor will this, we fear, be accomplished without the imposition of some conditions which will grate harshly upon the feelings of a proud and gallant, though a conquered, people.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IF, as seems probable, we are soon to have a Reform Bill, which is in due time to ripen into a Reform Act, it is well to understand clearly beforehand what are the results expected from such a measure. There are in the country three classes or parties, the first of which consists of those who do not want any Reform at all; the second, of those who want a complete and thorough Reform; and the third, of those who want an apparent rather than a real one. That is to say, the third class have no objection to such a measure as would, while adding to the present number of electors, leave the quality of the elected much as it is now; but they entertain a great dislike to any change which would have the effect of making the House of Commons a less aristocratic and less exclusive assembly than it is at present. Now, to take a constitutional view of the subject, we will lay down in the first place, that the Peers form of themselves a distinct estate of the realm, and that, at least according to the theory of the Constitution, the House of Commons should contain the representatives, not of the peerage, but of the people. To insure this result, the Commons retain on their journals what may be called an organic resolution excluding the Peers from any direct or directly influential part in the election of members of the People's House. If the Lower House were really what it claims to be, that resolution would probably be respected. Notoriously, it is "more honoured in the breach than the observance," which leads *a priori* to a suspicion that there is some substantial and not merely accidental reason why it is so flagrantly disregarded. The reason is not far to seek. The House of Commons is in fact an assembly in which the power of the Peers is very little less felt than in their own proper chamber. The House of Lords is an incongruous assembly, but it is great and historic. We are not amongst its enemies. One House of Lords is very well, but we are not inclined to consider it a mercy of Providence that we have two; which, however is pretty nearly the fact. If one were to say that our Legislature consists of two Houses—one of Old Lords, and the other of Young Lords, it would not be a very gross misstatement.

Hardwicke's *Shilling House of Commons* is a very accessible and sufficiently reliable authority. Referring to it, we find that more than one hundred sons and brothers of Peers have been returned to the new Parliament. There are four or five Irish Peers besides, whose sympathies certainly go with their order. Add to these, relations not quite so near, such as nephews and cousins, and connections by marriage, such as sons-in-law and brothers-in-law, and it will be found that about a moiety of the whole House are most intimately connected with the Peerage. Add to these again the representatives of nomination boroughs and other constituencies where lordly influences are in the ascendant, and nothing can be clearer than that the House of Lords contributes to the formation and direction of the House of Commons to an extent that renders one assembly very much an appendage of the other. A few examples will show the amount of influence possessed by individual members of the Peerage. The Duke of Devonshire has in the House of Commons a brother and three sons; the Marquis of Abercorn, a brother and two sons; the Duke of Buccleuch, two sons; the Marquis of Salisbury, two sons; the Earl of Derby, two sons; the Marquis of Westminster, two sons and a nephew; the Marquis of Ailesbury, two brothers; the Duke of Richmond, two brothers; the Duke of Rutland, two brothers; the Duke of Newcastle, two brothers; the Earl of Enniskillen, an uncle and a brother; Earl Cowper, the same; Lord Feversham, a brother and a son; Earl Fitzwilliam, an uncle and a son. It will at once be said that in some of these cases the return of the members was

quite independent of family influence; that Lord Stanley, for instance, does not owe his election at Lynn, nor Lord Claud John Hamilton his election at Londonderry, to territorial power or family dictation, but that each of them is the free choice of the electors. *Exceptio firmat regulam.* Under any system Lord Stanley could not fail to find a seat in Parliament, though Lord C. J. Hamilton's merits are certainly not so conspicuous, and it would have been easy for Londonderry to have got as good a "prentice" who was not altogether a "boy." But what other noble lord or honourable young gentleman amongst those we have just enumerated was returned precisely on his own merits, and apart from family or territorial influence?

We do not in the least mean to deny that the sons of Peers have as good a right as any one else to devote themselves to the service of the country, either in Parliament or in any department of government they are fit for. It is in many ways for the advantage of the country that they should do so, and certainly the time is a long way off when Englishmen, as a general rule, will feel disinclined to give due weight to rank and birth in those who are candidates for their favour. We never wish to see the House of Commons without such members as Lord Stanley and Lord Cranbourne, or even Lord Hartington, Lord Naas, and Lord Elcho. We should not object to Lord Amberley, if he were satisfied to sit for Tavistock and would not ask to be made a Cabinet Minister. But it would be good taste, to put it at the lowest, in those Peers whose influence is paramount in the constituencies of the country, to pay some attention to capacity and character in their relations or followers whom they choose to send to the House of Commons. Where there is no ability there should at least be some experience; and it is going rather too far to put up a Lord Tyrone or a Lord Uffington as the proper representative of men so many of whom are superior to them in everything but rank and fortune. In the case of the young lord we have last mentioned, the patience of the public was tried too much, and even the market-gardeners of Reading sickened at the notion of making a man a Member of Parliament, however well-born or rich, unless he had "some little brains." Perhaps that fact is some slight indication of the temper in which the people of England might be expected to discuss this part of the question when once it is fairly before them. It is well that they have not pointedly brought home to them the knowledge of how important measures are decided by the votes of young gentlemen who have not condescended to hear them discussed, but who lounge in from evening-parties or opera-boxes to give a very decisive opinion upon matters they do not in the least understand. "Game-preservers," of the kind immortalized by Herr Teufelsdröckh, are rather on the increase in Parliament, and that sort of subject is the only one to which they are capable of giving their whole mind. Consequently the last Parliament did some remarkable things in the way of game-preserving legislation. Now, here in England, we rather despise the Prussian people, who allow Bismarck and the Junkers to treat them so ill, and we wonder that nothing serious comes of the standing antagonism between the two Houses. But they would agree as well as both our own, if Bismarck could only fill the Lower Chamber with young Counts of the Rochow and Eulenberg pattern, certainly more arrogant, insolent, and offensive fellows than our own beloved young nobility, but by no means less capable of acting as intelligent legislators.

We have now suggested some matter for reflection to our political philosophers and public men in general. It is clear that the representation of the British people in Parliament is a thing that is yet to be carried out, and that a House of Commons properly so called is, whether desirable or not, something that we are not at present acquainted with. It is not exactly a new sort of machinery for turning out the old sort of members that the country seems to want, but something that may tend to secure in the members themselves greater aptitude and capacity, a better intelligence of the wants of the governed, and a more earnest and persevering desire to satisfy them. "Leave us still our old nobility," by all means, and our young nobility too, and of the latter give us as many as we absolutely require in our Legislature, our diplomacy, our fleets, and our armies; but the supply is at present a little beyond the demand, and it is desirable to bring the state of the market to more reasonable and satisfactory conditions.

THE STATE OF "FENIA."

OUR American friends have invented the word "Fenia" to express that shadowy State in which invasions are adumbrated,

and whole fleets of Flying Dutchmen prospected. In a recent article the *New York Herald* adverted to the late President as "O'Makemoney," and with equal point and elegance referred to a famous Tipperary locality as "Slievnagamon." This gives us an idea of the light in which the brotherhood are held across the Atlantic. The fraternity have fallen out, though whether honest men will come by their own, is a question. Colonel Roberts, who was a few years since a shopman in Cork, attempts to depose the Fenian Rienzi from the Capitol. One is scarcely surprised at the endeavour, taking into account that the P. F. B. is somewhat better lodged than the President of the United States. A reporter from the *Brooklyn Eagle* found "O'Mahony and Killian seated in the central parlour of the Union-square mansion, which was filled in a manner to satisfy the caprice of an Eastern despot, with luxurious carpets, ebony and rosewood desks, carved folding doors, with gorgeously tinted stained-glass windows, sofa-divans, and inviting-looking arm-chairs, all comfortably upholstered with national colours—green and gold. Colonel O'Mahony sat in the background enveloped in a martial cloak, with his hand supporting his chin, and his visual organ scanning the intruder. Bernard Doran Killian sat in front of a magnificent desk, with one leg thrown over the other in a careless and unaffected manner, his sable locks hanging loosely across his marble brow." This Republican simplicity is quite in the way in which Sim Tapertit would play conspirator. The nickname, "O'Makemoney," was not inappropriate. We learn that at the time of the split in the Cabinet the monthly receipts were not less than 150,000 dollars, and the aggregate collection for the last seven years amounts to the round sum of 5,000,000 dollars. No wonder that the post of President is coveted. There was a charge of malfeasance and defalcation. Bernard Doran Killian was not all right touching the ledgers. Thereupon we have a senate in which the conscript fathers consisted of confectioners, bakers, general-store keepers, and clerks. The position of the dignitaries of Fenianism may be measured from the fact of Colonel O'Mahony offering the name of Mr. Keenan as agent for bonds of the Irish Republic (*in nubibus*), Mr. Keenan being by profession neither more nor less than a costermonger, and described as the owner in fee of an apple-stall in Washington market. O'Mahony is deposed, but defies the Senate. He has tasted the sweets of office, and knows how good and worthy a thing it is, "dulce," anyhow "decorum," as it may be, to take the dollars of one's countrymen. So he issues a manifesto, and Roberts a counter-manifesto, and between them the dupes are agape at the card of Brother J. J. Geary, who modestly terms himself a "two hundred pound proclaimed Cork Centre," and insists that his counsel must be of weight, because of the heavy reward for his head. J. J. Geary sides with Roberts. Geary was the proprietor of a low tavern in Cork. At his house drillings took place, and the goose-step was acquired under the immediate supervision of an ex-soldier, who carefully noted not only the progress of his pupils, but their names and addresses, with a view of recommending their proficiency to the police and to the Government, which he ultimately carried into fatal effect. There be those who hint that J. J. Geary purchased an immunity from capture by similar means, and certainly his escape was singularly opportune. All are now waiting for Stephens to turn up. He will probably be made Dictator, and thus reconcile the distracted Centres. It appears there are no less than 800 of these altogether, including the West Indies, the British provinces, and the United States army and navy. If the next call be responded to, it is calculated that 4,200,000 dollars will be added to the treasury. This will turn the heads of the ex-shopboys assuredly. The classical *Herald*, which we before quoted, accuses them already of being spoiled by prosperity in the following model sentence:—"In other words, when they left off drinking superb Irish whisky, in Duane-street, at 10c. a glass, and became addicted to pony brandy, in Union-square, at 75c. a rider, the whole apparatus of the Fenian concern collapsed, and the inevitable explosion occurred." The dodges by which the dollars are attracted deserve notice. Among the rest, there is one which must be taken first on the principle of *places aux dames*.

There are positively feminine Fenians. Cynics tell us there never yet was a mischief in the world that had not a woman in it, and it would seem that Fenianism does not contradict the calumny. We find an address from Ellen O'Mahony, "Directress of the Fenian Sisterhood," in which pathos and bathos and a sharp eye to the main chance compose a very agreeable *mélange*. Ellen O'Mahony is most likely the wife or sister of John. Every Jock has his Jenny, every Jack is supposed to have a "Gill;" and besides these proverbs we are reminded in reading this address of a contract entered into

by a party named Sprat and his spouse, who succeeded in clearing the dishes by simply making a fair division of labour. Miss, or Mrs. O'Mahony, writes a great deal of the "Emerald Isle" and of that "green" flag so wonderfully typical of the Irish mind in reference to Fenianism. There is nothing exactly Joan-of-Arc-ish in her tone. She appeals to the servantalism of the States to come down handsomely for the country of their birth. She inveighs against those who would wear even an ear-ring, a brooch, or a stomacher, while the Saxon was grinding the hereditary bondsman. There are times when you cannot do better than set a thief to catch a thief, and there are rare, very rare occasions, when you may set one woman to catch another. To be sure, as a general rule, a male detective possesses in his sex a *primâ-facie* advantage, which, as we know, he often uses successfully when entrapping a lady criminal, but there are also occasions when the services of a female runner become invaluable. In America, where the ladies fill learned professions, and where they went so far as to try and fill trousers in the concrete, there must be a hemispherical arrangement of interests, masculine and feminine, dividing the rotundity of every party. The feminine Fenians will not therefore permit their patriotism to be merged completely in that of the male Centres. No doubt a Penthesilea will arise among the former when the hour and the woman comes. It is not considered even decorous for a lady to separate from the great female communion which has its own rights, properties, and sentiments. If the gentlemen (they are all gentlemen in America) have their Fenianism, the ladies (they are all ladies in America also) must have theirs pure and simple—pure, as becomes creatures who would faint at the uncovered legs of a piano; simple as that guileless faith which has led them to adopt the most ferocious and immoral of revolutionary doctrines. As a contrast to this wretched swindle there is a bitter reality for the Fenians of Ireland. One has been sentenced to gaol for as long as he lives, and many others for terms which will exhaust their probable duration of existence. While Messrs. Mahony and Roberts are squabbling over the plunder in New York, their victims in Ireland were being clothed and fitted for Dartmoor. Day after day the special commission sits, and the same story is told, and with a result only varied in degree. Whether the prisoners are to the fullest extent the fools of their own conceit, or whether it is merely the gratification of a taste for vulgar braggadocio, they nearly all leave the dock with a swagger and a threat that the law which has punished them will be set aside momentarily, and that their turn will come. The Government, though deserving every praise for the vigorous and efficient prosecution of these trials, certainly gives a colour to this silly bombast. On Christmas-day the entire garrison of Dublin was under arms. In Cork there was an incessant parade of military. A troop of dragoons surrounded the judges, the avenues of the Court-house were lined with police, mounted constables pranced along the quiet streets, and the people were positively provoked into fear when they saw so many elaborate preparations, so much ado about nothing. When the judges travelled from Cork to Dublin sentries were posted every mile along the road, a pilot-engine was sent on to clear possible Fenian obstructions, and at every station the local sub-inspector of constabulary and his men kept back the half-dozen ragged boys who were curious enough to stare at the carriages. We cannot discover what there is to dread. Fenianism is contemptible in Ireland and ludicrous in New York. If in the latter it should ever assume a graver aspect, it is impossible to doubt but that the Government of the United States will interpose and prevent a disruption of the friendly relations which have hitherto existed between that country and this. It is absurd to imagine that the Fenians will be allowed to take action, and that at the same time an *entente cordiale* could subsist between us and America. We do not believe in the talk of retaliation for breaches of neutrality. There would be neither sense nor dignity in it, and the Americans have shown a fair share of both in their Cabinet difficulties. We may then be perfectly easy as to Fenianism, the entire plant, store, capitol, treasury, traitors, and all, not being worth the interruption of a month's pacific intercourse between England and the United States.

LONDON FEVER AND LONDON VESTRIES.

It is a pity that we cannot for one turn gain such control over a good active epidemic as would enable us to make it play on the people who prepare the ground for pestilence. This is not an uncharitable wish. Epidemics will kill somebody, and all we ask is that, just for once, we could make them kill the right people. If we could, so to speak, obtain the next presentation of an epidemic we should bestow it upon our

metropolitan vestries. Whatever loss would result in other respects, society would be the gainer—could not, at least, be the loser. Much was to be done for us when the local Parliaments were established; self-government was to be vindicated by striking results; the conscript fathers of each district would see that all its wants were attended to, that all nuisances should be abated, and the habitations of the poor rendered fit for Christians to live in them. If on experiment it was found that they had not power sufficient for all this, they would apply to Parliament to strengthen their hands, and should the Legislature fail to do so, it would not be for want of diligence on the part of the vestries. But for all that we have ever heard of the achievements of these local parliaments, their districts might as well not have known them. The licensed victuallers, grocers, and cheesemongers, the bakers, butchers, tailors, drapers, and corn-chandlers, who with shoemakers, carpenters, gas-fitters, &c., form the vast majority of these bodies, have done but little credit to the principle of local self-government. Nay, if we consider what a blessing it would be to all of us, to the poor especially, if the typhus-infected house property which covers so large a portion of the metropolis were pulled down, it is somewhat humiliating to think that some of the most active and obstructive members of the said vestries are owners of such property, and have a vested interest to which they cling with bull-dog pertinacity in the maintenance of these fever-beds. By the light of this one fact it is intelligible that the better inhabitants of a district will have nothing to do with their local parliament. Out of 368 members of these bodies—the whole number of *ex-officio* members being 477—it seems that there are only 25 who are “esquires or [persons] not now in trade,” 14 medical men, 10 solicitors, 3 clergymen, and 1 sculptor. All the rest are of the stamp of the grocers and cheesemongers, &c., above mentioned. The educated mind seems to fly from association with the conscript fathers as if there was something unclean about them.

It cannot be that the principle of self-government is wrong. It stands to reason that the inhabitants of a district shall best understand its wants and be most efficient in attending to them. The defect must be in the men charged to carry it out. At all events, we have a right to look to them for an explanation how it comes that the typhus nests of London are unchanged in character, are as pestiferous as they were before our local parliaments came into power; and that, in many cases, the greatest difficulty the medical officers have to contend against is the obstructiveness of the vestries who appoint them. In his letter to the *Times*, Dr. Jeaffreson, late Resident Medical Officer to the London Fever Hospital, describes the general characteristics of the typhus nests of Lambeth, St. George's, Southwark; Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Bethnal Green, St. Luke's, Middlesex; St. Pancras, and St. Giles's. He divides them into three classes of houses:—first, small four-roomed tenements, with wet walls, sodden floors and loose ceilings, and roofs permitting the rain to come through.” Houses of this class cover acres of London, and contain generally four families, or from twelve to twenty people, each room being let at from two to four shillings a week; each hovel, therefore, bringing its landlord, upon an average, £30 per annum! “The largest room in the house will barely give 250 cubic feet to each of five inmates, while sometimes ten persons crowd into the same space, which is often used as workshop as well as dwelling-room.” It is startling to be told that in many such rooms Dr. Jeaffreson saw “smart warm children's clothing and good cloth garments being made for children and men, whose friends may have to wonder painfully whence came the poison to which they, like Alton Locke's cousin, have succumbed.” A worse class of houses are the two or three roomed buildings, which are placed back to back, without back-yard, staircase window, or any means of through ventilation, so that the upper one or two rooms are the receptacle of part of the air from below, which, intensifying the poison of their own atmosphere, begets typhus. Thirdly, came old rambling houses, originally built for people well-to-do, let out in rooms to families of from two to ten members each. In some of them the cellars, which were formerly inhabited, are now filled up with the dust, garbage, and sweepings of the house for many years, swarming with insects and maggots, and neither agreeable nor wholesome to smell. Of one of these houses—and one is a type of all—Dr. Jeaffreson says it “is a centre of fever poison.” A large proportion of the courts and alleys in which these houses are, are “foul in the extreme, unpaved, covered with garbage and black mud, so foul that the poor complain of the impossibility of keeping their houses clean, while every person stirring out of doors must needs bring back so much filth.” Then Dr. Jeaffreson tells us of alleys in which the

drain has been stopped up for months; of another where the nuisance of stagnant sewage was increased by blood from a butcher's slaughter-house, which communicated with the alley and joined the black pool in which the children were paddling close to the doors of the houses; of a third, where many loads of foul manure had been carted away from the court—not the houses—being the accumulation of eight months' garbage. When we read of all this, and remember how disgracefully deficient is the supply of water in these places—being rather the name of the thing than the thing itself—we are not surprised to learn that the cases are numerous of family succeeding family in typhus-infected houses, each succumbing in turn, till the house was shut up for a time and lime-whited. But we are very much astonished when we find that so simple a remedy as this should be found, for a time at least, efficient in driving typhus away, and yet not be universally applied, though the need for such a precaution was pressing. “In one street,” writes Dr. Jeaffreson, “there were, within a short time, more than one hundred cases of typhus. Three fathers of families lay dead at the same time, leaving thirty-eight orphans to raise the rates and swell the ranks of pauperism.” But neither while typhus was thus raging in the street, nor when it died out, was anything done to the yards or houses. This street it would appear belongs to a landlord who in other parts of London owns many similar typhus nests. Fortunate man! No description of house property pays so well.

It cannot be doubted that in several instances the owners of such property are active members of the vestries to which we look, and have a right to look, for the sanitary well-being of the metropolis. We need not suggest how much in the way of obstructiveness can be done in a vestry by a member who is emboldened by the fact that he has a pecuniary interest of his own to defend; but it can hardly be altogether owing to such agency that the vestries have done nothing to improve the terrible state of things which Dr. Jeaffreson describes. If they have not had powers sufficient for that purpose, it was competent to them to lay before Parliament the nature of the evil with which they had to contend, and the inadequacy of their means to deal with it efficiently. It is not to be supposed that, with the weight of their official authority, they would in vain press upon the Legislature the duty of protecting the poor from those iniquitous landlords who take advantage of their poverty to house them, at enormous rents, worse than the beasts of the field. Parliament has granted powers for the abatement of noxious trades, for the removal of nuisances, for the promotion of any good public work at the expense of private interests—with compensation. Could it refuse the London vestries power to deal with such house property as we have been considering in a manner consistent with the decencies of civilized life? But the vestries have been so little willing to trouble Parliament for fresh powers, that they appear, in their treatment of their medical officers for instance, to have exercised those they possessed rather in order to defeat than promote the objects for which they were established. Thus there has arisen the opinion that to endow them with further powers would be a safe way of keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope. If we are to hope for the removal of our typhus nests we must cease to put faith in vestries, and instead of strengthening their hands must weaken them to the extent at least of confiding to some other authority the appointment of medical officers of health. And if we are not content to endure the reproach to our civilization and Christianity implied in the condition of our London hovels, we must adopt some means for its removal with which the vestries shall have nothing to do. They have had power to compel the removal of accumulations of refuse, to insist upon an adequate supply of water, and to provide for proper drainage. If they have failed, as they have, to fulfil these objects, it would be vain to expect from them an achievement so Herculean as the rebuilding of districts which they have not been able to keep decently clean.

IRISH PROSPECTS.

IRELAND has suffered from a good deal of political empiricism. No country in Europe has contributed so largely to the ventilation of moot and difficult points in economical science. The influence of potatoes upon population, the system of rent applied in a unique fashion and producing a blunderbuss consequence never anticipated by Adam Smith, the drastics of emigration, and the counter-irritants of polemics, have all been severally tried and commented on. Irish questions are in every way the despair of English statesmen. Some outrageous

occurrence is sure to take place just when there is every reason to think the necessary precautions against it have been exhausted. Now an Orangeman shoots a Catholic, or a Catholic bags an Orangeman on the score of a sort of historical dislike; a whole city is in arms on the same account; again, the people will not have mixed education just as the mixture was prepared, they are injured by over taxation, by want of dock-yards, by not having a postal subsidy for Galway, by having their paupers imported unfairly, by undue fiscal pressure, and by fifty other vexatious complications which drive distracted members from the House at the earliest hint of an Irish grievance being brought before them. Still it is curious to notice order in the midst of this chaos, and strange to consider how, from the multitude of those distraught problems, the Irish were able to escape for a while last year, and build, perfect, and arrange, their charming exhibition in Dublin. Even Irish members, for a change, can become reasonable. Their late conference, if considered as a virtual disruption of independent opposition, was a step in the right direction. What they have now pledged themselves to do is better than forming themselves into an inefficient nucleus for embarrassing every measure, without the power of carrying one of their own.

It will relieve the Government if they are put in possession of the real grievances of Ireland through the medium of those qualified representatives who have hitherto done very little to enlighten the puzzled Legislature. We hope they will be met not only impartially but indulgently. Mr. Gladstone may be of service to them if approached cautiously, but it is not easy to engage him in anything which does not prove itself almost upon statement, and that is just what Irish questions never do. Open them up, and you can never calculate what will come of them. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is apt to deal curtly with propositions which do not square with his own financial views. Ireland will not bear sharp practice. She requires hygienic and tonic treatment. She may be nursed into health with care, but rough usage, slashing *Times* leaders, smart parliamentary floutings, and staple abuse from Conservative platforms, do her infinite mischief. Paradoxical as it may seem in the teeth of the Fenian trials, there are no people so loyal as the Irish. Cornelius O'Dowd, a shrewd authority enough, and Archbishop Whately, who seldom penned an unwise sentence, were both of opinion that loyalty was the strongest feature in the Celtic character. Whenever a king or queen visited the country, their reception was exceptionally enthusiastic. But this loyalty is of a warm personal kind, a sentiment which will attach itself to an object, and not to a constitutional abstraction. A lord-lieutenant is perfectly useless for this purpose. Not one of them has ever gained an enduring popularity. The office is even inconsistent as an institution with the very terms of the Act of Union, to say nothing of the absurdity of a vicarious royalty shifting with every revolution of party. It is a formal perpetuation of a blunder. The Governor of India presides over a vast province with consular power and dignity; the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland presides over Larcom and the police, keeps a scapegoat called a Chief Secretary in the House, and holds a court for the barristerocracy of Dublin to wear periodical pumps in, and levées which serve to demoralize the middle classes into dire extravagance, and a tabinet gentility.

If her Majesty, the Queen, or the Prince of Wales could be induced to reside for some part of the year amongst her Irish subjects, there is no doubt whatever but that the attachment of the people to the throne would be usefully increased. Irishmen are non-republican by nature, tradition, and inclination. The very pomp and circumstance of monarchical government possesses an intrinsic charm for them. They had originally kings of their own in every province, anointed sheep-stealers, who waged fierce war with the rival potentates of contiguous parishes, sometimes about corn or cattle, and oftentimes about the ninth Commandment. We know what sort of king James was, and yet the Irish stuck to him and to his with a devotedness for which there is no parallel in history. How Messrs. Stephens and O'Mahony could hope to indoctrinate them with communism it is difficult to conjecture. Then there was the fortunate mistake which the Fenians made of attacking the priests. This would have told in France, but in Ireland there have been neither Voltaires nor those sacerdotal voluptuaries who provoke the Voltairean spirit. The priest there, in addition to the respect paid him in consideration of the sacred functions he exercises, functions awfully sacred to a Roman Catholic, is looked upon as the natural guardian of peasant rights, the redresser of the civil wrongs of his flock, and the mediator, whose interposition is often successful with the hardest landlord. The union between priest and people in

Ireland is indissoluble as long as the latter support the former, and that he lives with them, and that his class is recruited from them. If to-morrow the priest were paid by the State, he would lose utterly and immediately his political influence over his congregation. On the other hand, most assuredly one of the effects of the Church Establishment is to render Protestantism a part and parcel of Governmental machinery in the eyes of the peasantry, and hence it is that they have a foregone conclusion about it, and will give its tenets so little attention or investigation.

With reference to the resources of the country and their development, a great deal of nonsense has been written. Sir Robert Kane, many years ago, insisted that forty-eight millions might be supported in it. This calculation has misled a good many who do not take the precaution of using a large measure of salt with the statement of a pamphleteer who has a theory. Ireland has been prosperous with twelve millions, starving with eight millions, and indifferently off with six millions. Those facts show the difficulty of any ascertained figure helping us to fix a standard for the future. The truth is that the resources, in whatever they consist, have never yet got a chance, and the people, whenever the national tuber gave them the slightest hope, went on reduplicating with a fecundity which appeared to acknowledge no Malthusian check, and no economical deterrent whatever. Then came a lean and ghastly famine, and ships laden with eleemosynary corn, and depression, apathy, workhouses, and retrogression for nigh a space of ten years. Lately we had it discovered or perhaps invented, that the land was more fitted for grazing than for agricultural farms. A few prize animals shown in Dublin by rich speculators were supposed to make both a reason and a conclusion. And indeed at the first blush, the precarious nature of the climate and the general unkindness of the soil for cereal produce would seem to colour this view. But what becomes of the thousands who have taken root in the land, who have no money to buy fancy cows, and who have a few not unnatural objections to clearing off for the cows to come on? Besides, there are tens of thousands of acres in Ireland completely unfit for cattle. They require incessant human labour to keep them even from running wild. They are ready, at the shortest inattention, to lapse into a stone sterility or a bog barrenness. If you but tickle them with a hoe, you will laugh altogether at the wrong side of your mouth when you see the harvest. You may travel miles of country in which the oats and wheat will be sparse as the hair on the head of Thersites, and yet upon which it would be impossible, without an enormous expenditure, to raise an acre of wholesome grass.

Now, in many parts there is a swinging rent paid for the privilege of cultivating this rascally soil, and the collection of this rent is often made in a fashion which we believe we here disclose for the first time. Most of the Irish properties having changed hands through the operation of the Encumbered and Landed Estates Courts, the purchasers rigidly exact that percentage on the outlay which they calculated on receiving from the advertising rent-roll. Residing in England or on the Continent, they appoint agents, and through this system it has come about that one firm alone collects an immense land-tribute for sixty or seventy different landlords. This firm has its offices in Dublin, and despatches runners or clerks to the head-quarters of the various estates, who accordingly proceed to the work, having themselves a commission upon the amount they bring back. The reader will at once perceive the evils of this style of management. Apart from the question of absenteeism which we do not here intend to open, there is something almost revolting in the establishment of this inexorable machine for exacting rent. There is a similar practice in India, but there it is done by the executive who lease the farms and erect district offices where complaints may be heard and abatements, if necessary, made. But in Ireland not only does the landlord escape the opportunity which the duties of property might impose upon him, but the agent also arranges to shirk all responsibility, while the only person with whom the tenant can directly communicate is a compound of lawyer's clerk and bailiff, flavoured with the neat manners of a town traveller, and who takes his ease at the county inns, and upon rent day threatens evictions, fines, and distress, to the unfortunate defaulter of three gales. If the tenant remonstrates with him as to the high price of the land, and offers even to prove to him ocularly and arithmetically the impossibility of living on it, and paying so much for it, this gentleman at once says he has no discretion to make abatements, he can only take his pound of flesh, and give a stereotyped receipt for it.

We regret not to be able to draw on the whole a more favourable picture than this, but it is preferable the truth

should be known. In describing the "prospects" of a country in this way, the expression can only be excused by saying that as a man looks forward into a mirror in order to see what is behind him, our "prospect" has been made from a retrospect. We cheerfully hope, however, it will not all be reflected in the future. It is a long path which has no turning, and Ireland has been for such a considerable time going in unprofitable courses, that in the nature of things she ought shortly to look up, and present the much desired variety of improvement.

THE SEASON'S BILLS AND BELLS.

THE Shine and Shade of the Christmas season are not only shown in those Hampers and Dampers that we have already considered in a previous paper, but also in its Bills and Bells. The sunny cheerfulness and glad thoughts and teachings of Christmas, seem to be represented by its bells, whose melody is prolonged through the week, to usher in the New Year, to which season also is postponed the presentation of those Christmas bills, that, to the majority, neither bring pleasant thoughts nor bright prospects. Of course there are exceptional cases either way, and what may seem gloomy to one may prove joyous to another. They, for example, who have well-stocked purses and a balance at their banker's, and who have, moreover, kept their expenditure within their income, after the principle so admirably enunciated by Mr. Micawber, have no need to dread the approach of their Christmas bills; while it may possibly happen, that they may be nervously sensitive to the ringing of church bells, more especially if they live in uncomfortable proximity to an ultra-ritualistic edifice that has its early services, its so-called "matins" and "evensong," and is always tinkling its bells at untimely hours of the day and night. In such a case, they may come to hate those bells with the hate of that certain place with which the earl's daughter hated her enemy, being induced to do so, it is charitably to be hoped, rather from the stinging nature of the alliteration than from an intimate knowledge of the place itself. The man who is driven half-frantic by the pealing of Christmas bells, that are "jangled, out of tune and harsh," either from their inherent defects or from the want of skill of the ringers, may, with the greatest equanimity and unruffled mind, receive, peruse, docket, and discharge a crowd of Christmas bills, the sight of which would give another man the horrors. What may be shine to the one, may be shade to the other; and Christmas may be as variously regarded as was the chameleon or the knight's shield of the fable.

Others, on the contrary, may be as fond of bell-ringing as were the great Lord Burghley and Sir Matthew Hale, who would not only remain in the belfry while the bells were in full swing, delighting in their deafening thunder-claps and ear-splitting reverberations, but would also take their part, with other "College Youths," in changes, rounds, grandsires, bob-majors, caters, bob-royals, and all other combinations and variations which the metal-tongued and silver-throated performers can be made to produce. Few, however, could task their enthusiasm to such a point as this, and, with uninjured *tympana*, survive so crucial a test. Although we may wish to carry into effect the words of the old carol, and to command all the bells on earth to ring on Christmas-day in the morning, yet we might well hesitate before we voluntarily chose the interior of the belfry as the best coign of vantage from which to listen to their melody. We would rather hear it softened by distance, as Keble's little maiden, when wakened by her mother, listened to "the Christmas bells, so soft and clear;" or, as Tennyson heard them, "swell out and fail, as if a door were shut between" him and the sound. Thus situated, with distance to lend them enchantment, the Christmas and New Year's peals, even when rung by a set of ringers who are probably in a florid state of beer, and whose spasmodic pulling at the ropes produces a performance very similar to that which Mr. John Parry was accustomed to give in his imitations of the school-girl at her pianoforte practice; yet, even under such drawbacks as these, the Christmas and New Year's peals will be accepted by us as representing the shine and not the shade of the season; and therefore we hail them with joy and regard them as an institution that we would not willingly let die.

But there is that other institution of the new year—the delivery of the Christmas bills, which, by many, could be let die without one pang of regret. It is a subject which, at this time, forces itself upon our attention with recurring pertinacity—*tamen usque recurret*—and is brought before us whether we will or no. With the joy-bells that proclaim the birth of the

new year come those dismal bills that may put an end to the financial existence of not a few. To some apprehensive ears the evening bells of the season must seem to say, "Those Christmas bills, those Christmas bills! How many a male with horror thrills, In youth or age, at that dread time Whose joy-bills tell of Pantomime." Yes, the only truly acceptable and thoroughly seasonable bills are those that shadow forth to us the theatrical splendours and boisterous humours of the Christmas pantomime. Black Care has nothing to do with such bills as these; they are brought to us by Momus with the merry jingling of his bells, and "with laughter and wit, flashing so free," he would cajole us to shelter about the mahogany tree, there to sing with Thackeray, "Sorrows begone! Life and its ills, Duns and their bills, Bid we to flee." But, unfortunately, this is more easily done in the poet's verse than in the stern prose of actual life. Although we may bid the dog Care, who, like a dun, is lurking at our gate, to wait there while we carouse and are happy, yet the dog has a persistent habit of forcing himself upon us, even if he has to wait until that terrible next morning when we wake up with drained cups and empty purses, and find ourselves face to face with Care and his Christmas bills. It is a sorry commencement to the new year, a sorry sight when he sees the new face and hears the new foot at the door, when "the New Year blithe and bold Comes up to take his own." He often takes so much that the poor man is left as stript and bare as the trees around him.

The struggling man of business, who, with all his diligence and thought, has been unable to complete that desired circular system of living which consists in making both ends meet, must look upon Christmas as a dread season when his struggles can be terminated but in one way, and when, through the dismal vista of the Bankruptcy Court, he sees nothing but a blank prospect beyond. Over such an one the Christmas bills spread a gloom that overshadows all the brightness of the season, whose sun may shine for others but not for him. But, blacker and deeper and more pall-like than any shade that falls upon a man thus broken in fortune, yet not in heart, thus dispirited for a time, yet not for ever, is that Egyptian darkness that surrounds him whom the cheery Christmas season finds weeping for the loss of nearest and dearest. To the sorrow-stricken mourner, the Christmas and New Year's peals must ring in his ears, not as joy-bells to cheer his heart to festive mirth, but as dismal knells whose every pulse beats through his heart and reminds him of "death in life, the days that are no more." A sad *in memoriam* will they be to him, yet let him strive to hear them in such a Christian spirit of resignation that they may, as says the Laureate, "Ring out the grief that saps the mind." Tennyson, too, elsewhere translates the language that the bells would speak to us at this season. The peals from four surrounding hamlets, he says, answered each other thus—"Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace, peace and goodwill to all mankind," thus striking the key-note of the Christmas time; so that, in the words of the poet of the "*Lyra Innocentium*," we—

"The twelvemonth long,
May bear the song
About with us in the world's throng."

If thus prepared to face the veiled mysteries of the coming year, we may then, without any faltering, say—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—WHAT DOING, WHAT OMITTING.

OUR columns have of late set forth religious work as it is undertaken by the Churches and denominations which profess to uphold and extend Christianity. It is a large machinery—machinery adapted to ends of great variety, but professedly aiming at one common object, the making mankind more virtuous in this world, giving hope of a life beyond it, where all shall be perfect and in peace. Experience warns us that profession may exist and flourish where practice decays. The factory may be a very grand and imposing affair; its machinery of wonderful complex construction; it may turn out a large quantity of manufactured goods from the raw material submitted to it. After all, for any real good purpose, the result of the process may be a mere sham. There is, we venture to assert, a good deal of shoddy in modern religion. The trade mark may be that of a highly spiritual firm, but the delivered article is short in measure and of little real worth for the end

to promote which men become customers. The Churches of England and of Rome are very active, very fussy in their activity. The Eastern Churches have a monopoly of their own produce, and give to the demands of their people all the supply so sluggish a market requires. There are those amongst ourselves on the Bench and in the ranks who seem to desire that England should come to terms with Russia, and form an ecclesiastical company, capable, eventually, of increasing the business by taking the Romish Church into the same grand ecclesiastical field of enterprise. It is admitted that the "plant" of the three Churches is in each case of a nature which will require special adaptation to meet the ends of a common service. But the magnitude of the idea forbids any serious interference on so slight a ground. It is said, with truth, the public will only, in these days, support schemes whose ambitious projection heeds no difficulties, and will be confined by no old-fashioned limit. With ten English bishops as directors, a few hundred clergy as shareholders, the world's faith-propagating market may be successfully approached, and a unity which shall bind in one happy peaceful bond High Church Anglican bishops, Russo philarets, and Roman cardinals, be quoted at a premium. It is true the name of England's old firm must be sacrificed; there is no weaving of the word Protestant into the prospectus which could be endured. Unity forbids protest. What matters it that England's laity love the word, that it is to them the baptismal name of their religious liberty? Are not the clergy our spiritual directors, shall we rebel when Cantuar., Oxon., Sarum, &c., command?

At quiet clerical meetings, at very quiet episcopal consultations, there is a highly complacent sense of gratification at what is called Church progress; to this is added a scarcely concealed satisfaction that Church travel is in that peculiar direction which leads to the exaltation of the priest—the humiliation at his feet of all personal private view of religious truth. Mr. Gale's gunpowder process is very ingenious, likely to be very useful. He so mixes glass with gunpowder that the explosive material is subjugated to the inexplusive; when the proper time comes, the sieve dissolves the union, and gunpowder is itself again, in full possession of its utmost powers of destruction. Certain bishops and clergy are trying the same experiment in theological matters. They are adulterating severe priestcraft, the excommunicating material of ecclesiastical fulmination, with a proportion of ordinary Protestant Church matter. They assert that thus the explosive power of extra Anglican Church fire is rendered harmless. They profess to see in the dogmatic authority of Rome, or the Russo-Greek ecclesiasticism, something very desirable if kept for the present in subjection to public opinion: that English prejudice which resents the too free handling of the common conscience by bishops and priests. They, like Mr. Gale, would be delighted to prove to our Protestant Queen that the force which can render a Christian people slaves to their spiritual directors may be preserved in contact with the freedom of thought to which English Christians have been bred, and yet do no harm. They would urge there is much that is beautiful as well as very ancient in this dangerous material; that they have a way of securing this in combination with our more simple religious observance, in full security against its more dangerous property. The worst of it is, they do not tell us who holds the sieve. We are left in ignorance how far the power to hold dogmatic priestcraft, in some subjection to our national Protestantism, is in safe hands. Mr. Gale, when he put the light to the gunpowder he held in a bowl, close to his own breast, knew what he was about. Had he not put glass powder sufficient in the mixture to control and render harmless the gunpowder, he would have blown up himself, and singed his queen. The bishops and Anglican clergy are very proud of the fact, that Popery and Protestantism can be so combined, that the latter renders the former safe, at least so far that the Protestant element being sufficient to antagonize the Greek or Romish fire, there will be no explosion; they know if it does take place, it can only be from want of caution. But they give us no security that the priests have the caution bishops possess. People insure palaces, they are careless of candles in cottages which are thatched. Burnt out Hodge gets a subscription. A burnt out bishop writes his claim on the Royal Exchange. The curate of Salford—who, devoted to ritualism, had peculiar notions as to the boxing season, and gave to the ear of the offending chorister a special Christmas offering—if he held the power of the sieve, might any day cause an explosion in St. Stephen's, which would soon burn him out, and so scorch his congregation as to make them very fearful of Romish combustibles, however nominally protected by grains of English Protestantism.

There can be no doubt that theatrical religious service is greatly on the increase. The Church, at this moment, has great intramural liveliness. She is making her services amusing, if not improving. She is putting forth in every conceivable form everything which can attract the ear and eye. The real question for the nation to consider is,—Is she making the people, rich and poor, a better people, more honest, more really devout, more given to good works, less covetous, more moral? It is a poor consolation to the moralist who holds the holy Redeemer of the world to have preached morality, as his whole life was an example of holy purity, to be told, "The services in the churches of our town are quite beautiful, the buildings worth your going to see, the music perfect, the whole grouping of the robed priests done in the most exquisite Anglican taste"—when he sees the streets, plainly showing, by day and by night, that profligacy high and low is unbridled and condoned; gambling in every form the great apparent life's aim of the higher classes; vanity and ostentatious pleasure-seeking the ruling features of the place. There are "sisterhoods," "penitentiaries," "homes," &c. &c. Sternly or kindly dealt with, poor profligates, poor prostitutes, are sought and easily enough found, and great trumpeting is there over the "effort of the Church" to save and repair such poor wicked folk. If there is one feature to us more repulsive than another in the fussy religion of the modern Church, it is, that heavily as falls the hand of the Church on poor vice, vice gin-stained, tobacco-scented, or of a grade somewhat less debased; great as is the ecclesiastical force put forth in this direction, with much trumpeting and rejoicing over the work we—the Church—are doing in colonies and foreign parts, all the while there never was a time when wealth-endowed profligacy, ennobled self-righteousness or unrighteousness was allowed to go its way so little rebuked of the Church, nay, apparently held as if it was no part of the Church to any way interfere with it. Midnight meetings to gather the poor wretches together, who sin for shillings, are in sad contrast to the complacency which vice in a brougham in our thoroughfares, vice on horseback in our parks, vice in jewels and fine linen at our every place of public amusement, is encountered—unabashed because "society" has ceased to cry shame upon it.

We begin a new year with our national Church highly costumed in the full pride that wins attention from the pomp and circumstance of its ritualistic exhibition. The rich have given of their wealth to aid this ecclesiastical ostentation. If the great are thus liberal to raise up churches and priests, to be gorgeous labels of resuscitated ecclesiasticism, do they deserve no return? How long are the poor and miserable to be flattered with the teaching that they have souls worth saving, whilst of the noble and the great, the Church asks only money, or, at most, a faith which is to know no demand for pure works, piety, honesty of life? Are our bishops blind that they see no evil in the quarters in which so much of their own life is spent? In public they profess to deplore much which they, many of them, privately promote at the very time; they plead they are powerless to prevent it. If it is true they can privately cabal to undermine our Protestantism, at least let them shew publicly they can be bold to reprove in the rich and great the vicious, godless lives which all Churches alike condemn. If they plead for the money of the rich to build churches, promote home and foreign missions to propagate Christianity in dark places,—in common consistency, let us see some portion of the zeal and machinery this money is to purchase, applied to save the souls of those who give it. There is a great cry for lay co-operation to help Church work. Much eloquence is expended to enlist the higher classes in the support of what is called the work of Christ. Did St. Paul dwell at Lambeth or at Fulham, what would be his language to the Churches? Would he overlook sin in the class he pleaded to for help to aid in rescuing poorer sinners? Would he condone guilt in the class amongst which the spiritual overseers spent their social hours, and be content to leave Dives with the prospect of condemnation, so that he got alms from him to help Lazarus? Earnestly we would warn the prelates of our Church that no Church in this our day can hope to win the affection of the million which is content, as ours now is, to be dumb against the vice of the upper thousands. Verily, we are cumbered with much serving; how well would it be if we chose the better part of listening to the plain words of Him who was careless of comfort, heedless of all else, whilst there was one sinner within reach, rich or poor, to whom He could give admonition and offer mercy. There is poor comfort to those who love the Church in the fact that her buildings glitter in rich ornamentation, are fumigated with incense, that the priests play at Popery in their violet and gold embroidered robes, that earnest minds pray for union with Rome or Russia, if, with all this,

she is dumb in her vocation towards the rich and powerful, seeking their money, heedless of their souls.

"FAST."

Who is bold enough to attempt a definition of this little word in the nineteenth century? It is all very well to look into Richardson or Wedgwood, and to learn that it exists in all Scandinavian and Teutonic languages; it is satisfactory to find that very likely the words that mean both "fixed" and "rapid" are etymologically the same. For philologists suppose that the idea of "closeness" in its widest sense gives the key to these two opposite significations: when we are "hard-by" or "close" to something we are coming "fast" upon it. To be close or "fast" to the goal is the end, to run "fast" to it is the means we employ, and there it is at once, with that everyday confusion between means and end which is always bringing us into trouble. Now this etymology is very nice and very philosophical, but it doesn't throw the faintest light upon the strictly modern and moral (or immoral) meaning of "fast," which is the property of young England. For from the first no one doubts that this sense of "fast" comes from the idea of "going the pace;" indeed, by a social refinement, some folks use "rapid" in exactly the same ethical sense. A fast man—a fast girl: there is not even an old lady to be found who does not know all that it implies. Probably many an old lady could give a very shrewd definition of the word, "My dear, it means great heedlessness and levity of character, and sometimes something much worse." And this is the worst part of it, that it is so infinitely elastic, according to the sex or social position of the offender, that it may express almost anything from showing one's ankles to breaking several of the ten commandments. It may be used by flunkeyism for a screen, or by spitefulness for a libel. If young Lord Laburnum runs hopelessly into debt, dines with Traviatas at Richmond, turns night into day at the card-table, and sees a great deal too much of young Lady Laurustinus while her husband is deerstalking or shooting grouse on his moor, Lord Laburnum is reckoned as decidedly "fast;" but there is a certain jollity and chivalry about the adjective in his case which covers a multitude of sins. Probably the too susceptible Lady Laurustinus will be called "fast" also; but then, the Miss Simeons, of Starchington, call the vicar's daughter "fast" because she wears coloured stockings, and sometimes follows the hounds with her papa: so it would seem hopeless to attempt a definition of a word which takes its colour from those who use it and from those to whom it is applied. It would be almost tempting to write to *Notes and Queries* and propound the question gravely, "When is the word 'fast' first used in a moral signification?" We must give up the hope of getting any illustration from Shakespeare's vast treasure-house of English. A careful study of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's *Shakespearean Concordance* gives us no hint of such a usage, excepting the significant combination of "fast and loose," which might be expected to imply a very lax morality; as in fact it does, but by a different connection of ideas. Once we thought we had found something, when in "Romeo and Juliet," the nurse describes her young mistress as "fast, I warrant her." The nurse, who was a good judge of such matters, might not have been very far wrong, but, unfortunately, the context shows that she means "sound asleep." A dive into antiquity does not give much help. Homer always calls Achilles "fast," but then he always adds fast "of foot," so there is no opening for a doubt; while Paris, who ought to have been so called, if any one ever ought, has a different set of epithets. There is a "fast girl," in a physical sense, in the "Æneid," where Virgil describes a Miss Camilla, of Volscian extraction, who could go at such a pace, and was altogether so light, that the corn would not bend under her airy tread; but this rapid pace and this lightness cannot have had any connection with her character, for it is distinctly stated that all the Etrurian mothers wanted to get her as a daughter-in-law, but she remained, "sola contenta Diana," and preferred respectable single blessedness. Perhaps the shrewd Horace was a little nearer to our point of view, when he remarked, "Sedatum oderunt celeres," which we might render, "Those who are fast cannot endure anybody who is slow." "What is 'slow' in this sense?" one might ask. Ah! what indeed? The opposite of "fast"—and that is yet undefined.

Mr. Halliwell, in his dictionary of provincialisms, gives as one meaning of "fast" in the northern dialect, "very gay," and that seems something more in our line, with this melancholy point of resemblance, that, in our delightful social

parlance, "gay" may often mean "abandoned," just as "fast" may mean "reprobate."

It is a favourite idea with some commentators to force numbers of St. Paul's expressions into what they call "metaphors from the race-course," "similes from the Greek games which were so famous in his time." Let us start a favourite idea, and consider that half our language is coloured by everyday scenes. Then "fast" shall be a metaphor from the "rail-road of life" on which we are all moving. We consider our own pace the model pace; it is a comfortable, virtuous, satisfactory speed—in short, the standard speed for the whole line. Suppose I am the luggage train, I know that the express despises me and thinks me slow, because I constantly stop, and am obliged ignominiously to shunt; yet I look with awe and admiration on the Government train, which belongs to my own class, but is a little more rapid, and I retaliate upon the express by calling it "fast," and dangerous, and expensive. Suppose I am an express, I consider a speed less than forty miles an hour as something contemptible, I am inclined to forget the value of the "slow" goods train, and the "parliamentary" which serves the small intermediate stations. Yet though I am myself such an advocate for speed, I cannot help calling a light, half-empty "special," running over loose metals at sixty-five miles an hour just a "leetle fast," but I do so in no censorious spirit, for I cannot be hard upon an aristocratic young engine with plenty of noise and plenty of brass, even when it runs into something else, or runs itself off the line and comes to grief. There are always many lovely young sympathizers who will hang over an aristocratic young engine even when it is ruined by being too "fast." So the best way will be not to attempt to define our word at all, because the luggage train will give one definition and the express another. It means a more dashing, a more lively, a more dangerous despatch of the journey than the pace to which you may be accustomed; but what is "fast to A" may be "slow" to B, and there is no "terminus a quo" (to keep up a railway metaphor) at which we can say "fast-ness" begins. For Simeon Stylites might call a poor curate "fast" because he drank beer, and the curate might call, or at any rate think, his bishop fast because he used champagne. And Die Vernon would appear fast to St. Perpetua, but to the Lady of Babylon we fear she would seem slow. But while we will not define we will protest. For a protest ought to be made against the use of such intrinsically innocent words as "fast" or "gay" to serve as masks for immorality or heartless selfishness.

There is a way in which in our time we are all, politically, ecclesiastically, individually, "fast." There never was an era when people were so desperately impatient of delay. It is not, unfortunately, that we have cured ourselves of the habit of wasting time, but when we are really obliged to do something, we grudge the minutes we spend over it. Fancy a man fifty years ago making a public complaint because the conveyance which he used was several minutes late for a succession of days. Yet we accept the man who showed up the shortcomings of the Croydon train as a public benefactor. About our impatience in politics we had better write nothing further, as it is a fine subject for a large book which must not be spoilt. But in our church services we are getting wonderfully fast; the good old sermon, which trailed its slow length over fifty minutes, is changed to a brisk little sermonetta, which is listened to for about eighteen minutes, and then complained of. Our hymn tunes have caught the infection, and our semi-breves are now about the length of our grandfathers' crotchets (musically speaking). A hymn of four stanzas is over in no time; and that must be one reason why in ritualistic churches the surplice, and not the gown, is used for preaching, that not even a Woodin would have time to change his vestments while the choir is going full pace through the appointed verses. Also the canticles must be congratulated on having put on the steam. We can recall, some years ago, a church in the Isle of Wight, where we heard the "Te Deum" commenced to Mornington's double chant; after seven long minutes the sleepy organist and feeble choir had made so little progress in that psalm that we incontinently left, and trust that they concluded it in time for afternoon service; and now, in obedience to the fashion of the times, one can hear the long "Benedicite" rattled away to a Gregorian tone and brought to a spirited conclusion before the luggage-trains have well found their places in their prayer-books. We do not profess to commend or to condemn. We only suggest that we are getting very "fast," though we may not be as "go-ahead" as our American cousins. We only add the valuable piece of information just received, that "fast" is derived from "festino," to hurry, and that "haste" is the same word, with the *h* put for the *f* by a proper phonetic law. Of haste it is said, that "the more

Haste the less speed ;" and we are not to forget that this may be uncomfortably realized in our railroad of life if we manage to send ourselves, or our Church, or our nation, off the rails by too great speed.

CURIOUS KINGS.

HISTORY is a sort of curiosity-shop, in which kings are the objects that fetch the highest price. Many, no doubt, are models of wisdom and goodness, but unfortunately they are often distinguished from their subjects in being of all men the most unfit to govern, and in setting the worst possible example. It has long been matter of dispute whether their right comes from above or from below, from the people or from the skies ; but however this point may be settled, they have always a certain anointing on their brows, and must be revered accordingly. They wear a crown and wield a sceptre : that is enough. They used to touch for the leprosy and king's evil, but their virtue in this respect has fallen into disrepute. There is scarcely one amongst them that has not something remarkable about him. Let us look round the curiosity-shop just alluded to, and see of what stuff some of the queerest of them are made.

At a period when they were regarded as little less than divine, Hormouz, the King of Persia, died, leaving his widow pregnant. To counteract the ambitious designs of some princes of the House of Suzzan, the Maji declared with one voice that the child would prove a male, and the courtiers, obedient to the dictates of superstition, immediately proclaimed Sapor II. king, and prepared to celebrate his coronation. In the midst of the royal palace a couch was spread, on which the queen lay in state. A crown of dazzling splendour, placed upon her breast, indicated the unseen presence of the heir of Artaxerxes, and prostrate satraps adored the majesty of a sovereign yet unborn ! But Sapor II. is not the only prince who reigned longer than he lived. Look at another shelf. Do you see the Emperor Constantine ? Well ; as Sapor reigned before his birth, so did Constantine after his death. The flatterers of his greatness persisted in doing homage to their idol, though defunct. His body, adorned with the symbols of monarchy, the diadem and the purple, was laid on a golden bed magnificently furnished and illuminated for the occasion. The usages of courtly ceremony were strictly observed. The chief officers of state, the army, and the household, every day at the appointed hour, approached the person of their sovereign on bended knees and with composed countenances, as if he were living still. This theatrical performance was continued some time for political reasons, and many pointed to the fact of Constantine's reigning after his death as a mark of the special favour of Providence. But such glory was inert compared with the posthumous might of the Cid. He had led the armies of Sancho II. to victory, and had been acknowledged by five Moorish kings as their Ceid or Cid, their conqueror and lord. At last he was besieged in his capital, and his end arrived ; but, before expiring, he gave orders that his body should be fastened to his horse's saddle, with his trusty blade in the cold stiff hand, and that thus, accoutred as a living chief, he should be borne by his vassals to the tomb. The command was obeyed, but before conducting him to the place of burial his people led him against the enemy, who fled in terror before the lifeless hero. In this manner the Cid, after his death, gained his seventy-second victory !

The part of the museum devoted to Oriental curiosities is full of strange kings, in garments gorgeously dyed and blazing with costly gems. Take one as a sample—the Sultan Machamuth, who dwelt in the city of Combeia, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and ate poison every day. Ludovico di Varthema describes him as having mustachios so long that he tied them over his head, and a white beard reaching to his girdle. Fifty elephants passed their lives in doing him homage, making obeisances when he rose from bed and when he sat at meat. In eating his poison, he took care not to swallow too much ; and when he wished to put a courtier or other great man to death, he caused him to be stripped bare, and then, masticating the poison with leaves, fruits, and the lime of oyster-shells, he spurted it on his victim for about half an hour, by which time the unhappy man usually fell dead. This exemplary sultan had three or four thousand wives, who died off one by one with fearful rapidity ; for, according to Barbosa, another Italian traveller, his person and even his clothes were so impregnated with poison, that " if a fly lighted on his hand, it swelled and died incontinently." Such are the accounts given of this second Mithridates in a work lately reprinted by the Hakluyt Society.

In the same century with Machamuth, the greatest potentate of Europe voluntarily vacated a throne which thousands would have risked their lives to obtain. This was the Emperor Charles V. Germany, Spain, Naples, the Netherlands, and the newly-discovered tracts of the Far West, had submitted to his sway during forty years ; but he was world-weary, and sighed for the quiet of some sylvan shade. Dividing his empire, therefore, between his brother and his son, he retired to St. Yuste, in Estremadura, and there, amid groves of lemon and myrtle, and waters gushing from the rocky hill-sides, passed the remainder of his days more peacefully and pleasantly than when he commanded the finest army in the world, and galleys and merchant-ships, richly freighted, hoisted his colours on every sea, from the coast of Flanders to the Indian Ocean, and from the palmy shores of Tunis and Oran to the golden havens of Mexico and Peru. But Charles V.'s abdication was less curious than that of Charles Emmanuel IV., King of Sardinia, who resigned all the French Republic had left him to his brother, Victor Emmanuel I., in 1802, and became literally a door-keeper in the Gesù at Rome, where the cell which he occupied is still shown to visitors.

Our own century, indeed, has been as plentiful as any other in curious kings. The elder Disraeli has given a list of monarchs, dethroned at different periods, who wandered, poor and afflicted, over the face of the earth ; but how would this catalogue have been lengthened if the author had lived at the present time ! King-making and unmaking has been the order of the day, and Fortune's wild wheel has caused many a ludicrous rise and fall. We have seen one who was a poor usher in a school at Reichenau, afterwards sit eighteen years on the throne of France ; and another who for some time worked as a tallow-chandler at New York, become conqueror and dictator of the Two Sicilies. Look at Mr. Gregor MacGregor. This canny Scotchman, who had travelled a good deal in Central America, thought it would be a fine thing to found an empire. He therefore proclaimed himself Cacique of the Poyais, on the Mosquito coast, raised a band of two or three hundred volunteers in England, and sent them as his subjects and soldiers to the Black River. He appointed Baron Tinto, *alias* Mr. Hector Hall, lieutenant-governor of his capital, "brigadier-general, and commander of the 4th regiment of the line." He created sundry "Counts of Rio-Negro," together with ministers, admirals, and officers of every grade. Just as this nucleus of a gigantic power is brought to perfection, in strides a pestilential fever, and carries off all his Highness's European subjects. In August, 1823, a hundred fresh recruits arrive from England, but the Sovereign keeps prudently out of the way, and from the other side of the Atlantic contemplates in perfect security the failure of his schemes and the misery of those he has duped. Here was an adventurer who became a king by his own scheming ; let us now make a note of the scheming of others. In 1786, our Government was obliged to abandon several colonies in Central America, and was anxious, a few years ago, to regain its hold on that territory. Colonel Fancourt, the British governor of Belize, in the Gulf of Honduras, laid hands on a barbarous Cacique, and hailed him to Government House. While fully expecting to be bastinadoed, the chief was told that he was forthwith to be proclaimed king ! A proclamation was jabbered to the natives, and a throne prepared in the governor's drawing-room with the help of a sugar hogshead. There sat the king of the Mosquitos, arrayed in a new pair of trousers and a clean shirt. An act of investiture was read, and a crown of gilt paper was placed on his swarthy brows. The merchants of Belize were present at the coronation, and the new king, having received the largess of a few reals, caroused with his subjects till past midnight, and was found the next morning dead drunk on the floor. His name, however, was enrolled among the lords of mankind, and "the kingdom of the Mosquitos" was duly established under the protectorate of Great Britain !

There is something very curious in a King of the Sandwich Islands writing a preface to the Book of Common Prayer. Yet the late King of Hawaii actually did this, and it is now published and sold as a tract by the Christian Knowledge Society. There is nothing more uncommon than a throne divided by mutual consent. The Emperors of the East and West had distinct spheres of government, and their thrones were separated by wide continents and seas. But Siam is, at this moment, under a divided monarchy, two-thirds of the royal power being wielded by the first, and one-third by the second king. Each of these is a man of cultivated mind. Even the second speaks pure English, has a library filled with European books, and workshops for making scientific and mechanical instruments. But he is somewhat eclipsed by his brother, who, while a usurper held the throne, assumed the character of a

Buddhist priest, and devoted his time to study. He has mastered Sanscrit and Pali, writes his autobiography in Latin, and speaks English with the precision of a scholar. Faithful to the traditions of the East, he has 300 wives, and considers this a moderate allowance, seeing that his father had 700. He laughed heartily when our envoy, Sir John Bowring, told him that in England we are contented with one. It is curious to see him seated on his throne, with "all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind" sparkling in his crown and on his vestments, while the nobles of the land, in garments of gold, lie on all-fours, with their faces nearly touching the ground, prostrate before his raised sceptre. But it is more curious still to follow him into one of his private apartments, and there see him, as Sir John Bowring did, divested of every ornament, with no other garment than a shirt, sitting with his youngest child, a girl of five years old, on his knee,—her bare body painted the colour of gold, and a chaplet of fragrant white flowers round her head.

The fact is, that in one particular, kings differ from the rest of mankind. Being more loosened than others from restraint, and less exposed to the influence of public opinion, their individuality develops fast. The sharp outlines of their character, moral and intellectual, are less worn down than those of their subjects. Their will is generally their law; and hence, no less than from their exalted position, they become, for good or ill, the most picturesque, or, as the case may be, grotesque curiosities which history offers to our view.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

THE past year has been by no means an uneventful one in the history of this University. It has witnessed many changes, some of them unimportant, some of them again fraught with consequences of which we have hardly yet seen more than the beginning. Those who care to speculate about the future are inclined to take the year 1865 as a remarkable starting point, from which many strange developments will hereafter be dated; nor does it want the prescience of a Zadkiel to expect great results from that *annus mirabilis*, in which Mr. Gladstone was turned out, and the idea of University reform was first made public. But, on the whole, it is not wise to play the prophet, unless one has the effrontery of those ready interpreters who modify their predictions in each succeeding edition of their oracles, or unless, better still, the forecast can have the graceful versatility of a Delphic announcement, so as to accommodate itself to the views of all parties, in which case let the priestess say—

Aio Philistinos te Bospore vincere posse!

However, it will be more profitable to gather up the facts of the past year, and to decide from a review of them whether this University can be congratulated on the last twelve months of its existence.

January began with good prospects, the colleges were full and prosperous, and men were glad to think that the number of students was steadily on the increase. Yet just in the midst of this general feeling, the first note of a cry for University Extension was sounded. Professor Shirley published a letter to the Vice-Chancellor, pointing out very clearly that the number of matriculations, notwithstanding their increase, bore no adequate proportion to the increase of population in the country. His letter was intended to express the need of rendering the University far more generally accessible, and he showed that something further was necessary than the multiplication of prizes, and the addition of new subjects to the Oxford curriculum; for both these plans had been in work for some time.

The beginning of the year saw the passing of several important statutes. The statute for dividing the pass and class schools between separate examiners came into force last Michaelmas term, and the result of the trial seems on the whole to show the advantage of the change. It is no doubt better for the examiners, and, as a natural consequence of this, ought to be better for the examinee. But, had it not passed then, the largely increased number of honour-men would have inevitably forced some such scheme upon convocation before long. An immense deal of cobbling and tinkering has been spent upon statutes bearing on the form and time of the existing divinity examination, which forms a preliminary to the *literæ humaniores* and moderation schools. But one really important change has been introduced in both these schools, namely, the setting of a paper in this subject to all candidates alike, instead of trusting the result to the uncertainties and often the degradation of a *viva voce* examination. The result has certainly proved satisfactory. Two statutes, not unconnected with this, though having direct reference to the Oxford Middle Class Examinations, were hotly contested about the same time. One contained the *conscientiæ causâ* clause, obliging the candidate to offer divinity as a subject for examination, unless his parent or guardian could declare that he entertained conscientious scruples against it; the second was the celebrated *tum-tum* vote, in carrying which the theologian showed himself more subtle than the scholar, for the glamour of these mystic syllables was supposed to cause

divinity to be a "plucking subject." These statutes, which ultimately passed, found a vigorous champion in Dr. Pusey.

About the same time was the Feast of the Restitution of St. Jowett, Professor and Martyr; the service was performed by the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church—a service which cannot be too highly approved, and one which curiously enough was acceptable to all parties. To some it seemed an act of justice that ought long ago to have been done by the University. To others it was "the end of all strife." To others again it was welcome, as it seemed to remove the Professor from the imposing stake of martyrdom on which the undergraduate gaze had so long been rivetted.

At Easter-time the usual race between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge came off at Putney, when Oxford added another victory to her previous list. Although both Universities found plenty of backers up to the very day of the contest, and although the Cambridge boat was at one time during the race so far ahead as to lead many to the belief that the issue of the day was decided, yet the superior strength and cautious generalship of the Oxford crew brought them in easy winners at the finish. Many complaints were made at the time in the columns of the public press of the unsatisfactory termination of the recent Putney races; and various reasons were assigned then, and have been repeated since, to account for the falling off in the Cambridge style of rowing as compared with that of Oxford. Every possible excuse, from favouritism in the selection of the crews to the sluggishness of the Cam, has been suggested and discarded. With the wish to make these University contests excitingly close—with the wish to make a more even balance between success and defeat than the last few years have established, none sympathize more heartily than Oxford men. All Oxford will be willing and glad to discredit the gossip which has already leaked into the papers, on the inefficiency of the Cambridge crew for the present year. Such prejudging of the case thus early in the season is in every way to be discouraged.

The invitation given this spring to the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Milman) to preach before the University was regarded with great disfavour by a certain party, and was welcomed by others as a cheering sign of greater liberality, and a better tone of feeling than this University sometimes exhibits. The subject which the preacher selected—the interpretation of Hebrew Prophecy—could not but remind his hearers of the attitude which the same University once assumed to the distinguished author of the "History of the Jews." The "Bampton Lectures," for the year 1865, have attracted on the whole less notice than might have been expected, considering Mr. Mozley's eminence, and the importance of the subject which he selected for his discourses. The efficiency of the University pulpit, the advisability of keeping up two sermons on the Sunday, the means of attracting a larger undergraduate attendance—in connection with the general question of spiritual privileges for those in *statu pupillari*—have been brought into prominence just at the close of the year by several pamphlets, which ended in the interchange of questionable compliments between the representatives of the Christ Church interest and the parochial needs of St. Mary's Church. Christ Church censors think it might help them to dispose of their idlers if the hour of University sermon was altered; the Vicar of St. Mary's says he couldn't hear of it, and it would be absolutely impossible if he could. But both sides agree in wishing to see the University pulpit occupied by better preachers, and not given over to a mixed multitude, who neither charm nor speak wisely. But any change in this respect would probably meet with heavy opposition from the mass of clergy who see in the University pulpit the chance of a day's holiday in Oxford, and £5 in their pockets.

The early part of the summer of 1865 brought the University and City into collision, on the question of the establishment of the Great Western Railway carriage works in Cripsey Meadow, and the introduction of some hundreds of artisans into Oxford. The opposition on the part of the University began rather late in the day, and was, of course, derided on the part of the City as the incarnation of bigotry and selfishness; while there were not a few of the University who considered the tone which the City adopted even more unjustifiable. We may suppose that all the arguments *pro* and *con* were brought forward; and, probably, now that the establishment of the works is decided on, it will be found neither so grave a disaster to the University nor so great a boon to the City as was expected. Yet the opposition and the decision have not tended to improve the relations between these two bodies. They have always viewed each other with a sort of suspicion; these debates will not tend to make their intercourse more frank. Professor Goldwin Smith's pamphlet against the introduction of the artisans will not easily be forgiven by the tradesmen and working classes of Oxford. They had learned to regard him as the man of the people and the advocate of everything in the shape of progress, and the publication of his arguments made him seem to them a mere renegade. The buildings of the company are not yet commenced; but it is hoped, if that wealthy corporation can afford this new expense in the same year with the reconstruction of the stations at Reading and Slough, and the increasing outlay on the narrow gauge, that operations will begin in the early spring.

While these matters were being discussed, the election committees for Mr. Gathorne Hardy and Mr. Gladstone were commencing their canvass. Mr. Gladstone's committee were undoubtedly blameable in getting to work too late, though, as a matter of fact, the result might very likely have been the same. But the committee for Mr. Hardy certainly had the advantage in point of time, in completeness of organization, and in that judicious reticence which is a sort of wisdom. The split in the High Church

body was perhaps the most remarkable feature of the University election. If we must give a name to the parties into which it was divided, we might call them Puseyites and Denisonians. Of the result of the election, and its probable consequences in and out of the University, enough has been written and said, and we may add, sung—if we include the beautiful hymns which have appeared from time to time in the *Press*. At this election the system of voting by proxy-papers was on its trial for the first time. Probably the victorious party think them a success, and the defeated party regard them as a failure. Yet many will agree that no little discredit was cast on the proceedings by the tone adopted by some of the scrutineers in objecting to votes that were tendered. Unseemly disputes and uncourteous language ought to have found no place at the University polling tables.

The Commemoration passed off as only commemorations can under cloudless skies. The heat of almost tropical weather was not too much for the energies of the dancers and sightseers, who came thronging as thickly as ever. The proceedings in the Sheldon Theatre were more than usually stupid. The Long Vacation was well employed in making various additions to colleges, or improving and restoring existing buildings. The new rooms at Christ Church are almost completed. They form a very handsome front towards the meadow, and a thoroughfare with a porter's lodge has been made through the archway of the new centre tower. The general style is Gothic, with a high-pitched slate roof, the tower ending in stepped gables in a sort of pierced work. This termination of the tower is the only eyesore, the general appearance being very imposing, and the effect of the carving introduced round the windows is rich and good. The society of New College has spent nearly £7,000 on the restoration of their hall, under the direction of Mr. Gilbert Scott. The architect's idea has been to replace the characteristic features of the building, as they were at the time of its foundation. The roof has been removed, and a loftier one of carved oak, lighted by an open lantern, substituted for it. If the woodwork has a fault it is that the carving is too good, for its beauty can hardly be appreciated at such a height. The windows have been filled with heraldic glass, executed in admirable style by Messrs. Clayton & Bell.

Nor ought we to pass over the decorations in Worcester College Chapel, which have now almost reached completion. The work was confided to Mr. Burges, who had to deal with the unpromising material of an oblong room with oblong windows. He has done all for it that a lavish yet judicious use of colour could do. From rich marble patterns on the lower part of the wall, the eye is carried up through a series of arabesques and figures to the gorgeous roof, rich with gold and wreaths of flowers. The seats are in massive walnut-wood, inlaid with box, while the mosaic pavement, lectern, and all details are on a corresponding scale of elaboration; the windows are treated in the pictorial style, from designs by Mr. Holliday, and executed by Messrs. Lavers & Barraud. The whole effect is very magnificent and rather Pagan. Indeed, one visitor, whose eye travelled from the altar-piece to the Dodo, Dinornis, and other creatures portrayed upon the walls, described it as a happy combination of Popery and Pantheism. But epigrams are not bound to be truthful.

Early in the Michaelmas Term several votes came before congregation, the result of which forced the conviction upon those who care to be convinced, that for the present the Gladstone and Hardy election is to be fought over and over again in the Convocation House. The year ends with a Conservative majority in council, with a Conservative majority in congregation. The University may be congratulated that no important educational questions are pending at this moment; stagnation for the present period of transition is the best thing for the prospects of Oxford—our “strength is to sit still.” It is an unfortunate thing to have to record at the end of this year that the educational interest is over-ridden by the political.

Yet it is satisfactory to find that the necessity of a University extension is admitted by all parties; indeed, there is less dispute on the subject than might fairly be expected. What really hampers the question is the desire of some to limit this extension to the introduction of theological students under peculiar advantages, while others wish the University to be made available to the nation at large. While the various schemes have been referred to their working committees it is premature to discuss them. Suffice it to say that one idea is the erection of a college for poor men, especially for those who seek Holy Orders; a second proposes to affiliate upon the various colleges dependencies in the shape of halls; a third suggests that each college should send out a colony, and that all these colonies should combine in one settlement; a fourth would diminish the number of terms of college residence; a fifth hopes to extend the lodging-house system without requiring college residence or even college connection; a sixth seeks to attach to the University certain educational establishments in the country, of which the examinations would be conducted by an Oxford staff on the Oxford system—to be followed, we suppose, by the University degree. These crude schemes have to be put in working shape, and to be laid before the general committee for discussion next term.

This academical year has been signalized beyond all others by the great “Bread and Butter” question in Christ Church. A desire was expressed on the part of the undergraduates not to be forced to pay 160 per cent. upon the necessities of life in order to let the college butler live in such pomp as almost to throw the Dean into shade. The chapter received them coldly, and they flung themselves into the arms of the *Times*. This great

journal has filled its columns with correspondence on the subject, and concentrated its fires in sundry leading articles, each one more solemn than the preceding, and generally more grandiloquent. The new year finds the young generation at Christ Church exulting at having forced the authorities to a reconstruction of their commissariat system, and the *Times* is radiant with joy and pardonable pride. “Great is the power of the fourth estate,” it cries; “Mighty are my thunderbolts. I have pounded away for many a day, and bread and butter is to be cheaper in Christ Church.” These are some of the sayings and doings, the improvements and the fallings away of our year of grace 1865. Of the young year let us say, in the words of the inscription over the schools, “Feliciter vortat Academia Oxoniensi.”

THE “LONDON REVIEW” IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. I.—INTRODUCTION.

THIRTY-THREE years ago, when the Irish Established Church was in a crisis, one of its most powerful champions, the *Quarterly Review*, in an article written under great excitement, made the following appeal to the legislature:—

“All we ask of every Christian man who shall have a voice in deciding this momentous question is, that he will remember how great a charge is laid upon him, and that he will do nothing rashly, nothing for mere political considerations, nothing but as under the eye of his great Task-master. By all that can bind the conscience and soul of a responsible being, we would implore every member of both our houses of legislature—every one who can listen to such an appeal—not to lay a finger on the Church, not to touch a stone in the sacred edifice, not to pluck out a single golden thread from the fringes of her sanctuary, till he has first well examined and understood what is the end which a rightly-constituted Church is designed to answer; and has then carefully ascertained how far our established Church answers to this end, and how, in those instances in which it may seem defective, it may, with the least change, be made to do so better.”

It is in this spirit that we desire to conduct the important inquiry which we have now undertaken with reference to the condition and resources of the Established Church in Ireland. What was the design of its founders? What purposes was it expected to answer? Has it failed to accomplish its mission? and if so, to what causes should its failure be ascribed? By what reforms or modifications can its defects be removed, or the impediments in its way be overcome? Should the Episcopal denomination in Ireland be dis-established, and be left in common with other Churches to support its ministrations on the voluntary principle? Religious equality being the aim of modern State policy, should this object be attained by the withdrawal of all religious endowments, or by the extension and equalization of the system of State support? Or should the Irish Establishment in its present state be maintained at all hazards, either for the sake of the particular form of Christianity it embodies, or for the sake of the political system of which it is said to form an essential part? These momentous questions, and others of a similar nature, will, no doubt, be earnestly debated by the new parliament. And our object in this inquiry is to bring to bear upon the discussion the light of FACTS, and to present to the public and the legislature a complete and faithful picture of the condition of the Irish Church, of the various religious bodies with which it enters into competition, and the effect of their mutual relations upon the peace and prosperity of the country.

Happily the temper of the public mind is much more favourable now to a candid consideration of ecclesiastical questions than it was thirty or forty years ago, during the agitation which resulted in the passing of the Church Temporalities Act in 1834, and the Tithe Commutation Act in 1838. We have now no great popular excitement upon Church questions—no violent movement of the masses threatening the public peace. The “Liberation Society” in England, and the “National Association” in Ireland embrace within their respective programmes the abolition of the Irish Establishment. But they carry on their operations quietly, appealing more to the judgment of the thoughtful than to the passions of the multitude. Motions on the subject are brought forward annually in the House of Commons, and certain statistical returns are ordered, designed to show the work done by the Irish Established clergy, and the amount of income they receive. There would seem to be nothing very alarming in all this to a body which boasts that it is “the old Church of the country”; that it is the same in doctrine, discipline, and government, as the Church founded by St. Patrick; that it is the rightful possessor of the tithes of Ireland; that it has been ecclesiastically one with the

Church in England for nearly eight centuries; that the temporalities of the two branches of the Church must stand or fall together, for that an attack on the one is virtually an attack on the other; that the Church in Ireland has not lost ground in that country since 1834, but has relatively increased; and that, if it has absolutely lost in number, it has lost infinitely more of its revenues in proportion; and that, instead of being a source of weakness or discontent to the Irish people, as is stoutly but most erroneously asserted by those who seek her destruction, the Established Church is in reality the strongest bond of union between the two countries, and, in the words of Edmund Burke, "a great link towards holding fast the connection of religion with the state, and preserving the connection between England and Ireland."*

This is the summary of a pamphlet which is circulated as one of the best defences extant of the Irish Establishment. The theory that the Established Church is "the old Church of Ireland," and the rightful inheritor of all the ecclesiastical property of the country is much relied upon by the clergy at present, who speak of the Church of Rome scornfully, as a new Church, a foreign Church, which is an intruder and an aggressor in that country. Several books have been written in support of this theory, which is so constantly put forth in the pulpit and on the platform as undoubtedly true, that a large number of the clergy and laity have come to cherish the conviction that to touch the Irish Establishment, to curtail its privileges, or meddle with its property, is something like sacrilege, as well as a proof of gross ignorance. Nevertheless, we observe on every side signs of a growing feeling of apprehension among the members of the State Church in Ireland that a season of severe trial is at hand. There seems to be a painful consciousness that there are anomalies connected with the Establishment incapable of defence, and forces assailing it which cannot long be resisted. It is not easy for any candid Churchman to get over the difficulties presented in the Irish Church statistics in the Parliamentary returns moved for by Captain Stackpoole, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 4th May, 1864. It is sufficient here to give some of the totals, bearing in mind that the population of Ireland, according to the last census, is 5,798,967. The total Church population of Ireland is 693,357; the total number of the Established clergy, 2,172; the aggregate amount of the net revenue of the Established Church is £448,943; the total net value of bishoprics is £55,110; and the average net value of each of the sees, £4,592.

The present Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Trench, late Dean of Westminster) is a very earnest Churchman, rather high in the estimation of some of his clergy and of the great body of the laity, but being singularly candid and truthful, with a clear head and an honest heart, he scorns the quibbling evasions of which some defenders of the Establishment are guilty, and manfully looks the difficulties of its position in the face. In a charge which he delivered to the clergy of his diocese in Dublin on the 20th of October, his grace referred to a member of Parliament, who, in an attack on the Irish Church, rounded off one of his periods by a reference to the deans and chapters which one Irish bishop possessed to help him in the oversight of 5,000 souls. The Archbishop, however, admitted that what the member said about the deans and chapters was scarcely an exaggeration, and then remarked:—

"All their bishops had deans—some had three, and two had four; nearly all had, not a chapter, but chapters. However well affected to their establishment, a plain Englishman would consider that, under present circumstances, it is carrying too much sail, when he hears that it included some 32 deans—an average of nearly three to each bishop. With deans he instantly associated a deanery, a cathedral, a chapter, minor canons' estate, a considerable income, and whatever of dignity and position the office carried with it in England. Surely the maintenance of such titles as these, in so needless a number, was but as the spreading of an idle canvas for the adverse winds to play in; and they should do wisely and well against the approach of the storm to consent, if only the matter be taken in hand by friends, and not by enemies, to see some of them taken in."

This is prudent advice; but the Archbishop of Dublin is not alone among the rulers of the Irish Church in the apprehension of an approaching storm, which will require sacrifices to be made in order to save the ship. It might be supposed that questions of this kind would not be willingly raised by any portion of the clergy, especially by those who enjoy the dignities of the Establishment; yet we have seen them recently taken up and discussed very freely in Belfast, at the annual conference of the diocese of Down, Connor, and Dromore, which conference is meant to be a substitute for convocation, and, in the opinion of the Bishop who

presided, answering the purpose almost as well. The Bishop, Dr. Knox, evidently an enlightened and very liberal man, introduced the proceedings by the following remarks:—

"In our discussions how many points of difference have arisen which at first appeared irreconcilable, but, after passing through the crucible of public discussion, have melted away? Again, how many points of argument which were hid in our little prejudices or feelings have, after the same process, floated to the surface? Again, how many important matters have received a judicious discussion? These have been among the many advantages which the meeting of the clergy and laity has produced; for the time has passed when the clergy were alone considered the Church—an erroneous idea, which a groundless fear of encroachment on one side, or jealousy on the other, helped to keep alive; but it is not so now. The clergy and laity recognise our mutual dependence and common interest in the binding character of that link which holds us together—which has its origin and finds its resting-place in relation to our common mother, the Church. Such are our conferences; in this spirit we meet,—the bishop with his presbyters and people, walking, be it said, in all humility, in the footprints of apostolic times, for we read in that Book, where all things are written for our instruction, that the apostles, with the elders and whole Church, met in council and issued their decrees. If the Church of Ireland has been deprived of its Convocation, we have endeavoured in this diocese to supply the deficiency, and, I must say, in a manner more in accordance with primitive times. I trust that the papers that have been selected, considering the critical position of the Irish Church, will not be deemed out of place; and I feel sure they will be discussed with that calmness, that good temper, and that toleration to those from whom we differ, which have ever characterized all our former discussions."—*Northern Whig*, Oct. 25.

The papers to which his lordship referred are very remarkable documents. The first is by the Rev. Mr. Hincks, archdeacon of Connor, and is entitled, "A Few Notes on some of the Inequalities in the Allotment of the Revenue of the Church in Ireland, which Impede its Usefulness." Availing himself of Captain Stackpoole's returns, he stated that as respects the proportion of revenue for each member of the Church, the average for the whole of Ireland was 11s. 3d. He then gave the following statistics:—

"Two dioceses are very near the average rate; one is about one-third under it; one a little above half the average; one a little above one-third of it; one is nearly double the average; three dioceses are more than double; one diocese is twice and a half the average; one is nearly treble the average; and one is nearly quadruple the average. In their own three dioceses, taken conjointly, the proportion of revenue to Church population is only 4s. 3d. per head, or 6d. above one-third of the average proportion for the whole of Ireland."

He continued:—

"Let us next confine our view to the smaller ecclesiastical divisions, or benefices, that we may ascertain the result. 106 benefices, none of them containing more than twenty-five members of the Church, were selected from twenty dioceses. Their whole Church population was found to be 1,469, giving an average of fourteen to each benefice. Their whole net revenue was ascertained to amount to £17,331. 7s. 11d., nearly one twenty-second part of the whole net revenue of the Church. So there appears an expenditure, for the pastoral care and religious instruction of 1,469 persons, of a sum of money which proportionally serves for supplying the same care and instruction in other parts of the country, to 30,811 persons; and which, according to the proportionate rate in these united dioceses, would serve for the pastoral care and instruction of 81,559 persons. Surely this is a startling fact. Another fact shall be stated of a different kind, but not less startling. Forty-three benefices were selected out of fourteen dioceses, each benefice containing above 1,200 members of the Church—the net revenue of each not exceeding £300 per annum. The whole number of Church members in the forty-three benefices was found to be 78,954, giving an average of 1,836 to each benefice—i.e., there were to each benefice 367 more members of the Church than were found in the whole 106 benefices just referred to. Again, the net revenue derived from the forty-three benefices was ascertained to be £9,342. 8s. 3d., not much exceeding the half of the revenue of the 106 benefices, and the result with respect to proportion of revenue to each member is under 2s. 4½d., in striking contrast to £11. 16s., the proportion to each member in the 106 benefices; nor is this the limit, for in one diocese the benefices, which number twenty-one, with 335 members of the Church, give a proportion of £15 per head. It may increase your interest in this statement when I add that, of the 43 benefices referred to, 20, or nearly one-half, are in these united dioceses, the remaining twenty-three being scattered over other parts of Ireland.

The Archdeacon next referred to the decrease of the Church population, and said:—

"Reference has been made to the proportionate decrease of members of the Church in the larger ecclesiastical divisions (or dioceses). It occurred to me, that it might be desirable to search into this decrease more closely. Accordingly there were 20 benefices selected out of 12 dioceses. It appeared, on examination, that these contained, at the Census in 1834, 898 members of the Church. The number returned in them in 1861 is 269, being a decrease of nearly three-fourths. The net revenue of these twenty benefices was ascertained to be £4,723. 4s. 11d.; and, if we compare this with the Church population in 1834, we shall get a proportion of £5. 5s. 3d. to each member. But what is the proportion to the Church population in 1861?—£17. 11s. 2d. to each, a strange contrast to 4s. 3d. in

* Facts respecting the present state of the Church in Ireland. By the Rev. Alfred T. Lee, M.A.

these dioceses, and to 2s. 4½d. in the 43 benefices selected—20 from our own, and 23 from other dioceses."

Not the least remarkable of the anomalies of the Establishment referred to by Mr. Hincks, are the facts that, while the united dioceses of Down, Connor, and Dromore contain 22 per cent.—nearly a fourth of the whole Church population of Ireland—they possess only one-twelfth of the whole net ecclesiastical revenue; and he makes an appeal—certainly not unreasonable—for a better distribution. "We are privileged," he said, "to meet year by year, in Conference under our respected and beloved diocesan, and, though differing conscientiously on many points, we can discuss with temper and in a Christian spirit any subject that may be brought forward. Surely these dioceses are deserving of some consideration? and if any plan could be suggested by which an augmentation could be obtained, so as to render the value of the benefices in some degree proportionate to the amount of the Church population, it would be an act of justice and sound policy in our rulers to adopt it at once."

After referring to other instances of unfairness to Ulster, the Venerable Archdeacon gave way to the following burst of indignant feeling:—

"Still I am told that the present arrangement of revenues is unalterable; and that no change in the circumstances of benefices shall produce even the least modification of it—for instance, that an arrangement of old standing, which used to yield revenue at the rate of five guineas for each member of the Church resident therein, is to be retained for a population reduced about two-thirds, so as to yield at the rate of £17. 11s. 2d. per head. The thing is absurd. Such a monstrous abuse was only perpetuated through ignorance. The light has dawned upon it, and it must disappear. Toleration of abuses is in all things a dangerous principle, but it is especially dangerous when the abuses affect the glory of God and the well-being of immortal souls. . . . With those, whether they be clergy or laity, who are fearful of admitting that any abuses exist in our Church Establishment, and who strive to gloss them over, lest admission of their existence should give a handle to her enemies, who would maintain the Church in her present position at all hazards, apparently reckless whether she be not in some places like 'a whited sepulchre;' with such, I freely confess, I have no sympathy. Rather let our adversaries see that the discovery of an abuse is sufficient to ensure its correction. The path of duty is the path of safety."

The Dean of Ferns sent a paper to the Conference, entitled "The Consideration of Certain Changes in the Management and Distribution of Church Property which would tend to render the Irish Branch of the United Church more efficient." Sir Hugh Cairns declared at a meeting of that Conference two years ago that there were anomalies in the system, and he advised them, like practical men, to make themselves acquainted with them, in order to see if they could suggest a remedy where they must confess that anomalies existed. Mr. Lawson, the Attorney-General, at the late University election spoke the same language, and in stronger and most unmistakable terms warned them that if they themselves did not set about the reformation of many grievous abuses in the Irish branch of the United Church, the reformation would be effected for them by others. In proof of the necessity of doing this, the Dean urged that "the bishops' incomes had no reference to their work; but this was a smaller matter when compared with the individual charge for each member of their community. The charge in this diocese was 5s. 3d. per head, and, taking this as his unit of calculation, he arrived at the astonishing results that it costs for each member in Armagh and in Dublin 1½ as much, in Derry 2½, in Kilmore 3, in Cork and in Tuam 5 times as much, in Ossory and in Killaloe 6 times as much, in Meath and in Limerick 7 times as much, and in Cashel 11 times as much as in this united diocese of Down and Connor and Dromore."

Referring to the superfluous dignitaries of the Church, he said:—

"He enjoyed the honour of being Dean of Ferns. Some seven miles from his residence stood a parish church, which was once the Cathedral of Ferns, and in a dark and musty corner of it was a seat over which was still legible the title Decanus; but more than twenty years had gone by since it was used as a cathedral. He was, therefore, a dean without a cathedral, and as to the duty of his office, he was once summoned to a Provincial Synod, where he made his bow respectfully to his Metropolitan, but not a word was spoken; not a particle of business was transacted. Once it happened that during the three years that he had enjoyed this sinecure office he was asked to attach the seal of the Dean and Chapter of Ferns to a deed that was as valid as an act of Council, he firmly believed, whether he put the seal to it or not. What, he asked, was the use of keeping up such a title? It certainly was calculated to bring ridicule on the Church in Ireland, with her thirty-two deans, nearly three deans for each diocese, while her elder sister was content with the honour of one deanery in each diocese. In describing his own case, he was sure that he described the case of nearly twenty Irish deans. They were parish clergymen, with a great deal to do in their parishes; they had no cathedrals, no dean and chapter funds or properties to manage; they got a rank and title to keep up, and their average income to support the rank of

a dean was £481. 17s. per annum. The position of Dean of St. Patrick's had to be supported on an income of £1,112, and the Deanery of Ross was worth £81 per annum. The case was similar with respect to their archdeaconries. There were thirty-four archdeacons—a great deal too many—and he ventured to say that, in consequence, the one great duty of an archdeacon was seldom thought of. The very reverend gentleman's proposition was that the number of deans should be reduced to twelve, and that the archdeacons should also be reduced to twelve; that the incomes of the deans should be £1,000 each—the Dean of St. Patrick's to have £2,000; the archdeacons' incomes to be £700 each. The one word that characterized their system—disproportion—applied also to the bishops' incomes, which were out of all proportion with the incomes of beneficed clergymen. It appeared to him that £3,500 would be a fair average—and £5,500 for an archbishop—the bishops, of course, holding their palaces. This plan provided for all the dignitaries, and it allowed altogether but thirty-six high places for a profession that was as important as the Bar, and as expensive in its course of preparatory education."

He further proposed that all the Church property, rent charge, and lands, be transferred to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners,—that bishops, deans, archdeacons, rectors, and curates, be all of them annuitants, drawing their salaries quarterly, and that an opportunity be given to the proprietors to free their lands from rent charge. The reading of this bold plan of Church reform, proposed by Dean Atkins, who was unable to attend owing to illness, was received by the Conference with applause. There was some discussion on the papers. The Rev. Dr. Reichel, rector of Mullingar, said honestly:—

"He could not deal with the disproportion between members of their Church and Roman Catholics in this country. That was a difficulty beyond his power of solution, and, besides, he did not think he was called upon to go into it. He could not say that he had found anywhere the means of getting out of this difficulty. Taking the matter logically—viewing it as a statesman would look at it—he could not avoid saying that their Church occupied a position in Ireland which was hardly capable of a logical defence; and he was sorry to be obliged to say so."

The Dean of Waterford denied that the Church in Ireland was intended as a Missionary Church for the conversion of Roman Catholics, and urged the reforms described in the paper of Dean Atkins. These propositions and discussions are very interesting in themselves, considering the quarter in which they originate. We have given the foregoing lengthened extracts, however, chiefly with the view of showing that the time is at hand when something must be done about the Irish Establishment. Bishop Mant, in the closing chapter of his History of the Irish Church, which is throughout more an apology than a history, remarks that the end of the last century was a season of supineness. "There seems," he says, "to have prevailed a general acquiescence in the state of things as they were." That is not the case at present. There is now a spirit abroad, even among the clergy, arising, no doubt, partly from the pressure of public opinion around them, and partly from a growing sense of duty and responsibility, which will not suffer them to remain quiescent under anomalies that shock the understanding, and abuses that pain the conscience. Attempts have been anxiously made by some to get rid of the embarrassments of their position by regarding themselves as the ministers of a missionary Church. Even the Archbishop of Dublin falls back—as one of the grounds of defence—upon the fact, not that the Church is a teacher of religion to Roman Catholics, but a missionary of civilization. He said that they know the Church "by the presence of one in their midst, who, if nothing more to them, is a country gentleman, bound to almost constant residence amongst them, often indeed, with the most moderate means, but dispensing these on the spot." The *Times* very properly reminded him that the Establishment was not founded to maintain a race of country gentlemen. And if Roman Catholics or Presbyterians were to reply to his grace's charge, they might say that their clergy are also gentlemen, more constantly residing amongst the people, enjoying their confidence, and guiding them by their counsel, while ministering to their spiritual wants, and thus fulfilling in every respect the purposes of an ecclesiastical establishment.

It is a singular fact that many of the most zealous ministers of the Irish Church, however isolated, morally and socially, in the midst of a hostile population, who abhor their religion as heresy, cling to the idea that they are the sole legitimate pastors of all the people residing within the bounds of their respective parishes. This idea was very emphatically enunciated by the last Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Trench, a truly pious and estimable prelate. Protesting against a measure of Church reform which was before Parliament in 1835, Archbishop Trench said that the clergy of the Established Church were not sent to any particular denomination of professing Christians. "They are sent, as the Apostles of old were sent, to preach the Gospel to every creature, whether Protestants of their own immediate communion, or Dissenters, or Roman Catholics, or

Jews, or Turks. . . . The character of the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland is truly and purely missionary; divest them of it, and some plausibility might be claimed for the unhallowed proceeding now before your lordships. I consider a parochial minister is responsible for every living soul within his parish. . . . The clergy of the Established Church are the ministers of Christ to the Roman Catholics no less than to the Protestants." Again, he said, "I would ask the noble lord what he would have us to do, when I inform him that we are bound by a vow made at our ordination, calling upon us to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine." Dr. Trench's biographer commenting upon these statements, writes: "The Archbishop at once put his foot upon the whole of this infamous system of legislation when he prepared to tell the House of Lords that our political empirics had mistaken the whole character of the Established Church. The Church was established in the land, not because the whole community did, but in order that the whole community might, agree with her. She was introduced as leaven into the lump, that the whole might be leavened. It is now unblushingly proposed that she should be withdrawn from every place which was apparently pre-occupied by the Romish schism."*

This is, undoubtedly, the orthodox theory of an Established Church. It is assumed, in the first place, that the Church adopted and endowed by the State is the only true Church. The Government is a theocracy, the members of the Church and the members of the State being identical, and the civil authority being inspired and controlled by the spiritual. The theory has been completely carried out by the Pope in his own dominions, and it was his attempts to carry it out in the dominions of other sovereigns that led to the numerous conflicts between Church and State that issued in the Reformation. In England the difficulties between the ecclesiastical and civil powers had become inextricable, when Henry VIII. cut the knot with his sword, but saved the theory by constituting himself the head of the Church on earth. Queen Elizabeth fearlessly assumed the responsibility of that awful position, and it was upon the theocratic basis thus modified that she had the Irish Church reconstructed. Every inhabitant of the country, English or native, was to be embraced within the Church's pale, and forced to attend its services. For this purpose the most stringent laws were passed, and the severest penalties inflicted. The existence of the native priests was recognised just as wolves were recognised in order to be extirpated. The civil wars which followed during the reigns of the two first Stuarts, who were more or less favourable to the Catholics, violently disturbed the theocratic arrangements, and then the Commonwealth threw the whole ecclesiastical system into chaos. But when the Protestant interest was fully restored to supremacy in Ireland by the Revolution of 1688, the way was prepared for the complete re-establishment of the theocracy under Queen Anne by means of the system of laws known as the PENAL CODE.

It is not our intention to detain our readers by a description of that code in this place. This has been so often done by some of the ablest writers in our language, and it is so well known that the task would be as superfluous as it is irksome. We allude to it simply as a great experiment—one of the most remarkable and instructive in the history of Christendom—to impose the theocratic system of Government upon a dissenting and reclaiming nation. Nothing was left undone to give it complete effect. The sword of the civil magistrate was wielded in the cause of the Church incessantly, unsparingly. He aimed his blows not only at the social position and civil rights and property, but at the moral and intellectual life of the subjugated race. Nonconformists, recusants, papists were all rebels, as well as dissenters. Roman Catholics could not hold property, could not enter any honourable profession, could not become apprenticed to any trade, could not educate their children, could not hold the meanest offices of trust or emolument. The Episcopalian Denomination, which comprised only a small portion of the population, monopolized all sorts of power, civil as well as ecclesiastical, and all Government offices; political Protestantism reigned supreme and exclusive in the courts of justice, in the army, in the navy, in the corporations, in the social circle—everywhere. The bishops and clergy of the Establishment had everything their own way; the civil authorities were their humble servants; the native population were prostrate at their feet; the Roman Catholic priests fled like hares at their approach to the recesses of the woods and mountains. The Established Church, then, had the whole field to herself. The work she had before her

was to cultivate the old Popish soil and make it Protestant, to convert the wilderness into a fruitful field, and to make Ireland once more an island of saints. It was a bold, a grand, a terrible experiment, fraught with instruction for statesmen and Christian philanthropists. How did it succeed? That question we must answer before proceeding farther in this inquiry, because it is impossible to estimate properly the present condition of the Church and the difficulties which beset her mission without taking into account her antecedents, and the mournful inheritance of prejudice, animosity, and odium entailed by the past.

THE DIOCESE OF DURHAM.—A Rev. correspondent thinks that in our first paper on the Diocese of Durham we have understated what is being done in that diocese in the way of church extension, which he yet admits is below the need of the diocese. Our correspondent furnishes us with the following particulars:—"Since the Bishop issued his appeal in December, 1863, the following churches have been restored, at a cost exceeding £11,800, viz., Darlington, Gainford, Brancepeth, Jarrow, Seaton, Hylton, and St. Helen's, Auckland; and the following have been erected, or are far advanced towards completion, Hendon, Sacriston, Leadgate, Consett, Castle-side, Evenwood, Stockton, Gateshead, North Bedburn, The Felling, Haverton Hill, Tudhoe, Haswell, Coatham Mundeville, Shildon, Scotswood-road, Newcastle. The total cost of these churches is, at least, £36,800. At the meeting it was stated that the Dean of Durham had offered a second donation of £500, on the condition that £5,000 should be raised by the end of the year. This has already been accomplished. Amongst the recent contributions have been Messrs. R. & W. Thompson, Darlington, £1,000; Viscount Boyne, £500; J. P. Hildyard, Esq., £250; W. B. Beaumont, Esq., £250; &c. The Newcastle papers also record two anonymous donations of £1,000 and £400 for a proposed church in that town."

FINE ARTS.

MR. SHAW'S ILLUMINATED DRAWINGS.

If anything could make us indifferent to the blessings entailed on mankind by the invention of printing, it would be the sight of the splendid illuminated manuscripts which formed the only "books" before blocks and types were made to supplant the fine work of the hand. So beautiful are many of these that they form a distinct section of the fine arts, and indeed supply certain important links in the history of the progress of art through the dark ages. There was a long period in the history of art to be studied entirely from manuscript paintings; this was after the time when the early Christians had ornamented their catacombs and secret underground chapels with rudely painted symbolic objects and portraits of Christ, to the dawn of the great rise in the art which began with the crude pictures of such painters as Guido of Siena, Margaritone, and Cimabue, who followed them in the beginning of the thirteenth century. The catacomb paintings in fact, in their turn, connect the painting of the dark ages with the Roman wall-paintings of Pompeii and Herculaneum. There is still preserved in the Vatican library a manuscript copy of Virgil, ornamented with miniatures, which is considered to be a work of the fourth century. In the Bodleian library at Oxford, and Corpus Christi, Cambridge, there are preserved MSS. copies of the Scriptures, written in the large uncial characters of Italy, which had originally miniature heads of the Evangelists at the beginning of each Gospel, that of St. Luke being still perfect. These are thought to have been sent by St. Gregory before the preaching of Augustine, A.D. 596. Then there are a great number of MSS., more or less perfect, preserved in the various libraries and museums, such as the Gospels of St. Columba College; the Bodleian Gospels, written by MacRegol, and the Book of Armagh; the Charters of Sebbi, King of the East Saxons, A.D. 670; of Lotharius, King of Kent, dated at Reculver, 679, and that of Æthelbald, which can all be seen in this country. There are also the remarkable MSS. preserved in the convent of St. Gall, in Switzerland, of the Anglo-Saxon scribes. All of these are known, by their correspondence in style, to be of a date prior to the end of the ninth century. We have in the collection exhibited by Mr. Shaw an example, taken from a Bible of the ninth century in the British Museum, on which our Saxon Kings took their Coronation oath, hence called the "Coronation Bible." It was presented to King Athelstan by the Emperor Otho, whose sister he married, and was used as late as the reign of Henry VI. Others in the British Museum bring us to the tenth century, of which Mr. Shaw gives an example in the border of the Charter given by King Edgar to the New Minster of Winchester, in the year 966. The famous Bible known as Charlemagne's, in the British Museum, furnishes another example; this is described as the work of the English monk Alcuine, and is now considered to be of rather later date.

It would be difficult to describe intelligibly the peculiar style of these early ornamental works; they should be seen, either at the British Museum, or in some of the admirable copies which Mr. Shaw has made of them, and which are exhibited at 196, Piccadilly. In this extensive series upon which several years

* Memoir of the last Archbishop of Tuam. By the Rev. J. D'Arcy Shur, D.D. (pp. 384-386.)

of the most skilful artistic labour have been expended all the principal styles may be distinctly understood. The study of these Anglo-Saxon, or as some will prefer to call them, Celtic, illuminations, involves some points of very great interest as to the origin of this peculiar style. There seems to be no doubt that in Ireland especially, the art was practised in this great perfection. This is proved by the singular correspondence between the ornaments used by the illuminators and that seen upon the old Irish stone crosses, the casts from which may be examined at the Crystal Palace. There are the ancient reliquaries, mitres, and croziers, in metal work and enamel, still preserved in Ireland, which also possess the same form of ornament. The peculiarities may be briefly pointed out as cruciform designs, with panels of interlaced bands of the most elaborate and intricate work, drawn with the utmost accuracy and without a mistake in all the many inter-twinnings and knots. Sometimes these are so minute that a magnifier is required to trace them, and then we only see the perfect truth of the work more clearly. The colouring of these bands is often brilliant and harmonious, in reds, blues, and yellows. Foliage is never employed, but often strange and monstrous animals of the stag kind, with fantastic tails, and birds, with tongues elongated into similar interlaced bands and often knotted together. Lizards and snakes are exaggerated in the same fantastic style, and almost always with a certain geometrical or at least angular arrangement of the interlacings or ribbons, as the case may be. The lines, too, are often in coils, which start off at the ends into other coils, as will be noticed in some of the examples copied by Mr. Shaw. Similar ornament is to be observed in ivory carvings of Scandinavian work, and even in the zigzag and fret so very common in Chinese work, there is to be traced a strong resemblance to these Celtic or Anglo-Saxon illuminations. To the Oriental work, especially some of the panels of the Alhambra, there is also a kind of family likeness, as though all had sprung from some common origin amongst the first people of the East. And in the Persian M.S. we observe a strong resemblance. But with this bare allusion to the great historical interest that attaches to all early MS. ornament, and the debatable points that arise amongst those who are best acquainted with them, we proceed with our notice of the specimens Mr. Shaw has chosen for illustrating the different styles which were cultivated as the art progressed up to the time of the introduction of printing, when it was lost, to be revived, in a sense, in the hands of the chromo-lithographer of our own day.

As an example of the illuminating of the end of the tenth century, and beginning of the following, Mr. Shaw has selected one of great historical interest, which is from a copy of the Gospels, in the magnificent collection of our Museum, in which there is to be seen, at the commencement of the Gospel of Mark, a certificate written in Anglo-Saxon, saying that the volume belonged to King Canute. From a "Passionale," or Collection of Lives of Saints, also in the Museum, in three enormous volumes, is selected a large initial B, in which the spiral lines fill the two compartments of the letter, and upon the ground adjoining are the remaining letters of the word "Beatus," placed vertically one under the other—an arrangement that we see constantly in the early enamels and ivory diptychs of the Byzantine artists. The date of this is about 1180.

The initial letter B, from a Psalter belonging to the Society of Antiquarians, furnishes one of the finest examples of English Art at the beginning of the thirteenth century in existence. It was formerly in the possession of Robert de Lindesay, Abbot of Peterborough, for seven years before his death, which occurred in 1232. We notice in this example the extraordinary combination of beauty with intricate design. In the endless interlacings of the delicate lines of the letter, are seen entangled tiny squirrels and rabbits, and other animals, and circular miniatures of the Prophets are enclosed in the kind of arabesque work at the corners, with others of Saints at the sides of the page. The introduction of the miniatures is the mark of superior work, and they were probably by another hand. After this time miniature heads, figures, and even subjects of various kinds, were employed, until in the sixteenth century the style became completely overdone with Gothic buildings, landscapes, and figures.

In the work of some of the Italian artists, however, many exquisite productions, with figures, are to be seen, of which there are two or three fine examples in Mr. Shaw's collection.

Two very beautiful examples should be noticed in the frame of a superb *Lectonarium* in the British Museum, from a MS., with one entitled "Epistre au Roy Richard II., d'Angleterre, par un Solitaire des Célestins de Paris," in which the monk paints himself presenting his book to the King. The sacred monogram in gold, on red and blue, powdered with the fleur-de-lis and the lion, is especially beautiful. A most lovely piece of lace-like tracery and gold-work, is a border from a MS., with a picture of the "Ascension," and below a portrait of Margaret of Bavaria, married to John, Duke of Burgundy, in 1385.

The celebrated Bedford Missal, in the British Museum, is one of the best preserved and most interesting, from containing the only known portrait of the Regent of France during the minority of Henry VI. The Duke of Bedford is represented doing homage to St. George. This gorgeous missal was painted for the Duchess, to be presented by her to Henry VI. on Christmas-day, 1430. The royal arms are splendidly emblazoned at the foot of the page, and the framework is curiously formed of roots in gold, enclosing miniatures of the life of Christ. The miniaturists at this date were beginning to assert their importance, as we find their work constantly introduced. In an exquisite little psalter, known as "The

Prayer-book of Henry VI.," there are fourteen highly-finished pictures. Mr. Shaw has copied one of these, representing an interior, with nuns at prayer, in which he directs attention to the clever imitation of glass in the windows by using silver leaf. Here we ought to render our tribute of praise to Mr. Shaw for the admirable way in which he has succeeded in copying every nicety of this kind, and, indeed, all the higher points of style and character, which are of so much importance to the student. As one of the finest examples of French art of the latter half of the fifteenth century we have two pictures from a copy of the "Hours of the Virgin," now belonging to Mr. Lawrence, of Hampstead, and formerly in the collection of the Duke of Sussex. The border, which encloses a picture of the Annunciation, is peculiar; it is wonderfully rich in foliated arabesque in pink, blue, and green, of delicate shades, enclosing figures of angels on gold ground, their wings coloured with rainbow tints and touched with gold.

As a specimen of Flemish art, for the early Germans and Flemings were great at miniatures and missal painting, Mr. Shaw selects four drawings from a copy of the "Offices of the Virgin" in the British Museum, a superb volume written in a Spanish hand on the finest uterine vellum, and illuminated with amazing variety and beauty of design. It was a present from the Spanish Ambassador when he came to negotiate the marriage of the Infante to the Archduchess, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. In the sixteenth century the taste for literal imitations of natural objects prevailed; flowers of every kind, birds and animals, were most minutely painted, often on gold grounds, with shadows to make them project in relief. In an example of this period we have vases of flowers and peacocks most elaborately painted, and the effect is really very splendid, though not perhaps so chaste in design. The calendars of the months were generally painted in this style, with appropriate flowers and miniature pictures of customs and ceremonies distinctive of the month. Mr. Shaw has made an exquisite copy of a page of this style of the sixteenth century, taken from an "Offices of the Virgin," which is in the collection of Mr. Magniac. From the same collection is taken an admirable example of figure painting in miniature by a first-rate French artist. The original was in the collection of Horace Walpole, and bears a description of the subject on the back in his handwriting. "Francis I., supported by the Church, Law, and Army, Cardinal du Prat, the Chancellor, sits at the table." Three specimens are given of the same style, and Mr. Shaw thinks by the same hand as the beautiful "Hours" of Anne of Brittany in the Musée des Souverains of Paris, from a very beautiful volume of "Hours," in the possession of Mr. Holford; from whose collection we have another excellent example of miniature in a page from the "Triumph" of Petrarch, the subject—the triumph of fame—being enclosed in an entablature imitating marble. A beautiful work, also of Italian art, is the title-page of a translation of Aristotle's "Ethics," in which Mr. Shaw remarks the affinity in style of the arabesque to the moresque. The Italian miniaturists frequently copied into their work some of the great pictures; in one of Mr. Shaw's there is a copy of "The Agony in the Garden," by Andrea Mantegna, introduced into an initial letter. What is remarkable also of this is that Mr. Thomas Baring, to whom the original belongs, happens also to possess the picture by Mantegna. Four other fine specimens of Italian illuminating have been copied by Mr. Shaw, two from the Bodleian folio of the "Filocolo" of Boccaccio, bearing the arms of Giovanni Gonzaga, created Marquis of Mantua, in 1433, by the Emperor Sigismund. The letters are formed by the interlaced work on gold ground, which is beautifully ornamented by being burnished and traced over with fine scrolls and dots. The other two are from a beautiful missal, written for the monastery of St. Justine, at Padua, and purchased for the British Museum in 1846, the work of Benedetto Bordone in 1525-26. But nothing can surpass in magnificence and splendour of decoration the title-page of a superb copy, in folio, of Pliny's "Natural History," printed on vellum at Venice, which is in the Douce collection of the Bodleian. This is admitted to be one of the most rare and beautiful examples in existence of the combination of typography with illumination. Pliny is represented in the centre of the letter D, seated at a monk's desk, writing before a planetarium, and there are groups of amorini and angels introduced in the border, with a portrait of Ferdinand II. of Naples, to whom the book belonged. The large framework of the page is chiefly in green, with an exquisite edging of tracery enclosing spangles of gold, and the panels on which the amorini are painted are a rich crimson. A work of Venetian art, if possible, more exquisite still, is the first leaf of one of the most beautiful volumes known—a history of the great deeds of the Sforza family—in the Grenville library of the British Museum. It was the presentation copy to the Duke Sforza of Milan, dated Milano, Antonio Zarotto, 1490. The initial contains a portrait of Cardinal Sforza, "pater patriæ," opposite to which in the border is another Sforza, and at the top of the page one of Ludovico "il Moro," with the Sforza arms at the foot. A group of children, "putti," playing buck buck, how many fingers do I hold up? at the foot of the page is painted with the utmost skill of the master, who was no less a person than Jerome Veronese, "Girolamo dai Libri," as he was called from his skill.

The collection which Mr. Shaw exhibits is one that the country may well be proud of for the artistic perfection of the work and the masterly reproduction of the different styles in this form of art. Nothing so complete has hitherto been accomplished, and Mr. Shaw deserves our warmest thanks for having undertaken a work of so much interest and inestimable value to the student.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRURY LANE has produced a great pantomime of the old-fashioned order on the subject of "King Pippin," which has been embellished by Mr. Beverley with some lovely and elaborate scenery. The opening is strengthened by the vocal talent of Mr. Henry Drayton, the real dramatic talent of Master Percy Roselle, and the comic talent of Mr. Belmore. An army of children are introduced as the body guard of King Pippin, and the most noticeable scenes are the "Haunt of Fancy" and the "Fairy Factory." The harlequinade includes a double company of pantomimists, whose fun is somewhat boisterous.

The pantomime at Covent Garden is founded upon the story of "Aladdin"—a subject well worked upon the stage in every conceivable form. It is a most elaborate spectacle, full of scenery, full of ballet dancing, and full of stage business. The Paynes are as original and as amusing as ever; the "Garden of Jewels," the "Street in Canton," and the transformation scene, are the chief features, and there is no monstrosity like Donato to interfere with the enjoyment of the spectacle. The company notoriously rely upon this pantomime to make up their losses on English opera, and we hope they may not be disappointed. The band would do well to treat the pantomime music with more respect than they do; if it is worth playing at all, it is worth playing carefully.

Mr. Toole has returned to the Adelphi after a long provincial tour, and the management have produced a new farce for him called "Behind Time." The trifle is genially absurd, and serves well to play-in the still popular drama of "Rip Van Winkle."

The pantomime at Astley's is of the nursery-tale order, embellished with a glittering transformation scene, one of the most effective in London. The harlequinade is more remarkable for tumbling than for humour.

The management of the Lyceum has given melodrama a preference over the lighter farce generally in vogue about Christmas-tide, and a piece in nine tableaux, adapted by Mr. Palgrave Simpson from Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," has been produced here with every promise of longevity. From a critical point of view, however, the "Master of Ravenswood" must be regarded as a somewhat faulty performance of a task which, to tell the truth, was one of immense difficulty. The tale itself is undramatic, the leading character unworthy of sympathy, except from an audience of ghouls, corsairs, brides of Abydos, and suchlike. To remove these difficulties, Mr. Simpson has taken liberties with Sir Walter's narrative, and Mr. Fechter has taken liberties with Sir Walter's Edgar. If Scott were alive at present, he would probably wish these two gentlemen dead; but Scott's admirers—who are alive at present in great numbers—will admit, after seeing the "Master of Ravenswood," that it is well put on the stage, excellently acted, and enthusiastically received.

The new pantomime-farce at the St. James's is a *refacimento* of Tom Dibdin's "Harlequin Hoax," a piece brought out at the English Opera House in 1814. The present version is from the sharply-pointed pen of Mr. John Oxenford, and is called "Please to Remember the Grotto." No London playgoers should miss this opportunity of beholding Mr. Frank Matthews arrayed in the costume of a clown; for it is an opportunity which, once gone, may never return. Mr. F. Robson, as pantaloone, is just a trifle deficient in dignity; but the character is one which requires the study of a lifetime. The comic scenes are too long, considering that the humour of the notion has been sufficiently dwelt upon before they begin. The closing tableau is remarkably pretty.

The Prince of Wales's Theatre will probably become as famous for Mr. Byron's operatic burlesques as the Lyceum once did for Mr. Planche's fairy extravaganzas. The one just produced here, "Little Don Giovanni," sparkles all over with puns that sometimes melt into sorrow and sometimes madden to crime. Some of them are obvious even to the intellect of a churchwarden; others are deep things—next door to the inscrutable—and convince the hearer that Mr. Byron makes use of language for the purpose of concealing his thoughts. The burlesque is capitally mounted, and, as a matter of course, capitally acted. Miss Wilton and Miss Josepha made a fascinating pair of Dons, and Mr. Clarke was very funny as a page with a soul far above buttons. With well-selected music and brilliant scenery this little piece goes off as glibly as possible. It is preceded by the comedy of "Society"—which, by the way, commences now at seven, instead of half-past, as formerly.

The veteran Planché, hero of a hundred extravaganzas, has provided some of his most graceful verse for the Haymarket version of "Orphée aux Enfers," which the popularity of Offenbach's music will, no doubt, render successful. We cannot report that the acting is up to the level of the words or music on this occasion, though Miss Keeley sings charmingly, and Mr. David Fisher is a tolerably proficient violin player. The experiment, however, deserves to be encouraged for the spirit in which it is conceived, if not for the manner in which it is executed.

At the Royalty a classical extravaganza, called "Prometheus," is the Christmas production. The name of Mr. R. Reece, its author is new to us; and we resume (from that and other reasons) that he is a young writer. As he grows older, no doubt he will improve greatly. In that hope, and with a word of commendation for Miss Fanny Reeves and her charming singing, we take leave of "Prometheus, or the Man on the Rock."

The Surrey Theatre is rebuilt and reopened, and the reporters, with rare self-denial, have not compared it to a phoenix rising from its ashes. Now that the friendly congratula-

tions exchanged over champagne glasses and full luncheon-tables have died away, the public are beginning to find that the house is badly constructed for a popular audience. The actors on the first night were told by the occupants of the gallery to get farther up the stage, as they could not be seen so near the footlights. The pantomime is ponderous, and one of the scenes, representing the movements of a game of chess, is a mistake. Surrey audiences are not learned in chess, and would prefer something less angular and more theatrical. The best harlequin and best grotesque dancer in London, Mr. D'Auban, from the Oxford Music Hall, has been judiciously engaged for the harlequinade.

The Agricultural Hall is a large place, and cattle-shows cannot be held all the year round, so the directors naturally look out for daring speculators who can fill it with shows that may or may not be agricultural. Two years ago, they got Messrs. Strange & Pulleyn to start an enormous circus and hippodrome, which was highly successful; and this year they have induced an enterprising tavern-keeper, Mr. Rudkin, to repeat this entertainment. The hall is better adapted for chariot-races than for circus performances, and the "sports of the hippodrome," mounted with becoming splendour, are again attractive to large multitudes.

The Crystal Palace is making much of a gymnast named Ethair, formerly engaged at the Alhambra, who, under the new title of Signor Ethardo, ascends a spiral staircase on a globe which he stands upon and causes to revolve with his feet. The trick is a clever variation of the old tub-running performance introduced in this country about a quarter of a century ago by a man named Carlo Alberto.

The local theatres have all produced pantomimes, the only noticeable feature in which is the use of steam-power to work the "transformation scene" at the Standard in Shoreditch.

The following correspondence in a theatrical journal amusingly illustrates the vanity of actors:—"Mr. John Saunders never crowed in 'The Camp at Chobham'; it was Mr. Smythe that crowed all through the run of the piece, and at Windsor Castle before her Majesty. He is now at Hull as property master."

SCIENCE.

THE recently published researches of Messrs. De la Rue and Stewart afford us some important information concerning the sun's photosphere—that zone of luminous clouds which surrounds the solid centre of our planetary system. A great number of observations has led these distinguished observers to the conclusion that the central part of a spot upon the sun is nearer the centre than the penumbra, and that both the umbra and penumbra are probably beneath the general level of the surrounding photosphere. "Now the umbra, or lowest part of a spot, is much less luminous than the general photosphere. But what does this probably imply according to the laws with which we are acquainted? It implies that in a spot there is probably some matter of a lower temperature than the photosphere. For is it not now recognised as a law, that if a substance, or combination of substances, of indefinite thickness, and surface of small reflecting power, have all its particles at a certain fixed temperature, this substance will give out nearly all the rays of heat belonging to that temperature? Now the sun, even when we look into a spot, is certainly a substance of indefinite thickness; and since a spot appears much less luminous than the ordinary surface, ought we not to conclude that we there view matter of a lower temperature than the ordinary surface, or that the matter which appears within a spot has a very high reflecting power compared to the ordinary matter of the photosphere." After considering the evidence in favour of each of these suppositions, the author concludes that (1) either the general body of the sun at the level of the bottom of a spot is of a lower temperature than the photosphere; or (2), the lower temperature is produced by some chemical or molecular process, which takes place when a spot is formed; or (3), it is produced by matter coming from a colder region. The third conclusion appears to be the most probable one, and it is this which the astronomers, whose observations we have given, urge the adoption of.

A curious process for giving iron an exceedingly high degree of hardness has been discovered by M. Gaudin. This chemist, some time since, recorded the fact that by heating iron, tolerably free from carbon, with a small quantity of boron, a product so hard that it cannot be forged may be obtained. He has now found that a similarly hard metal may be obtained by adding to ordinary cast iron, while in fusion, phosphate of iron and peroxide of manganese. The iron produced in this way cannot be forged, but it casts easily, and is therefore thoroughly applicable to the construction of such machines as require in their material extreme hardness rather than tenacity. The metal so produced is, moreover, singularly sonorous, and its invention suggests its employment in bell-foundry. He also states that he has discovered a species of alloy called tungsten-iron, crystals of which are so hard that they will cut glass as readily as the diamond.

In a most interesting article in the *Popular Science Review*, Baron Liebig gives us his opinion as to the best method of preparing coffee. He recommends boiling as the most efficacious mode of obtaining the valuable materials of the berry. "With three-fourths of the coffee to be employed, after being ground, the water is made to boil for ten or fifteen minutes. The one-quarter of coffee which has been kept back is then flung in and the vessel

immediately withdrawn from the fire, covered over and allowed to stand for five or six minutes. In order that the powder on the surface may fall to the bottom it is stirred round; the deposit then takes place, and the coffee poured off is ready for use. . . . The first boiling gives the strength, the second adds to the flavour. The water does not dissolve of the aromatic substances more than the fourth part contained in the roasted coffee. The beverage when ready ought to be of a brown-black colour; untransparent it always is, somewhat like chocolate thinned with water, and this want of clearness in coffee so prepared does not come from the fine grounds but from a peculiar fat resembling butter, about 12 per cent. of which the berries contain, and which, if over roasted, is partly destroyed." The Baron states that the real flavour of coffee is so little known to most persons that many who drank his coffee for the first time doubted its goodness because it tasted of the berries.

A very important memoir has recently been published by M. J. L. Soret, on the density of ozone. He sums up our actual knowledge of the volumetric relations of this body as follows:—1st. Ordinary oxygen diminishes in volume when ozonized, that is to say, when a part of it is converted into ozone, by electricity, for example. 2nd. When oxygen charged with ozone is treated with iodide of potassium and other oxidizable bodies, the ozone disappears without the volume of the gas changing. 3rd. Under the action of heat, oxygen charged with ozone suffers an expansion equal to the volume of the quantity of oxygen that the gas would have been capable of yielding to iodide of potassium. These facts, he says, lead to the supposition that ozone is an allotropic state of oxygen, consisting in a molecular grouping of several atoms of this body. One of the simplest hypotheses in this matter is that in which the molecule of ordinary oxygen is regarded as formed of two atoms, and the molecule of ozone as formed of three atoms.

AUSTRALIA AND EUROPE FORMERLY ONE CONTINENT.—Seeing what a considerable portion of the Australian and Polynesian flora was represented by characteristic types in the Eocene period, we can no longer entertain any doubt that *Europe stood in some kind of connection with New Holland*. But what was the exact nature of this connection? Let us hear Dr. Unger's answer. Wherever similar or the same effects in natural phenomena are perceived, we are justified in ascribing them to similar or the same causes. A vegetation in Europe bearing the same character as that of New Holland and the adjacent islands of the present day, compels us to admit that, at the Eocene period, a set of conditions prevailed in our continent similar to those under which the Australian flora at present exists. It is not conceivable that when our forests were formed by *Araucarias*, instead of Pines, and our underwood of *Proteaceae*, *Santalum*, &c., instead of Rhamni, Privets, and Hazels, the climate and soil should have been the same as they are now. We know but too well what peculiar conditions of temperature, light, moisture, &c., certain plants require, and how slavishly we are tied to certain rules in our cultivation of foreign plants. True, *Araucarias*, *Proteaceae*, and *Euphorbiaceae* grow, at present, exceedingly well in Europe, but only when protected by glass, in a certain artificial temperature and light, and a well-prepared soil—calculated to approximate the exceptional conditions under which they are grown to those of their native country. We may, therefore, conclude with good reason that the conditions which we produce artificially, in order to grow these plants, existed in the whole of Europe; in short that, at the Eocene period, Europe must have had a climate like that of New Holland at the present day.—*Popular Science Review*.

OZONE AND HEALTH.—Lastly, we gather from what has gone before, a few facts bearing on hygienic measures, general and special. We may learn that as ozone is used up in crowded localities, and as its presence is essential for the removal of the products arising from decomposing organic remains, no mere attention to ventilation, however important that may be, can suffice to make the air efficient for supporting healthy life unless the air be rendered active by the presence of ozone. Hence it is an absurdity of the worst description to build hospitals for the sick in the midst of the crowded localities of the poor, and to ventilate them with air that has swept its way over a sea of ammoniacal compounds derived from the living and the dead. Hence, human dwellings built on the borders of lakes or pools charged with organic debris, or built near manure heaps, or over sewers, or on ground saturated with putrefying substances, become necessarily the centres of the fever type of disease; not by necessity, as is vulgarly supposed, because the inhabitants are conscious of "smell," but because the air they breathe is reduced in active power, and poisons are being generated around them to which they are constantly exposed, and before which they fall a ready prey.—*Dr. Richardson in "Popular Science Review."*

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Monday:—Royal Geographical Society, at 8½ p.m. "Second Journey into Western Equatorial Africa." By M. P. B. Du Chaillu.—Tuesday:—The Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. Inaugural Address of Mr. John Fowler, President.—Wednesday:—Microscopical Society, at 8 p.m. 1. "On an Opaque Illuminator." By Professor Smith, of Gambia, Ohio, U.S. 2. "On the best Method of Illumination with High Powers for difficult Objects."

A MARBLE MONUMENT is about to be erected to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe in the Presbyterian burial-ground, corner of Fayette and Green streets, Baltimore, in which city the poet was buried.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

SOMEWHAT to the surprise of the mercantile community the directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised the rate of discount from 7 to 8 per cent. This is doubtless intended to check the withdrawal of gold from the Bank.

The discount establishments have not altered their terms for money "at call," but the rate for money at seven days' notice has been raised from 5½ to 6 per cent., and at fourteen days' notice from 6 to 7. The joint-stock banks now allow 5 per cent. for deposits, except that the London and Westminster give only 4 per cent. for sums below £500.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about ½ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·12½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about two-tenths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 109½ to 109½ per cent. At this rate there is a trifling profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

The foreign markets have been very quiet; Turkish 5 per Cents. were slightly firmer, being quoted 42½. The 6 per Cent. Loan of 1858 was depressed ½ per cent., whilst that of 1862 improved to the same extent. Mexican were about ½ per cent. better. Spanish Passives and Certificates were unaltered. Greek remained at 14½ 15½, but the coupons were quoted as low as 5 6. Other stocks do not show any variation worthy of notice.

The transactions in railway shares have been restricted; but prices in several instances show a decided improvement. South Devon and Caledonian advanced 1; Great Northern, and London and North-Western, ½; and Lancashire and Yorkshire, ¼ per cent.; Metropolitan receded 1½ per cent. In preference stocks the dealings were in Great Northern 5 per Cents. (redeemable at 5 per cent. prem.) at 107½; Great Western 5 per Cents. (redeemable), 99 100½; Midland (Bristol and Birmingham) 6 per Cents., 133; North British 5 per Cents. (No. 1), 103; and North-Eastern 4½ per Cents. (redeemable), 100.

The Midland Railway traffic return shows this week an increase of £6,980 over last year; the London and North-Western an increase of £6,170; the Great Eastern an increase of £2,144; the Great Northern a decrease of £349; and the Great Western an increase of £1,727.

The following companies are ready to receive tenders for loans on debentures:—Great Northern, for three or five years; Lancashire and Yorkshire, for a period of years, to replace loans paid off; London, Chatham, and Dover, for periods of two or three years, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum; London and North-Western, for three or more years, under the joint seals of the Shropshire Union and London and North-Western Companies; Midland, for three years and upwards, in sums of not less than £100, to replace debentures falling due.

Bank Shares remain very quiet. Albion, improved £2, to 1 dis., par; Bank of London £2, to 148, 152; and Bank of Egypt 10s., to 29½, 30½. On the other hand, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China declined 10s., to 23½, 24½; Imperial Bank 10s., to 8½, 9½; Alliance Bank 5s., to 4, 4½ prem.; Consolidated Bank 5s., to 6½, 6½ prem.; and Imperial Ottoman receded to 2½, 3½ prem.

Proposals have been announced by Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. for a six per cent. loan, representing £2,500,000, for the Argentine Republic. Only half the amount is to be first issued in bonds to bearer for £500 and £100 each, with dividend warrants payable in London and in Amsterdam every half year. The loan will be redeemed at par, in about thirty-three years, by the yearly operation of a sinking fund of one per cent., commencing on January 1, 1868. The price of issue is £75 for every £100. No payment is required till two days after the allotment, and applications will not be received after two o'clock p.m., on the 9th inst.

Intelligence has been received from Russia that the Emperor has confirmed a concession to Sir Morton Peto, on behalf of Messrs. Peto, Betts, & Waring Brothers, of a railway, in prolongation of the one from Riga to Danabourg and Witebsk, from the latter place to Oriel, a distance of 500 miles. This enterprise, it is said, will not come on the money market of England, as the capital, which is about 6½ millions (guaranteed by the Government at 5 per cent.), has already been subscribed by a combination of bankers in Germany, formed by Messrs. Fröhling & Goschen, and Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt.

With reference to the market for American securities, Messrs. E. F. Satterthwaite & Co. report as follows:—"Since our last, the London market for American securities has, as is usually the case at this time of year, been very inactive. On higher quotations from New York, United States 5-20 Bonds have improved nearly 1 dollar, closing 65½ to ½. Illinois shares are now quoted (ex dividend) 77½ to 78, equivalent to an advance of half per cent., but Eries, after improving 1 dollar, close flat at half per cent. under last week's prices, viz., 56½ to 7."

The following are the highest and lowest rates of some of the principal foreign stocks during the past year as extracted from the circular of Messrs. Fenn Crosthwaite:—Brazilian Five per Cents., 101 92; do. Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 84½ 67½; Buenos Ayres Six per Cents., 92½ 84½; Chilean Six per Cents., 104 98½; Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents., 64 60½; do. Four per Cents., 100 94; Egyptian Seven per Cents. (1st issue), 100 91½; do. (1864), 98 89½; Ecuador, 12½ 11; Greek, 24½ 14½; Italian Five per Cents. (1861), 56½ 63; Mexican Three per Cents., 28½ 22½; do. (1864), 27½ 21½; Peruvian Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 86½ 71; Portuguese Three per Cents., 49½ 45½; Russian Five per Cents. (1822), 94 87; do. Five per Cents. (1862), 93½ 88; Sardinian Five per Cents., 81½ 72; Spanish Three per Cents., 49½ 43½; do. (Deferred) Three per Cents., 42 37½; do. (Passive), 33½ 27; do. (Certificates), 18 13; Turkish Six per Cents. (1854), 95½ 88½; do. (1858) £500 Bonds, 76 68½; do. (1862) £500 Bonds, 76½ 69½; Venezuela Six per Cents. (1862), 53 36; do. (1864), 43 36½.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.*

THE second volume of Colonel Fletcher's work has all the merits by which the first was distinguished. The style is clear, vigorous, and condensed. The attention of the author and of the reader is concentrated upon the leading operations and important crises of the war. The various movements are described with lucidity and criticized with acuteness and sound judgment; while the impartiality of the author is steadily maintained. His sympathies are, indeed, with the Confederates; but that does not make him insensible to the great qualities which the Northern people manifested during the struggle—still less does it prevent his doing justice to the ability displayed by many Northern officers. It is probably still too early for a final and complete history of the late war; but Colonel Fletcher has certainly made the best use of the materials at his command, and his book is an eminently creditable contribution to that important branch of our military literature for which we are so much indebted to the officers of the English army.

The volume before us takes up the story of the war in the spring of 1862. Looking back to that time, and being wise after the event, we can now see that the termination of the contest was even then distinctly foreshadowed. The more warlike character of the Southern people—the dash and enthusiasm which inspired their raw levies—had rendered them at first everywhere victorious. But the North, although unready, was not disheartened. It had soon recovered from its early defeats, and had slowly but steadily put forth its immense strength. Gradually, but with sure steps, it had carried the war into the heart of the Confederacy. Before the second year of the war commenced, New Orleans had fallen, the Border States had been secured by the Federals, and the immediate neighbourhood of the Confederate capital had become the principal scene of operations. Notwithstanding that the fortune of war had thus far been adverse to them, the courage and determination of the Southerners did not falter: their hopes were as high as ever. The encouragement which they scarcely required was soon given to them; for the opening of the campaign of 1862 was signalized by Jackson's brilliant manœuvres and battles in the Shenandoah Valley. His successes not only prevented the execution of that part of the Federal plan which consisted of an advance upon Richmond by the Shenandoah Valley, but had a very important bearing upon M'Clellan's operations in the Peninsula. Alarmed for the safety of Washington, Mr. Lincoln refused to allow M'Dowell and his *corps d'armée* to co-operate with the army of the Potomac; and M'Clellan's caution then became excessive. Nevertheless, by the end of May, he was in position on the banks of the Chickahominy, within a few miles from Richmond. On the last day of that month, and the first of the following one, was fought the battle of the Seven Pines—one of the many bloody, but indecisive, engagements of the war. On the first day, the Confederates did indeed gain important advantages; and had General Huger's division come up in time, they would probably have completed the defeat of their antagonists. As it was, they broke the left wing of the Federal army, advanced nearly two miles in that part of the field, and took an immense number of prisoners and several guns; but on the next day they were driven back to the ground which they had occupied before the commencement of the battle. It was fortunate for them that nothing worse happened, as must have been the case had M'Clellan brought his whole army to bear upon them. But on this, as on other occasions, he found himself unequal to the task of handling the forces under his command, and, while he left some divisions to bear the whole brunt of the battle, he allowed others to remain mere distant spectators. General Johnston having been wounded in this engagement, General Lee assumed the command of the Confederates, and by his vigorous measures the Federals, who suffered greatly from the pestilential swamps in which they were encamped, were soon severely pressed. The battle of Gaines' Mill, in which General Jackson co-operated, compelled General M'Clellan to effect his celebrated "change of base," or, in other words, to retreat to Harrison's Landing on the James River. Had the Confederates pressed the enemy closely, the retreat would probably have been converted into a rout. But a valuable day was lost. M'Clellan was permitted to out-march his pursuers; and when that portion of the Southern forces which was under the command of Magruder came up with the Federals, they were so strongly posted on Malvern Hill that it was little short of folly to assail them. The attack, however, was made. It failed, as might have been expected; and this failure materially diminished the value of the previous Confederate successes, while it restored the morale of the Northern army. There was, no doubt, sufficient in the result of the campaign to inspire hope and confidence at Richmond; but it is nevertheless impossible to deny that there was also room for the disappointment which was generally felt. The enemy had been driven back, but his forces had not been routed or demoralized.

M'Clellan's failure to reach Richmond by way of the peninsula between the Pamunkey and James Rivers was followed by the still more disastrous attempt under General Pope to reach the same point by the Shenandoah Valley. Upon that we need not dwell, for, although Jackson and Lee displayed their usual vigour and skill, the glory of their exploits was materially diminished by the utter incompetency of the boastful commander to whom they were opposed.

His defeat led to the fresh invasion of the Northern territory by the Southern forces. There is no doubt that General Lee was mainly encouraged to enter upon this measure by a belief that the Federal army was completely demoralized by its recent defeat, and by the hope of receiving active sympathy and assistance from the people of Maryland. Unfortunately, his expectations were not realized. The recall of General M'Clellan to the command of the Northern army was followed by an almost immediate restoration of its tone and discipline, while the people of Maryland remained perfectly passive during the whole time that the Confederate army remained on their soil. At the most critical point in the campaign, an unfortunate act of carelessness on the part of General D. Hill betrayed Lee's plans to his antagonist, and enabled the latter to give battle at Antietam under circumstances of great advantage to himself. It was not, indeed, without extreme difficulty that Lee collected his scattered and numerically inferior forces in order to make a stand; and it is evidently the opinion of Colonel Fletcher that, if the Federal forces had been well handled, they must have won a decisive victory. But M'Clellan's talents were confined, as we have before said, to the organization of an army. When he had got it together and drilled it, he did not know what to do with it. Although he knew exactly the position of every corps in Lee's army, and the importance of assailing them before they could be concentrated, he wasted much precious time; moving against them tardily and with hesitation, instead of hurrying on an engagement by every means in his power. His movements were isolated, instead of being combined. His attacks on different portions of the enemy's position were made in succession, instead of simultaneously. He kept a large reserve of 15,000 to 20,000 unemployed during the whole of the battle, although there is little doubt that, if they had been promptly moved up at one critical moment of the day, their action must have been decisive. And, finally, he displayed the greatest want of energy in permitting Lee to retreat after the battle almost without molestation. The capture of Harper's Ferry, with its immense stores of arms and military munitions, was undoubtedly a great gain to the Confederates, and partly redeemed the failure of the campaign; but after all it was a failure, and it would have been well if the Southern leaders had learnt from its issue the lesson that they were subsequently taught by a far more disastrous reverse on the field of Gettysburg.

The battle of Antietam was fought in September. The latter end of November found the two armies—the Federal being now under the command of Burnside—again in front of each other on the banks of the Rappahannock. The Confederates were outnumbered, nearly in the proportion of two to one. Advantages of position, and the skill of their generals, however, more than compensated for inferiority in this respect. The battle of Fredericksburg was a mere butchery of the Federal troops. It was a rash, almost hopeless measure, to attack an army strongly posted on heights, the approaches to which could be swept by a powerful artillery. But, objectionable as was Burnside's plan of battle, his execution of it was worse. Colonel Fletcher's opinion on that point may be gathered from the following passage:—

"Such was the battle of Fredericksburg. With but the comparatively slight loss of 1,800 men, General Lee had repulsed his opponent, and diminished the Federal army by 13,771 men killed, wounded, and missing. Through bad generalship, confusion in orders, and want of unity, the strength of the Federal army had been wasted. The assault on so strong a position as that held by General Lee may have been rash, but having been decided on it ought to have been carried through with unanimity and vigour. A large portion of the Federal army was not engaged, and vast numbers of troops not belonging to the Army of the Potomac, but within a short distance of the battle-field, lay idle and unemployed, when every serviceable man was in the ranks of the Confederate army. What was Sigel doing during the battle of Fredericksburg, and why were large bodies of men encamped near Alexandria, whilst Richmond was almost destitute of defenders? There was no lack of men in the Federal armies, but there was an absence of talent to command them. The Northern Americans—unread in history—failed to appreciate the lesson so often taught by its pages, that large armies are not the only requisites for victorious campaigns."

Colonel Fletcher adverts to the questions so often asked by military writers—why did not General Lee attack the demoralized and routed Federals when they were huddled together in the town of Fredericksburg on the day after the battle? or why did he take no measures to intercept or interrupt their subsequent retreat across the river? Like his predecessors, he can give no satisfactory reason for his conduct, so much at variance with the usually bold and vigorous tactics of the Confederate general. Indeed, he frankly says that "it is difficult to read the account of the battle of Fredericksburg without counting it as another among the many lost opportunities of the war. Had the Federals been followed after the last repulse, or had they been pressed during their retreat, the Rappahannock might have been more fatal to their army than was the Elster, at Leipsic, to the rear-guard of Napoleon."

For several months the two armies continued to watch each other across the Rappahannock, but in April, 1863, the Federals resumed the attempt to penetrate to Richmond. Their superiority in numbers was still more marked than at the commencement of the previous campaign. Not only was the army of the Potomac (now under the command of Hooker) kept up to a strength of about 150,000 men, but several detached expeditions on the coast of Virginia and North Carolina threatened the Confederate capital from other directions, and necessitated counter-detachments from General Lee's army, which he could ill afford to spare:—

* History of the American War. By Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards. Vol. II, Second Year of the War (1862-63). London: Bentley.

"There is no clearer proof of the want of men in the Confederacy, than the position in which General Lee found himself in April, 1863. To protect Richmond and its vicinity from Forster in North Carolina, Peck at Suffolk in South-Eastern Virginia, and Key threatening to advance from the Pamunkey, General Lee had been obliged to detach nearly a third of the army with which he had fought at Fredericksburg, and to send Longstreet himself to command the department which included Richmond and its vicinity, together with the state of North Carolina, placed under the immediate supervision of General D. Hill. Thus, the great Confederate commander, aware of the strength of his adversary, and of his anticipated advance, prepared to meet him with a force little if at all exceeding 50,000 men. But if his army was few in numbers, its morale was such that it justified the expectations of its commander. The men who composed it were of one nation, fighting for one cause, and bound together by more than ordinary ties; they were commanded by generals who had led them during all the great battles of the war, and under whom they had never yet sustained defeat; and, above all, there was that perfect confidence in the Commander-in-Chief, and complete accord between him and his subordinates, that rendered the well-handled and compact body which held the heights above Fredericksburg more than a match for the heterogeneous masses which seemed to threaten to overwhelm them."

The victory of Chancellorsville was dearly purchased by the death of Stonewall Jackson; but no battle fought during the war showed in a more striking manner the superiority, both in men and officers, of the Confederate army. For a time it effectually checked the advance of the Federals towards the capital of Virginia.

Unfortunately, as the event turned out, it did more. It encouraged General Lee to undertake that invasion of Pennsylvania which was closed by the defeat of Gettysburg. We cannot dwell upon the events of the campaign, which we have recently discussed in reviewing Captain Chesney's work. Colonel Fletcher's clear and animated account of it is one of the best portions of his work, and will be read with the greatest interest. He does full justice to the great skill with which the campaign was opened by Lee; but he seems to think that he erred, both in fighting the battle of Gettysburg, and in the dispositions which he made of his forces on the field. The Confederates, no doubt, acquired a large supply of provisions and other stores, which they sorely needed, in this raid upon Northern soil. But this was scarcely sufficient to compensate for the loss of that prestige and confidence which had been raised to the highest point by the victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

Colonel Fletcher's present volume concludes with a description of the admirably conducted retreat by which General Lee brought off his army and their spoils from the field of Gettysburg. We shall look forward with great interest to the subsequent volumes, in which it will be his task to deal with the final and decisive campaigns of the war. We have only now to add that, although we have in this notice confined ourselves to the movements of the armies of the Potomac, the work itself is not thus limited in its scope. The struggle in Virginia is made, as it should be, the prominent topic; but the operations in other quarters are sketched in spirited, if in general, outline.

MUSGRAVE'S TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY.*

THE preface with which this translation of the "Odyssey" is introduced almost disarms criticism. We are so frankly admitted into the author's confidence that we know all about the circumstances of the work. Its aim is to be useful to the rising generation; it is thoroughly original, as the writer has scrupulously refrained from consulting any other translation; the assistance with which it proceeded was simple—only Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, "a mine of Homeric lore," and "a very old edition of the Poet, in which the best readings prevailed throughout;" lastly, the labour of translation was a solace in the hours of sickness—"Horæ Podagræ," as Mr. Musgrave calls them. Yet it is hard to see why we should be obliged to accept disadvantages which were really avoidable. Such good use has been made of the "Liddell and Scott" in keeping the construing free from faults, that it is not fair in the author to tell us that he is going to read the recent Commentaries by-and-by, and that he "lately" tried unsuccessfully to get hold of a copy of Gladstone's "Homeric Studies." In these days, when translations of Homer abound, he who would make one acceptable to the reader ought to secure for it some distinctive merit of its own. The first thing which strikes the eye in opening these volumes is the great number of lines. And this is the more unexpected, as the metre selected is ordinary blank verse. When a translator is committed to rhymes, we know how unrhyming a language English is, and for the sake of the known difficulty we tacitly grant him a little freedom. But blank verse (although a metre in which few succeed) has not at any rate this excuse. When, then, for curiosity's sake, we compare the number of Greek lines in the "Odyssey" with that of the English version, the result is really startling. The total number in the original is about 12,121, in the translation 19,192, giving as nearly as possible an average of 505 to each of the twenty-four Greek books, and 800 to the English, being an increase of almost 300 lines. For this, we unhesitatingly say, no satisfactory reason can be brought. It is by no means necessary, indeed it is hardly

possible, to make a line-for-line translation; but the inevitable effect of such a discrepancy as this can only be to impair the character of the work. It is the same thing when the sermon which had in it enough material for twenty minutes is spread over five-and-thirty. It is true that this diffuseness has not been unnoticed by the translator himself, and he excuses it by saying that it arises "in a great measure from the inadequacy of our language to express in all cases one Greek word by one English word; and to this may be added the impossibility of securing in ten syllables the meaning involved in a verse that may contain fifteen or eighteen." But he adds, by way of weakening his pleading, that "where epithets recur in very close juxtaposition, they may legitimately be disregarded, pleonasm having a tendency to weaken rather than to heighten the force of diction." That such expansion is at any rate unnecessary may be seen at once by comparing the length of one or two other versions in the same metre. In Lord Derby's translation of the "Iliad," for instance, an examination of the first twelve books gives the average of 631 lines in the Greek to only 722 of the English in each. But, says Mr. Musgrave, such an excess is to be looked for to a far greater extent in the "Odyssey" than in the "Iliad." Then turn to Cowper's accurate version of the former, and we find that he concludes all within a limit of 14,248 lines against Mr. Musgrave's 19,192. It is not credible that the additional five thousand lines have added to the merit of the translation. But the translator assures us, "I have nowhere amplified unless to present my author in all his integrity." Here we must join issue with him, for a few lines taken here and there will convict him of excessive amplification. For instance,—Pallas predicts of the suitors, that, if Ulysses should appear among them (i. 420),—

"Each one of them would quickly meet his fate,
And, courting Death, would win a bitter bride!"

This is a version of

πάντες κ' ὠκύμοροι τε γεινοῖατο πικρόγαμοι τε.

Still more expanded is the rendering of Athena's words to Nestor, when she urges him (iii. 598) to give to Telemachus:—

ἵππους
οἱ τοι ἐλαφρότατοι θείων καὶ κάρτος ἄριστοι.

Nothing more seems requisite, even for a blank verse line, than to give the most literal translation possible:—

"Horses of swiftest speed and stoutest strength."

Instead of which we are given the following:—

"With horses, too,
In weight the lightest when they use their speed,
In power unmatched when they their strength put forth."

Or again, when we are told in simplest language that the

"Venerable housewife brought and set on bread"—

σῖτον δ' αἰδοίη ταμὴ παρέθηκε φέρονσα—

there is no reason for presenting us with such a sentence as this—

"And then did she,
Who, winning all respect, had oversight
Of the palatial storehouse, set on bread."

This is so exactly in style like the translation of the Virgilian couplet in Bacon's "Wisdom of the Ancients," that the latter may be quoted:—

"Torva leaena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam
Florentem cytism sequitur lasciva capella."

"The hungry lioness (with sharp desire)
Pursues the wolf, the wolf the wanton goat;
The goat again doth greedily aspire
To have the trifol juice pass down her throat."

Sometimes Mr. Musgrave's paraphrases breathe so strongly the morality of the copy-book, that on reading them Homer seems banished to his full distance of three thousand years, or thereabouts. A sceptred king, ungratefully treated, is to be no more φρεσὶν αἶσμα τίδως, which we might fairly translate in the language of the Prayer-book Psalms—"his mind set upon righteousness." But here it appears (ii. 375):—

"Nor contemplates in all his thoughts the acts
Becoming a right mind."

So (in Book VI.) the washing-tanks, where Nausicaa goes with the family linen, have a supply of water

"That might most vile defilements purify."

This again seems more suitable to a Methodist hymn-book, or the report of a sanitary commission.

But Mr. Musgrave's treatment of the Homeric epithets is quite of a piece with this. They are overworked, and they really die under the process. The word ἡεροειδής, as applied to the sea, means nothing more than the hazy look that a broad sea-horizon always has. So Mr. Tennyson reproduces it as "the dim sea"—which is not itself unexceptionable—but it never can mean what is given here:—

"Marked with the shadows of the passing clouds."

Again, the epithet γλαυκῶπις, applied to Athena, whether it means blue-eyed, or grey-eyed, or bright-eyed, never ought to be

* The Odyssey of Homer, rendered into English Blank Verse. By George Musgrave, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford. Two vols. London: Bell & Daldy.

torn from its position as almost a proper name, and rendered by such paraphrases as:—

"In whose glance
Gleams the blue eyes' effulgence;"

or

"In whose eye
Beameth the azure light."

The title *ιοχέαιρα*, given to Artemis, should have some distinctive form given to it, like "Archer-Queen," and should never be diluted into such a sentence as:—

"Whose very heart
Is on her arrows set:"

a combination of words which remind one irresistibly of a penny valentine. Nor do the Homeric oxen (*ἐλίκες εἰλίποδες*) fare any better, when they are described—

"With horns of many a curvature,
Whose hoofs trail on the ground:"

the latter half of the picture can be only perfectly realized by a drunken man being taken home, or a mediæval saint in true Gothic attitude. It is this "writing out" of the epithets which goes a long way to make up the tale of those five thousand lines with which we quarrel.

In a translation which gives signs of so much care, and traces here and there of a correcting hand, it is strange to find such a muddle in the spelling of the proper names. The disease seems almost to have expended itself in the first volume, but there it is most virulent. In turning over the pages, such impossible forms as these meet the eye—Aegysthus, Phoemius, Dulychium, Prontis, Chronos, Ithacia, Euronimus, Etenetis, Philo, Periphlegethon, Perymedes, and Eurylocus: in the case of the first two names the mistake is constantly repeated; and, though it may not injure the accuracy of the translation, it gives so unscholarlike a look to the whole that it really becomes a serious drawback. Aegysthus, by the way, is called "blameless-souled," which is certainly a new view to give of his proceedings in the palace of Mycenæ; but it arises from the translator missing the fact that *ἀμύμων* by no means necessarily implies moral excellence, but signifies equally well superiority in anything, such as wisdom, valour, or beauty; here the last quality is probably intended. And we must still think that "shepherd of the people" characterizes Agamemnon better than "the Pastor named of those he ruled," which makes the Achæans look like German Protestants.

With some few exceptions, the rendering is generally faithful to the original, even where we do not think it reproduces the spirit of the Greek, and it possesses one excellence which is not common in translations—viz, that it improves as it progresses. We do not think that Mr. Musgrave was tired of the work when he closed the twenty-fourth book; but, somehow or other, the pages never become instinct with life, so as to carry the reader on unconsciously—a virtue which particularly marked Lord Derby's Translation of the "Iliad." Here is a passage (iv., 884) which Mr. Tennyson has used in his picture of the "island valley of Avilion":—

"But, Menelaus! loved of Jove! this end
From the immortal Gods awaits thee not,
That thou should'st die and sink beneath thy doom,
In steed-maintaining Argos: but their will
Shall straight consign thee to th' Elysian fields
And the earth's confines, where that fair-haired judge
Great Rhadamanthus lives. In that terrene,
Man's whole existence is a state of ease!
No snow is there; or long-protracted cold;—
Not even a shower falleth, but the sea
With cool winds ever breathing from the west,
The human sense revives."

These lines might with advantage be weeded of such pedantic touches as "the human sense" for *ἀνθρώπους*; a further improvement would find some better rendering for *χειμῶν πολὺς* than "long-protracted cold," and would not lose the exquisite epithet *λιγυπνίουτας*, which is given here to the breezes. Many who have never read much of the "Odyssey" know something of the scene where

"The Ithacensian suitors of old time
Stared with great eyes, and laughed with alien lips;"

when Theoclymenus the seer predicted their doom. He is here represented as saying (xx. 535):—

"Poor fools,
What plague is now upon you? All your heads,
Features, and knees beneath, are in dark gloom
Alike involved! An outbreak of distress
Is here; and cheeks with overflow of tears
Are moistened all! The walls and panels too,
'Twixt columns framed, so beauteous! are with gouts
Of blood besprinkled! Even the portico—
The hall itself—with shapes is thronged, that seem
The gloom to enter of the nether world!
The sun itself from out the heaven above
Is perishing—and a thick gathering mist,
As though in judgment sent, around us hangs."

The "outbreak of distress" is a poor rendering for *οἰμωγή δέδηκε*; but the last three lines are most unlike the Greek:—

*ἥλιος δὲ
οὐρανοῦ ἐξάπλωλε, κακὴ δ' ἐπιδεδρομέν ἄχλυσ*

—for the exact translation is, "the sun is blotted from the sky, and an awful mist o'erspreads it." The picture is spoilt by the wrong tense, and the thought is not improved by the "judgment."

Mr. Musgrave's translation does not approve itself to our fancy. Where we most sympathize with him is in his appreciation of the plot and the persons of the "Odyssey." He touches with a loving hand the most striking points in the characters of those who live in these poems, and hits off well some of the most remarkable features of Greek life "captæ post tempora Trojæ." His advice is most good when he invites to the study of the "Odyssey," and promises ample satisfaction. Wanting in the vivid action of the "Iliad," this poem is infinitely more attractive in the complication of its plot and the delineation of character. This was first noticed by no less a critic than Aristotle, who designated the Iliad as *ἀπλοῦς καὶ παθητική*, and the "Odyssey" as *πεπλεγμένη καὶ ἡθική*. It is interesting to notice how there are secondary plots connected with the main subject of Ulysses' wanderings, and yet distinct from the simple story, such as the love of Calypso, the wrath of Poseidon, the departure of Telemachus, the story of Nausicaa. Combine Penelope with Andromache, and you find that Homer's idea of woman was decidedly the "angelic" type: watch the sudden development of Telemachus, when once he has been compelled to act for himself; follow the details of the old Greek life indoors, a-field, on shipboard, in travels by land; and perhaps you may be surprised that the "Odyssey" is so little known in comparison with the "Iliad." And then it will be at any rate tempting to dip below the surface, and to follow Colonel Mure in his subtle analysis of the poem. Wonderful depths of poetic art seem to be revealed, which would hardly be suspected in the Homeric poems. Not the least remarkable of these elucidations is the exhibition of Apollo in the "Odyssey" in his double power of Archer-God and dealer of sudden death: it seems to add a horror to the retribution that slowly gathered against the suitors; it lends a meaning to the contest with the bow by which they were to prove their prowess, and to the fact that, as their doom closed round them, they were celebrating a joyous festival to Apollo. A sort of ironical preparation this, for their sudden death by the arms of Ulysses. Such irony plays an important part in later Greek poets. We shall admire the mind of Homer even more if we can persuade ourselves that he anticipated by a stroke of genius the refinements of the most polished poets of the golden age of Athenian literature. Mr. Musgrave will have done good if he can induce many more to appreciate the author whom he so heartily admires.

PRE-HISTORIC REMAINS OF ITALY.*

It must be admitted that the Anthropological Society show a most commendable activity in translating and presenting to the English reader foreign publications bearing on the science of man, this being the sixth production of the kind for which the public is their debtor within the short space of two years. Few questions are more interesting to man than that of his own past history. At what period in the life of our globe did he first tread its surface? and what was the fauna with which he found himself surrounded? Is he descended from a single stock, or from a variety of stocks? Has he been a progressive being, and, if so, according to what law and to what extent? These are all felt to be questions of surpassing interest, not merely by the narrow circle of men of learning, but by the public at large, who intuitively recognise the claims and attractions of a science which stands alone in its capability of being interrogated as to the probable future of man on the earth. Up to a very recent period, the history of man in remote ages was regarded as a blank, necessarily destined to remain so—for the materials for prosecuting researches were not believed to be in existence. In the year 1841, however, a French savant, M. Boucher de Perthes, discovered, in a bed of gravel near Abbeville, of the age of the drift, and containing the remains of extinct animals, a flint which had evidently been fashioned into a rude cutting instrument by the hand of man. Many similar rude weapons, undeniably artificial in their origin, were subsequently found in the same locality, and M. Boucher de Perthes boldly and logically claimed for their artificers an antiquity equal to that of the bed in which they were found deposited. For many years the facts were ignored, as similar facts had previously been. The increasing intercourse amongst men of science, the greater publicity afforded by scientific publications, and the established authority of geology, at length turned the tables, and it became orthodox to admit the palpable fact that a body must at least be as old as the date of its interment. The fact, once recognised and published abroad, called to the field of investigation numerous inquirers, and from all sides there sprang up confirmatory evidence showing that these worked flints in "the drift" were not limited to the valley of the Somme, but might probably be found in the majority of the ancient river-beds of Europe.

The work of Signor Gastaldi, without communicating much that is novel in the character of its facts, is interesting and important from the addition it makes to the area throughout which a

* Lake Habitations and Prehistoric Remains in the Turbaries and Marl-Beds of Northern and Central Italy. By Bartolomeo Gastaldi, Professor of Mineralogy in the College of Engineering at Turin. Translated from the Italian, and Edited by Charles Harcourt Chambers, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.A.S.L. London: Published for the Anthropological Society by Longman & Co.

certain class of pre-historic remains of man have now been traced. The curious discoveries made in Switzerland, of pile-work villages in ancient lakes, have been reproduced in Italy with such slight modifications in attendant circumstances as seem to point to the conclusion that the inhabitants, though probably originally descended, or partially descended, from the same stock, had diverged into distinct nations. In Italy, as in Denmark, Germany, Great Britain, France, and Switzerland, in some localities the remains found consist exclusively of weapons and instruments of stone, bone, and horn, with pottery of the coarsest kind; in others, bronze and stone implements are associated, and an improvement is discernible in the pottery; and lastly iron makes its appearance, at first principally for cutting instruments, and without generally superseding the ancient utensils of stone and bronze.

In the provinces of Parma, of Reggio, and of Modena, there are met with in certain localities peculiar deposits of earth which, from their richness in animal matter, are used as manures, and known by the name of marls. In these marl-beds, called also by some "cemetery earths," are found not only Roman remains, but arms, utensils, and earthenware of a more ancient epoch, and finally human bones and those of the horse, the ox, the stag, and the pig—all often mixed with ashes, charcoal, carbonized cereals, &c. Sometimes the materials composing the marl-beds consist of strata, clearly formed one over another gradually and in orderly succession, the different strata being separated by layers of stones, and fragments of bricks, terra cotta, and common earth. In other cases—perhaps in the majority of these marls—the objects discovered appear to have been displaced from the site of their original interment by the action of floods, and re-arranged and deposited, mixed with sand and clay, at a lower level. In addition to the well-known remains of Roman burying places, there are found in them, mixed with ashes, carbon, and human bones, weapons and instruments of stone (especially arrow-heads), accompanied with swords, lance-heads, axes, and other implements of bronze. Also vases, roughly moulded and badly baked, black or dark red in colour, made of clay embedding granules of quartz, together with small cakes of terra cotta, pierced with a hole, to which the name of spindle-whorls has been applied—objects in fact identical with those which in Scandinavia, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe, have been referred to a pre-Roman period, somewhat arbitrarily subdivided into ages of Stone, Bronze, and Iron.

In addition to serving as places of sepulture, the marl-beds appear to mark the locality of extensive feasting, which probably was not restricted to funeral occasions, but may indicate that some served as stations of residence as well as places of assembly. That they served as feasting places is clear, not only on account of the large number of bones of the ox, stag, pig, &c., which are found in them, but because a large proportion of these bones—those, namely, which are large and hollow—are always broken at one end, almost exactly in the same way in which the aborigines both of Greenland and Lapland are accustomed to break hollow bones with a view to extracting the marrow. The same conditions are observed in the kjökkenmødding remains, of which latter M. Morlat writes:—"One circumstance to point out is, that all the solid bones, without hollow parts, of quadrupeds are entire; while those which are hollow we find, with scarcely an exception, broken, often showing the mark of the blow by which they have been opened. The population was evidently greedy of marrow, which it took wherever it could find it, either to eat or to employ it with the brain in the preparation of skins, as the North American savages do at the present day." Mixed with the bones in the marl-beds occur numerous pieces of stag's horn, a large proportion of which bear evident traces of the agency of man, and of having been partially separated from the main trunk by hacking with some imperfect cutting instrument, and then broken off, it being rare to find the divided surface entirely free from splinters. Professor Gastaldi satisfied himself by experiment that, as a general rule, the cutting and hacking of the bones and horns had been produced by stone and not by bronze implements.

In the autumn of 1856, in making a railway cutting near Modena, forty human skeletons were discovered, disposed in two parallel rows, about three metres below the surface, all having their heads towards the south, and with weapons of stone and bronze by their sides. Each had on the right side a lance-head of copper, with the point upwards, and on the left side a flint arrow-head; besides which, some of them had on the right side a cuneiform lance-head of bronze, some a similar lance-head of the hardest green serpentine, and some, over their head, a battle-axe of blackish serpentine, not very hard, the head of which was fashioned as a hammer on one side, and as a hatchet on the other. One of them was distinguished by having on the right side a lance-head of larger size and more elaborate workmanship than the rest, whilst above its head was a pipe, which, having been broken, appeared full of some substance in small grains about the size of semolina. The skeletons were in a very tolerable state of preservation, with the teeth white and entire; unfortunately they were not preserved. By digging in continuation of the line of skeletons previously found, Signor di Gatti recently succeeded in discovering a new one, of the extraordinary length of 6 ft. 3.198 in. Unluckily, the facial and occipital parts were wanting, leaving the race doubtful; but, although that of an adult, it presented the peculiarity of having the frontal suture very apparent.

In a cavern in western Riviera, visited by Messrs. Issel and Perez in 1864, they discovered human bones, marine shells, bones of ruminants manufactured, and fragments of pottery. The human bones found in this cavern bear traces of fire and hackings with

cutting instruments, and M. Issel queries whether the burnings and hackings do not afford indications of cannibalism amongst the ancient inhabitants of this part of Liguria. Between Finale Marina and Nice, there is a series of caverns where bones, cinders, charcoal, and worked flints, are found. In digging some wells at Nice, Signor Perez discovered a series of axes in auriolite, spindle-whorls and bones cut into piercers; and axes of stone are common in the environs of Toretta, Giletta, Tadone, &c.

In 1863, M. Desor of Neuchâtel, discovered the several lacustrine settlements on the lakes of Varese, Como, and Pusiano, and some fragments of pottery enabled M. Desor to assign these pile-dwellings to the bronze period. The search once commenced, these singular relics of antiquity have been found to be abundant in Italy. Five pile-work villages have been discovered by Signor Stoppani in Lake Garda, and, thanks to Dr. Liroy of Vicenza, we now know that the regions beyond the Adige are no less rich in these remains than Piedmont and Lombardy. On the borders of Lake Fimon, Signor Liroy discovered a pile-system, and, having penetrated through a bed of turf fourteen inches thick, and an alluvial bed with shells of sixteen inches, he reached a deposit of kitchen-table remains, consisting of chaff, split bones, crustaceans, tortoiseshells, nuts, acorns, &c., a foot in thickness, and resting upon the ancient bottom of the lake. Not far from the pile-work was found a great trunk of an oak, hollowed out and cut into the form of a canoe. Weapons and implements of stone have been discovered in numerous sites in Southern Italy. The environs of Parma and Reggio, and some parts of the Modenese, are particularly rich in antiquities, and one remarkable fact which these localities present is the existence of systems of pile-work under those deposits known as marl-beds.

The book is illustrated with about fifty woodcuts; and, as a repertory of facts, is deserving the attention of all students of the subject. It would have been improved by a table of contents, and still more so if the matter of the various detached reports of which it consists had been methodically digested, and arranged into one consecutive narrative. The style of the translation, we regret to say, is in many places inexcusably slipshod. On the second page we read:—

"In Italy probably belong to the age of stone the many arms of flint, among which was one also of bone, found by Signor G. Cerchiarri upon the hills, which the offshoots of the Apennine form near Imola, and especially in some parts of the parish of Goccianello."

This may be a translation from the Italian, but it certainly is not English.

FARRAR'S CHAPTERS ON LANGUAGE.*

MR. FARRAR is known to philologists as the author of an able essay on "The Origin of Language," which appears to have been the first work on the subject published in England during the present century. It was speedily followed by Professor Max Müller's "Lectures," which have called forth from Mr. Farrar another work that may be considered an amplification of certain portions of the former one, especially those that concern the matters in which he and his eloquent opponent differ. With the two before us, we find it difficult to define their relation more precisely, and we wish that Mr. Farrar had clearly stated it, or confined himself to a distinct attack on Professor Max Müller's position.

Mr. Farrar is strongly of opinion that man was created with the power of constructing a language which was gradually developed from "the merest rudiments of articulate speech." As the rudest languages of the present day show an abundant use of onomatopœia, and probably of the kindred interjection, it has been supposed that human speech originated from these two rudimentary stocks, and attempts have accordingly been made to trace them through the whole domain of language. Professor Max Müller, annoyed at the indiscriminate use of these theories in the analysis of languages which are obviously long removed from such first efforts, and which, if they preserve any traces of them, do so in form, not in sound, has nicknamed them, with more felicity than taste, the bow-wow and pooh-pooh theories. But he has not yet pronounced against their possibly-legitimate application in the case of languages of barbarians, or in a barbarous condition. He thus puts the case:—"There is one class of scholars who derive all words from roots, according to the strictest rules of comparative grammar, but who look upon the roots in their original character as either interjectional or onomatopœic. . . . I should wish to remain entirely neutral, satisfied with considering roots as phonetic types till some progress has been made in tracing the principal roots, not of Sanskrit only, but of Chinese, Bask, the Turanian, and Semitic languages, back to the cries of man or the imitated sounds of nature."

Certainly the supporters of what for brevity's sake we will call the imitative theory of language fall into many extravagances. Mr. Farrar should scarcely have cited the "experiment of Psammetichus." Sir Gardner Wilkinson had already rejected the story; and when it is considered on what sort of authority it has come down, all sober critics will agree with him. Herodotus, an honest eye-witness, is quite untrustworthy when he speaks on hearsay evidence of matters where his ignorance of a foreign language or his credulity would affect him. The "bekos" story is a mere coffee-house tale of the Greek quarter of Memphis. In the purely-philosophical part of his subject, Mr. Farrar is not more

* Chapters on Language. By the Rev. Frederick W. Farrar, M.A. London: Longmans.

satisfactory. He holds that "the imitation of natural sounds was the chief starting-point of language;" and then, in reply to Professor Max Müller, who maintains that "the certain onomatopœias of our language are few in number," he states that imitative words form a very long list in an English, Greek, or Hebrew lexicon, and that many such words have lost their original form. We cannot imagine the possibility of drawing up such lists without the aid of comparative lexicons; and we therefore cannot see how "any one" can do this by merely studying an ordinary lexicon. What seems an onomatopœia in English may be so different in Sanskrit as to forbid the idea, and it may be remarked that those who favour the theories in question are as sharp-eared in detecting proofs of them as the animals which seem to have had so large a voice in the formation of our lexicons. Mr. Farrar, though he does not go the length of citing a supposed onomatopœia, of which the older form would convict him of bad philology, cites a variety of forms, and makes a point of seeing the resemblance in some one of them, or finding one in some wholly-unrelated word of the same sense. For instance, in combating Professor Max Müller's remark that there is no similarity between "cat and mewing"—that is, that the name of the animal does not represent its voice—he observes:—

"Not in English, at first sight, but in the most ancient of tongues—the Chinese—a cat is 'Miau!' The word 'cat' is traced back by Pictet to an African origin, and so it is impossible to say whether or no its original form was imitative. That it was so seems very probable from the imitative forms which several developments of the words take, of which the most striking is the German *katze*, which, I must repeat (whatever may have been its origin), obviously catches an echo of the animal's remarkable spit, as is rendered nearly certain by a companion of the Wallachian *mëtze*, *pisicë*, unless indeed it be from the sound made in calling the animal, like the Polish *kickici*, and the English *puss*. . . . The sound made by an animal is often instinctively adopted as the sound to invite or repel its approach, and so passes into the animal's name."

Now, Max Müller has been speaking of English usage, and would admit onomatopœia, if anywhere, in such a language as Chinese. But Mr. Farrar very properly returns to the Indo-European family, and, getting neither mewing nor purring names, resorts to a name expressing the cat's spit, or the sound used to call it. Here, however, he gets into a confusion; for the sound *puss*, if it were imitative of the spit, would be far better suited to repel than attract that most timorous of animals. This example shows the danger of onomatopœia; but it does not seem to have occurred to its supporters that there is a more subtle risk which is always in the way of the philological explorer. Much depends upon the pronunciation of the name; not the mere sound, but the manner in which that sound was intoned. The same name is good for cat and lion, dog and bullfinch, jackal and owl. For instance, it is admitted that in Coptic, if in any language, the names of animals are onomatopœic. We have taken a few of the most common, and shuffled the corresponding English words, arranging them so as to suit the sound and not the sense. The list is then as follows, with the customary explanations:—

Hof, pig, from the grunt.
Emou, cow, from the low.
Ehe, hyena, from the laughing sound.
Ghrompschal, lion, from the roar.
Moulaj, cat, from the mew.
Hôiti, owl, from the hoot.
Rir, asp, from the hiss.
Ratphat, horse, from the tread.
Ouonsh, goose, from the hiss.
Ouhor, dove, from the coo.
Gheshe, hare, from the noise of its course.
Ghaj, wolf, from the howl.
Moui, dog, from the growl.
Htho, sparrow, from the hop.

These are quite as good as most onomatopœias; but *hof* is an asp, *emou* a cat, *ehe* a cow, *ghrompschal* a turtle-dove, *moulaj* an owl, *hôtei* a hyena, *rir* a pig, *ratphat* a hare, &c. The more it is looked into, the more does this theory seem to belong to the class of those by which anything is made out of anything else.

But it would be unfair to dismiss Mr. Farrar's work as a mere defence of what is certainly his favourite theory. No man of so much knowledge and reading could write upon so curious a subject as the origin and nature of language without producing an interesting book, and it must be stated that the hobby is not the sole subject of the work, though it certainly has an undue space in its contents. The chapters on the part played by the imagination in the invention of language, on metaphor, and on other linguistic processes, are full of curious information. For instance, what can be more quaint than these instances of Chinese metaphors?—

"Capricious" is expressed by 'three mornings, four evenings,' cunning or persuasive speech, by 'convenient hind-teeth, ready front-teeth,' 'disagreement,' by 'you east, I west,' 'attention,' by 'fine heart,' . . . 'the roar of water among stones,' is 'anger.'"

Very curious, too, are the remarks on the entire disappearance of the primary sense of a word used metaphorically, even when the etymology is well known:—

"We talk of varnish without recalling the golden tresses of Berenice; of intoxication, with no reference to the poison with which

arrows were once smeared; of a dunce, without any intentional insult to the memory of Duns Scotus; of a poltroon, with no allusion to being maimed in the thumb; of a saunterer, with no reference to the Holy Land."

To this disappearance of original meaning, Mr. Farrar would attribute the common confusion of metaphors, which careful writers, as he hints, a little too pedantically avoid. He instances Lord Castlereagh's "My lords, the main feature on which this question hinges," but does not seem to have met with that famous example of Sir Boyle Roche's eloquence in the Irish House of Commons, known as the metaphor of the rat:—"Sir I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air, but, mark me, I will nip him in the bud," where certainly the abundance of illustration is greater than the felicity of application. Milton, he observes, changed

"I bate no jot
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up, and steer
 Uphillward,"

to the much tamer "Right onward," as though he had foreseen the inevitable Blair, who makes such havoc with Shakespeare's bold use of metaphor.

To take another subject, here is an observation worth working out:—

"As an instance of the different points of view from which the same thing could be regarded, let us take the word 'left.' In the Polynesian languages, it means 'south,' because the Islanders turn to the west to find the cardinal points; yet, in Latin, 'laeva' is used for the east, and, in Greek, ἀριστερά, is used for the west, because, in taking omens, the Greek augur turned to the north, and the Roman to the south; and in the Semitic languages, again, from the custom of turning to the east for devotion, 'left' means north. Hence 'left' has been used for every one of the four points of the compass."

The idea of lucky and unlucky words and names is but touched upon, though it could easily be made the subject of a dissertation. The Romans had a strong conviction of the truth of onomantia, or divination by names:—

"In their levies, Cicero informs us they took care to enrol first such names as Victor and Felix, and Faustus and Secundus; and were anxious to head the roll of the census with a word of such happy augury as Salvius or Valerius. Cæsar gave a command in Spain to an obscure Scipio simply for the sake of the omen which his name involved. Scipio upbraids his mutinous soldiers with having followed to the field an Atrius Ueber, a 'dux abominandi nominis' (Liv. xviii. 28), being, as De Quincey calls him, a 'pleonasm of darkness.'"

Though Cæsar, probably, had no belief in lucky names, he was right in choosing for a lieutenant one whose name had such a prestige as that of Scipio. We are not insensible to associations, and, though we laugh, we can pity the Bugg who would undergo a transformation even into a Howard. A dignified name is an advantage, though it may be of the plebeian vocabulary; a ridiculous one is a serious calamity. In modern times this feeling has grown, and we can scarcely understand a great house taking such a name as Mus.

It is to the superstitious feeling as to the connections between words and objects that Mr. Farrar would attribute the fondness of the Greek poets for puns such as that in which Æschylus, in the "Agamemnon," plays on the name of Helen. It may be so; but we should rather imagine that, as with Shakespeare, the habit of punning was not thought inconsistent with dignity of composition. The like has always been the case in the Semitic languages, all the translations from which lose much in force by the impossibility of rendering such plays upon words.

Mr. Farrar's work can scarcely fail to advance his favourite studies. It is full of interest, agreeably written, and thoroughly honest. If in one theory he is mistaken, his very earnestness in urging it will lead to a more positive decision among philologists. The reader will find it a pleasant introduction to comparative philology, and, if he be seriously inclined to pursue the subject, the list of the works which the author has consulted will aid its further prosecution.

NOVELETTES.*

THE story of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" is one which every girl will be the better for reading. Free from the sickly sentimentalism and dreary dullness which characterize so many moral stories, it teaches an admirable lesson without becoming distasteful or tedious. Much of the same humour is visible in it which enlivened "The Gayworthys," and the same quickness of observation which enabled its author to draw such pleasant pictures of the quiet life of New England. Faith Gartney is the daughter of a

* Faith Gartney's Girlhood. By the Author of "The Gayworthys." London: Sampson Low & Co.

Basil St. John: an Autumn Tale. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

Shellburn. By Alexander Leighton, Author of "Curious Stories of Traditions of Scottish Life," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Late, but not Too Late. By Ann Barnett. London: Williams & Norgate.

Irish Coast Tales of Love and Adventure. By Captain L. Esmonds White. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Years Ago: a Tale of West Indian Domestic Life of the Eighteenth Century. By Mrs. Henry Lynch. London: Jarrold & Sons.

Faith and Victory: a Story of the Progress of Christianity in Bengal. By the late Mrs. Mullens, of the London Mission in Calcutta. London: James Nisbet & Co.

man of business who meets with losses, and the story of her girlhood tells how her character is refined and tempered by the fire of adversity. At first, her life moves on rather monotonously, and she finds herself wishing "that something would happen" to give free scope to her energy; but time brings with it sufficient occasions for her to exert herself. She is able to assist and to nurse her father during the troubles which come upon him and the illness to which they give rise, and she finds in a number of other cases of affliction and suffering fresh opportunities for doing good. Life, which at first appears purposeless, gradually reveals its true meaning to her as she grows older, and, as the fancies of her childhood's days give place to the realities which come with the years in which she grows up into womanhood, she recognises the true privileges and duties by which her position in society is attended. In learning the lesson of how to work properly in life, she has many teachers, three of whom are admirably described. The first is her aunt, Miss Gartney, a somewhat grim, hard-featured, and strong-minded old maid, who is always busy with some useful employment, and who prefers the utilities of the world to its elegances. The second is Miss Mehitable Sampson, a sick-nurse, who will attend none but bad cases, and considers herself ill-used if she is not allowed to be uncomfortable; a woman who, when fowls are on the table, always confines herself on principle to their drumsticks, and for similar reasons chooses for her employment all the most unpleasant jobs she can discover. The third is Glory McQuirk, a model Irish servant girl, who behaves like an angel, even when maltreated by the most provoking of mistresses, and who ultimately becomes Aunt Gartney's humble friend, and the carrier out of her posthumous schemes of benevolence. All these women are excellently sketched; but the portrait of Mr. Armstrong, the clergyman who assists them in forming Faith's character, and who ultimately wins her heart, is not so successful. He is a great deal too good to be believed in, and we cannot help thinking that Faith had better have kept to her first love—a young man whom she throws over rather unfairly—instead of marrying the minister, who always took such a serious view of life that he was very likely to become wearisome. However, Faith is left perfectly contented at the end of the book, which is one that ought to be prized in every household in which girls are to be found.

In "Basil St. John" we breathe a pleasant West Highland atmosphere, which gives charm to a narrative somewhat wanting in incident. The descriptions which it contains of the Sutherlandshire mountains and rivers are as truthful as they are picturesque, and the author shows a thorough acquaintance both with the scenes he describes and the people who inhabit them. It is a pleasure to meet with a novel in which titled personages figure, without any solecisms betraying the writer's ignorance of the world in which they are accustomed to move. As for the plot, a very few words will serve to describe it. Basil St. John goes to a shooting-box in the Highlands, and falls in love with a young lady who possesses every charm but that of wealth. His grandfather compels him for a time to give up the object of his affections, but eventually yields on finding that a very eccentric old general is ready to settle a fortune on her. Meantime, Basil's chief friend, an excellent but poor Government clerk, named Charlie Hay, wins the hand of Miss Susan Mackenzie, an heiress of extensive possessions. Basil is rather an uninteresting character, somewhat approximating to the disagreeable, and Charlie Hay is a little commonplace and far too disinterested for real life; but the ladies are charming. Evelyn Moncrieff and Susan Mackenzie are two delightful studies, the trusting, kindly nature of the one, and the noble, independent spirit of the other, being excellently described. Two such striking figures, set off by so picturesque a background, are quite enough to render the book attractive.

The author of "Shellburn" complains in his preface that we too often find "works of idiosyncrasy, of great power and beauty, exposed to a still-birth," and appears to dread that fate for his own. If grandeur of language, however, could secure fame to a story, his would surely obtain it, for its descriptions and its dialogues are alike rendered conspicuous by exalted diction. Its characters, also, are "individuals of a somewhat *recherché* order," especially the cruel father of knightly rank, who is at times so demonstrative that he is forced to sit down "till his writhings should oscillate into something like ease," and the fluent step-mother, "who was no exception to the rule that female nature hates a vacuum in the world of sound." The plot hinges on the dislike of the lady for her step-daughter, who is disowned by the knight, her unnatural father, on account of his hatred for the man whom the girl wishes to marry. "It is a luxury to me to hate him," cries Sir George to his man of business, "even to the wish that the three furies may follow his every footstep through the world, pinch him with their harpy hands, yea, hang their snake-coiled heads over him, the three in a close circle, so that the serpents may drop on him to pierce where the nerves are finest and the blood the ruddiest." This extract will probably suffice to give an idea of the merits of Mr. Leighton's book. Those who admire what in America is called "tall" writing will find plenty of it in the pages of "Shellburn."

The religious tract, rather than the novel, is represented in the pages of "Late, but not too Late." Its authoress has paid far more attention to the pointing of a moral than to the adorning of a tale, and the result is that her work is edifying, no doubt, but not remarkably attractive. Two extremely ill-behaved persons are brought to a sense of their duty in its chapters, and one of them, who is a model curate, makes open confession of his sins at a public missionary meeting, in a style which gains him the esteem of his audience, and the affections of his rector's daughter. But, although

a great part of the book is devoted to the inculcation of religious sentiments, it must not be supposed that the story is devoid of incident. One of its chapters is thrilling indeed, containing a description of the manner in which a governess, suffering from oppression and scarlet fever, sets her employer's house on fire, and absconds with his favourite baby. Nor is another less exciting, in which the same ill-used lady tries to hang herself in her own bonnet-strings. The part of the story, however, which deserves most credit for originality, is that which relates how the heroine, formerly Miss Mills, now Miss Thorley, rejects a Sir Reginald Hastings on account of her lasting attachment to a Mr. Reginald Elton. Those two persons turn out to be one and the same individual, but nine years have so altered the lady and the gentleman that neither of them recognises the other. It need hardly be stated that all turns out happily at the end.

Captain White's "Irish Coast Tales" have little to recommend them beyond the charm which is always possessed by sea stories. They consist of two narratives, "The Black Channel of Cloughnagawn" and "The Lovers of Ballyvookan," both of which have appeared in print before. In each, a terrific but not very intelligible adventure is described, and a virtuous smuggler is introduced, successfully fighting his way through a crowd of almost overwhelming difficulties. The stories would have been much better if they had not been so preposterously spun out.

Mrs. Lynch's story of "Years Ago" comes very opportunely for young ladies who wish to gain some acquaintance with the scenery of Jamaica, and the society it boasted in former days. It is supposed to be a diary kept a century ago by the daughter of a wealthy planter, and it contains a considerable amount of information respecting the subjects which were likely to interest her. She is represented as an abnormally excellent person, and she is courted by and ultimately married to a young man of almost superhuman merit. To serious families the book may be cordially recommended, especially for schoolroom reading.

"Faith and Victory" is a missionary story, and belongs rather to the province of religion than to that of fiction. It relates the history of the lives of two Hindoo converts to Christianity, and no small portion of it is devoted to religious controversy. For the class of readers for whom it is intended, it appears to be excellently adapted.

THE MAGAZINES.

A FEW of the January Magazines, which had not reached us in time for notice last week, we now proceed to describe briefly.

Fraser appears with a new type, larger than that which it has hitherto used, and presenting a very handsome appearance, though we cannot just at first get over a sense of strangeness which is not pleasant. The novel of "Gilbert Rugge" is concluded, and "The Beauclercs, Father and Son," progresses. "Policy and Prospects of the Government," is a very fair political article, taking a rather favourable view of the Russell Ministry, and affirming that it must, perforce, bring in a Reform Bill, as the one condition absolutely necessary to its existence. The conduct of Governor Eyre in Jamaica is touched upon towards the end of this article, and is strongly though temperately condemned, the writer affirming that there is no proof of such a state of sedition in the island as would warrant the extreme measures resorted to, especially the trial by court-martial of Mr. Gordon, and the hanging of that gentleman by the sentence of a drum-head tribunal. The action of the Government in directing an inquiry is commended as the best that could have been followed; but the writer hopes "it is not of evil augury that a division on the Jamaica Bill caused the resignation of Lord Melbourne's Government in 1839." The paper on "Church Temporalities in Ireland" abounds in interesting details—antiquarian and contemporary—of what has long been felt by many Liberal politicians to be a grievance, of which Irish Roman Catholics have a right to complain. "For the sake of true religion, as well as good government," says the writer, "the removal of what are called Irish Church temporalities is much desired by earnest men who would fain see the United Church of England and Ireland more efficient and less odious to the Irish people. It seems unjust, and destructive of the true vitality of that Church in Ireland, that a system should any longer continue, under which, in many dioceses one-half, in others two-thirds, of all the Anglican benefices have an average population of only seventy or eighty Protestants, and over 2,000 Roman Catholics, per benefice. . . . The reconstruction in Ireland of the United Church upon an equitable basis, which would remove such glaring anomalies, would be received as a boon by all those who value the machinery of the Church, not as a means of securing hierarchical rank and ascendancy, but as a means for advancing the spiritual welfare of the people and the salvation of souls." In the "Queen of the West" we have a long and rather desultory article on Cincinnati and the vast new regions in the western parts of the United States—an article evidently written by an American, and containing some Americanisms in the way of language. In speaking of the late Mrs. Trollope's visit to America in 1828, the writer says that she was accompanied by "a young Frenchman named Hervien." The name is subsequently repeated in the same way; but it should be "Hervieu." He was the artist who afterwards illustrated Mrs. Trollope's stinging book about the Americans. "The Priest in the World" contains some sensible remarks on the conduct of clergymen in the ordinary relations of life. Captain Burton continues his letters describing the journey "From London to Rio de Janeiro," which are distinguished by some very picturesque writing. "The Cholera in Malta" is an account of the visitation of 1837, written at the time by an eye-witness, and revealing a shocking degree of selfishness and panic among the Maltese in the presence of that dreadful malady, though there were several exceptions to this disgraceful feeling.

"How we retook Dewangiri" is an episode of the recent war in Bhootan, related by one who took part in it; and "The Sketcher in the Eifel" presents an agreeable and interesting picture of a district of the Rhine not often visited.

The *Dublin University Magazine* opens with an article on the "Laws of the Ancient Irish"—one of those curious antiquarian papers on subjects connected with the early history and literature of the sister island by which this periodical is distinguished. The articles on "Glastonbury Abbey, Past and Present—the Rise and Influence of English Monachism," are continued, and so are the two novels. Part II. of the papers on Garrick is full of most entertaining gossip on the men and women of the great actor's time. "Three Cynical Spectators" is a good critical article on "Gulliver," "Candide," and "Teufelsdröckh." We have some more "Tinted Sketches in Madeira;" an article on "Caricature in Ancient Art," based on M. Champfleury's work; another on "Fenianism," written from a Conservative and extremely Protestant point of view; and a few miscellaneous contributions. This Magazine is always very readable and instructive; but it is surely a pity to break up so many of its articles into small sections with separate headings.

The *Eclectic* contains its usual number of articles devoted mainly to subjects connected with religion and theology, of which the chief are those on Juan de Valdés, a Spanish reformer of the sixteenth century, and author of the "Hundred and Ten Considerations;" the "Shepherd Kings of Egypt, and Recent Archaeological Discoveries;" and Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon." Among the other papers is one on Dr. Livingstone's discoveries on the Zambesi.

Mr. Henry Rogers, author of "The Eclipse of Faith," contributes to *Good Words* an article on John Huss. Mr. William Gilbert has some remarks on capital punishment, with a view to abridging the sufferings of the criminal at the time of execution. "Distinguished Settlers from Abroad," by Dr. Wynter, is an article on various animals which have been acclimatised in this country. The Rev. William Denton describes "A Visit to the Capital of Montenegro;" and Dr. David Brown discourses of "Religious Life in Palestine when Christ appeared, and how He dealt with it."

The *Art Journal* presents, as its three steel plates, "The Orphan," engraved by Lightfoot, after Faed; "Phœbe Mayflower," engraved by C. H. Jeens, from the picture by R. Gavin, A.R.S.A.; and a copy of the celebrated piece of sculpture by Monti, which made so much noise in the Great Exhibition of 1862, under the designation of "The Sleep of Sorrow and the Dream of Joy." Mr. Ruskin this month resumes his "Cestus of Aglaia" papers, discoursing of modern engraving with something less of desultoriness than he previously exhibited. Mr. James Dafforne commences a series of criticisms on the "Modern Painters of Belgium," with woodcut specimens, similar to those in the recently-finished series on the German painters. Nicaise de Keyser is the subject of the first article. Mrs. Bury Palliser's "Historic Devices and Badges," and Mr. William Chaffers's paper on ancient glass manufactures, are both full of curious and instructive details. "A Substitute for Wood Engravings" is an account of the new process of "graphotype" engraving, already described in this journal, of which a specimen is given—not, however, to our mind, a very satisfactory one. The "Author of the Age" treated in the present number by Mr. S. C. Hall is Robert Southey, of whom a most eulogistic account is given—too eulogistic, indeed, considering some of the facts of Southey's career. Mr. Hall would have us believe that the poet was no renegade from his original opinions; that he simply modified the extreme anarchical views of "Wat Tyler," but to the last was in favour of Liberal principles. The facts, however, are too strong to be set aside by any such special pleading. No doubt, Southey was sometimes made answerable for diatribes which he had not penned, and which it is very likely he would have shrunk from penning; probably, too, he was never so extreme and irrational a Tory as some of his coadjutors; but it is beyond dispute that he abandoned, not merely the ultra, but the moderate, body of political reformers, and joined the reactionary camp, at a time when misgovernment was at its most shameful and cruel height,—that he closely associated himself with the *Quarterly Review*, which doggedly opposed every kind of Liberal opinion, and coarsely libelled every Liberal author,—that he himself supported the Tory party, and took the money of a Tory Government. In many respects, Southey was an amiable and excellent man; but his political backsliding, considering all the circumstances of the time by which it was accompanied, must for ever remain a reproach to his memory which nothing can wipe out. We should mention that the article (which is to be continued) contains a very beautiful woodcut of "The Friar's Walk."

We have also received the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Church of the People*, the *Church Builder*, the *Colonial Church Chronicle*, *Missionary Journal*, and *Foreign Ecclesiastical Reporter*, the *Life-Boat*, the *Assurance Magazine* and *Journal of the Institute of Actuaries*, the *Boy's Monthly Magazine*, the *Boy's Own Magazine*, Routledge's *Magazine for Boys*, the *Monthly Packet of Evening Readings*, the *Family Friend*, *Our Own Fireside*, the *Cottager and Artisan*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, and the *Young Englishwoman*.

SHORT NOTICES.

Lights in Art. A Review of Ancient and Modern Pictures, with Critical Remarks on the Present State, Treatment, and Preservation of Oil Paintings. By an Artist. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)—The artist-author of this small volume, in his attempt to throw light upon art, contrives to render the view rather more obscure, while at the same time assuming to treat the matter with that careful selection, distinctness, and brevity, which he complains is so much wanting in several of the best works on the art of painting. What are we to think of the artist's gift for making things clear, as exhibited in his opening sentence?—"Artificial form is of high antiquity. The qualities and

preparation of colours were also known at a period equally remote; and one of the first uses to which they were applied was that of painting the human body, to serve as a covering against heat and cold, and likewise against the attacks of insects. Hunting being one of the chief occupations of man in his primeval state, a close covering was necessary in order that his agility in the chase might not be impeded." It would be difficult, indeed, to have said in the same space much more that would be equally irrelevant to the question of early art. This, however, is followed up by similar empty and false enunciations, such as—"The art of mosaic is supposed to have been invented by the ancient people [what people?] of the East, who might also have discovered the use of pigments." After a conjecture that the very rare remaining examples of ancient painting are only a few centuries old, the painted tombs of the Kings at Thebes are mentioned, the preservation of which, the author says, "would seem almost miraculous, were we not to bear in mind that the ancients chiefly worked in mosaic;" evidently supposing that Egyptian temples were encrusted with mosaics, when it is perfectly well understood that they were painted, what were the colours, and why they have been so long preserved from decay, not for a few centuries, but rather for a few thousands of years. The brief sketches of the painter luminaries in art would have been acceptable enough if they had been correct as well as brief; but we find errors of former writers, which had been corrected, repeated again here, as when the greatest historical work of Giorgione is named "The Finding of Moses," in the Brera at Milan—a work which has long been known to be by Bonifazio. Michael Angelo, we are informed, was born at Anzzo in 1474, while his birthplace is ascertained to have been Chiusi, and the year of his birth 1475. Furthermore, we are told that he accomplished his celebrated cartoons of the "Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel—this work being an immense fresco painting on the wall.

Zetetic Astronomy: the Earth not a Globe. By "Parallax." (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)—We are at a loss to divine whether this book be a joke, or a serious exposition of an astronomical theory. If it be the former, we say, without qualification, that it is the flattest production of the kind we ever met with, being utterly devoid of point, wit, or humour. Yet it is hard to believe that the author could be serious, so absurd are the astronomical speculations he indulges in. As, however, it is a worse imputation on the writer's common-sense to say that he has made a very bad jest than to accuse him of having broached an unsound scientific theory, we shall take the charitable side, and believe that "Parallax" is really serious. But then, here again we are upset in our charitable determination by the fact that so great a *Eureka* as this book contains should be proclaimed to the world under the expressive *nom de plume* of "Parallax," and not by the discoverer himself in person. We shall, however, adhere to our opinion, though "Parallax" has not rushed out into the broad daylight with the frantic enthusiasm of an Archimedes. One would like to realize the state of mind of a gentleman who can believe that the earth is not a globe, but a flat surface, having the North Pole for its centre, and floating like a field of ice on a vast ocean surrounding it on every side, the upward and downward oscillations of which on this ocean cause the ebb and flow of the tides. We should like for a time to believe in the laws of the new science of perspective enunciated by "Parallax," by which he shows that the earth is not round, and in the proof that the sun is only 4,000 miles off, and never rises or sets. We should like to realize this state of illusion; but, failing the possibility of the desired transmutation, we can recommend any of our readers who have the same fancy as ourselves, to read "Zetetic Astronomy," as the closest approximate he can make to that condition, taking care, of course, to believe all he reads as he goes on.

A Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction. By William A. Wheeler, M.A. (Bell and Daldy.)—The volume which Mr. Wheeler has compiled, and which also includes "familiar pseudonyms, surnames bestowed on eminent men, and analogous popular appellations often referred to in literature and conversation," may really be said to fill a gap in our works of reference which has always hitherto remained empty. Fictitious characters and popular phrases contribute perhaps even more than real characters and serious allusions to form the bulk of those illustrations from which literature derives so much of its point and force. Yet these things, as a rule, are not to be found in dictionaries, and a reader requiring information about them might hunt for hours in vain. Here, however, we have them ranged in alphabetical order in Mr. Wheeler's excellent volume, which, being one of "Bohn's Philological Library," published at five shillings, is within the reach of most lovers of books. The idea was singularly happy, as well as being perfectly original; and it has been very efficiently carried out. Of course, in glancing over the pages of the Dictionary, we have noted some omissions; but a first attempt in so wide a field was certain to be imperfect. The compiler's plan is exceedingly inclusive. Any noted fictitious character (to speak of that branch of the subject alone) which has either originated in English literature, or is frequently referred to therein, is described, briefly, but sufficiently. Thus, we have the great Shakespearian creations, and the most famous heroes and heroines of the novels and romances of the present day (including a vast number of Dickens's); the leading figures in poetry and ancient legend; well-known names from the "Arabian Nights," &c.; and other creations of the genius of various times and countries. Sometimes the story with which they are connected is briefly told; sometimes extracts are given from celebrated writers who have alluded to them. Directions are added for the right pronunciation of difficult proper names, and altogether the work is full of information. It is calculated to be highly useful, and we hope to see it arrive at a second edition.

The Pulpit Analyst. No. I. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.)—This is the first issue of a new miscellany designed for preachers, students, and teachers. It consists of essays on subjects connected with theology, analyses of the Bible, new translations, and criticisms. The matter is well printed in a large type, and will doubtless be interesting to all concerned in religious teaching.

We have also received *The Student's Blackstone*, being an abridgment

by Robert Malcolm Kerr, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, of the whole Commentaries of Blackstone, "with such alterations as the legislative changes of the last century have made necessary" (Murray)—a very compact and useful volume;—a new edition (the fourth) in a single volume, very uncountably printed, of Coventry Patmore's beautiful poem, *The Angel in the House* (Macmillan & Co.);—*The Congregational Year Book*, 1866, containing the proceedings of the Congregational Union for 1865, and general statistics of the Denomination (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder);—and No. XXXI. of *Photographic Portraits of Men of Eminence in Literature, Science, and Art*, containing photographs from the life, by Ernest Edwards, B.A., with biographical notices, of Charles Dickens, George Biddell Airy (Astronomer Royal), and Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A. (Alfred W. Bennett).

L'HOTELLERIE DU TABARD.

RIEN N'EST SACRÉ POUR UN SAPEUR !
C'est le refrain qui fait fureur
Dans les salons-concerts de France,
C'est du moment présent la fleur de l'élégance.

Au pays où naquit Chaucer
Le Trouveur de cette ambroisie
Que l'on appelle Poésie,
Te vrai Boccace Anglais, dont tout poète est fier,
Sous prétexte de vieilleries
Du vieux Tabard on jette à bas l'hostellerie.
C'est un crime, par Jupiter !
C'est un amère raillerie,
Ignoble même en ce siècle de fer,
Qu'un Anglais doit flétrir au nom de sa patrie !
Adonc, vite changeons le cœur de la chanson
Qui d'aise fait pâmer les beaux esprits de France,
En avant la contrefaçon
Pour dire notre doléance :
Puisque des Pèlerins on détruit la maison,
Que l'on voit ce scandale avec indifférence,
Voilà le refrain tout Saxon
De notre nouvelle romance :

RIEN N'EST SACRÉ POUR UN MAÇON !

LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

[The Chevalier de Chatelain, as the translator of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," has a special right to speak on the subject which he has here treated.—ED. L. R.]

LITERARY GOSSIP.

WHY should certain trades be selected to do the honours and bear the expenses of gift-making for the rest of the commercial world? A clergyman would no more think of addressing a circular to a number of ironmongers, asking for stoves or ovens, than he would think of addressing all the half-pay officers in the navy for a portion of their yearly income; but since the great public libraries of the country compel publishers to hand over five copies of every book produced, there are many persons who regard the book-making fraternity as one of the most liberal of the so-called "liberal professions," and think nothing of asking a publisher to present to such and such institutions such and such of his publications, and accept, in return, the thanks of a delighted, but to him unknown, neighbourhood. A publisher has just handed to us a circular asking thus much from most of our London publishers, and, as from a dozen to twenty papers like this reach the firm in question every year, we heartily agree with the statement that such begging by rich people and societies, in every way able to pay for what they want, is anything but fair.

For some time past a diligent reader in the British Museum library has been busy upon a "History of Advertising." The following announcement, cut from a late Liverpool paper, although without the charm of age, has at least absurdity enough in it to recommend its insertion in the forthcoming work:—

DOWLING.—DEC. 22. at his mundane abode, 25 Fore-street, off Exmouth-street, Birkenhead, the wife of Abraham John Dowling, preacher of the Gospel, late an UN-SENTENCED prisoner in Chester Castle for preaching the Gospel, of a son and heir, by the mother's side (who is Elizabeth, third and youngest daughter) of the late Captain William Williams, of Liverpool and Dublin. Thanks be ascribed to the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, man only Saviour! blessed be His most holy name, the suffering mother and son have been brought through the furnace and both doing well—bless the Lord; this child making the third arduous though at length happy delivery! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Amen and Amen.

The New York *Budget of Fun* has a large caricature entitled "John Bull Retiring from Business; Triumph of Uncle Sam Neptune, attended by his daughter Columbia and his Tritons." The tritons are Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*, William Cullen Bryant of the *Evening Post*, Horace Greeley of the *Tribune*, and Raymond of the *New York Times*. Uncle Sam, as Neptune, is attended by a young and handsome Columbia to the shore, where a very stout and matronly Britannia, in spectacles and balmoral boots, is handing over to her younger sister a broken trident and a crumpled Magna Charta. Behind her in an invalid's chair is John Bull in a very dropsical condition. His right arm is bandaged "Feenianism," his left "Pauperism;" his swollen right leg is labelled "Aristocracy," and on his left are the words "National Debt." His waistcoat pocket is ticketed "Free Trade," and the crutch behind his pillow is inscribed "French Alliance." The page-boy behind, with a sorrowful countenance, is doubtless intended for Lord Russell. Away in the distance is the smoke of the *Minnesota*, the *Wabash*, the *Powhattan*, and other war vessels. Britannia hands the trident and Magna Charta to

Columbia, with this neat speech:—"My dear Columbia, take this trident and rule the waves; Poor J. B. is getting feeble, with *Feenianism* in one hand and *French Alliance* in the other (let alone National Debt in both legs); and I do hope you will rule 'em straighter than I have done lately."

Following Mr. Routledge's "How to Cook Apples a Hundred Ways," and "How to Cook Rabbits Thirty Different Ways," we are promised, by a genuine Yarmouth author, "How to Cook a Yarmouth Bloater One Hundred Different Ways," to which is added a "History of the Herring;" also a few approved methods to cook sprats, scallop oysters, "schottch" eels, pick shrimps, and manage mussels.

Another old library has been destroyed by fire. On Wednesday, Crewe Hall, in Cheshire, built by Sir Randle Crew, who had purchased the estates of the Falshursts, in the reign of James I., was burnt to the ground. The library was founded by Sir Randle, when Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. After he was displaced in 1626, for his disapprobation of the imprisonment of those gentlemen who refused the arbitrary loan proposed by the Court, Fuller said of him, "He discovered no more discontentment at his discharge than a weary traveller is offended at being told that he is arrived at his journey's end." It was also said of him, after he had built Crewe Hall, that he was the first to bring "the model of good building" into Cheshire. Most of the fine old paintings have been saved; but the books, comprising many rare works of the times of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., have all been destroyed. This makes the third or fourth old library that has been destroyed within the past few months.

During their recent trip to Paris, their Majesties, Don Luiz and Queen Pia, among many other gracious acts, conferred a liberal annuity on a poor Portuguese author, M. Funesca, the compiler of a highly valued "French and Portuguese Dictionary." The poor man had for many years been in great destitution, the nature of his labours not being of a very profitable kind, and his extreme exactitude in all literary performances preventing him from hurrying any work in hand. Paris correspondents, who find in such cases admirable material for their pleasant gossip, speak of M. Funesca as "a poor and almost forgotten *savant*, who had lived for years in a garret, the only window of which opens on a dark court."

A London journalist recently asked how it came to pass that all the living giants seemed starting up here at once—Chang, Anak, the interesting young lady from California, said to weigh more than 600lb, and a Russian youth just arrived, who, in the language of statuarics, has "not yet been unveiled"? No answer, we believe, has yet been returned to the question; but some extraordinary intelligence of a race of old giants comes to us from the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains. It appears that on Meagher's Bar, opposite Nevada, there have recently been discovered fossils which go to show that this part of the world was once peopled by a race of men ten and twelve feet high. They were embedded about eight feet, in what might be termed a close alluvial deposit, and in what the configuration of the country indicates was once the eddy of a river. A jawbone dug up is double the size of an ordinary human jawbone, the fully being fully five inches. It is in a perfect state of preservation; so perfect that, had it been of ordinary size, one would have supposed that its owner had not made his (or her) exit from the vale of tears more than fifteen or twenty years ago. The enamel of the teeth still remains bright and uninjured by the action of fire, water, or air. Not a tooth is lost. The discoverer considers, from a measurement of ribs and other bones, that the possessor must have been at least twelve feet high. In the *Montana Post* are many more particulars of this wonderful discovery, with the assurance that the bones described may be seen for a few days in the counting-room of the *Post*.

During the week, Mr. BENTLEY has subscribed "Charles Lamb; His Friends, his Haunts, and his Books," by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., a handsome little square tome, with a most strange figure of Charles Lamb as a frontispiece, said to have been "scratched on copper from life in 1825, by his friend Brook Pulham, from the original in the possession of Mr. J. C. Hotten." Numerous facsimiles of interesting letters and portraits from Mr. Cottle of Bristol are given. Much new matter and ana are contained in the work.

There has just appeared No. I. of the *Masonic Press*, a new journal of the Freemasons. It is a "Monthly Journal, Review, and Chronicle" of this ancient Order and its kindred subjects. The editor is Bro. † (sic) Matthew Cooke, P.M., and the publication "is said to appear" with the sanction and approval of "the Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander of the Ancient and Accepted Rite XXXIII., and the most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of Masonic Knights Templar of England and Wales," &c. The object of issuing the *Masonic Press* is declared to be "the numerous abuses—accumulated more especially during the last half-century—which loudly call for redress, and these evils will be unflinchingly and persistently opposed until they or it cease to exist." We wish the new monthly every success.

The new edition, published by the Messrs. CHAMBERS, of the "Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," contains a portrait and a new memoir, the author of which, however, appears to be wholly unaware of the new facts and corrections of old errors regarding that famous lady embodied in Mr. Moy Thomas's memoir and edition of her works published two or three years ago.

Mr. Martin Tupper has prepared a selection from his works, which is this day published by Messrs. MOXON & Co.

Messrs. BAGSTER & Co. have commenced the reissue of the "Commentary Wholly Biblical," in sixteen monthly parts at 2s. 6d.

Messrs. JOHNSTONE, HUNTER, & Co. announce "Little Harry's Troubles, a Story of Gipsy Life," by the author of "The Story of a Bee and her Friends."

Messrs. EDMONSTON & DOUGLAS will publish immediately, in one volume, a new work of fiction, founded on truth, entitled "Hidden Depths."

Messrs. W. & A. KEITH JOHNSTON's list of new books includes:—"A New Cabinet Atlas of the Actual Geography of the World, with a

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[GRATIS.]

THE LITERARY YEAR

(CONCLUDED).

FRENCH LITERATURE.

OUR account of the progress of foreign literature must somewhat deviate from that which we have given of our own. The productions of the latter are for the most part already known to our readers. We need therefore simply group them together, giving at the same time a critical summary of the respective branches. With regard to the productions of foreign literature, however, the case is quite different. Many, or perhaps most, of them are not yet generally known in this country. The single works require, therefore, a more special and detailed analysis, which circumstance would increase our literary report to an undesirable length, were we to chronicle every single publication of each department. Besides, there are many books which have in every respect a local value only—books which simply have an interest for the countries where they have been issued. We are therefore compelled to forego the advantage of presenting to our readers the literary history of the continent of Europe in 1865 in distinct groups, and must confine ourselves to a general view of the chief intellectual productions.

We have said that many books have an interest only in the countries of their production. There is one branch, however, which is rarely subject to this drawback. We refer to novels. Works of fiction are based on human passions, and belong therefore to the whole of mankind, or at least to the whole reading portion of mankind. Add to this, that, with regard to the form, novels are, of all literary productions, the most pleasant to peruse, and require the least mental exertion on the part of the reader, and the reason will be patent, why professional and unprofessional writers have at all times considered the novel as the most convenient and most powerful medium of propagating their individual ideas, hobbies, theories, and idiosyncrasies. At no time, however, has the novel been so extensively cultivated and so widely popular as in our own, and in no country is it so much in vogue as in France. For the last fifteen years, the novel has been rampant there with all the luxuriant rankness of ill weeds. French authors say that they give us a picture of their own countrymen with photographic exactness, and, although it is difficult to believe that French society is really so bad as it is represented by them, it is no business of ours to doubt the veracity of their assertion. If the morals of the present French generation were really better than they are described, they would not delight so much in the perusal of those works of fiction which are anything but flattering to contemporary French society. We must therefore infer from the fact that the so-called "Sketches from Parisian Life" are exceedingly popular with the French, that their pictures of immorality are not overdrawn. How else, for instance, would it have been possible for a novel like the "Roman de la Duchesse" to become so popular in France as it seems to have done?

This "Roman de la Duchesse" is, properly speaking, a misnomer. It ought to be called the "Roman du Duc," since it is the Duke who is the unheroic hero of the novel. Lionel is passionately in love with a beautiful and celebrated singer, who returns his passion with all the fervour of a melodramatic character. This is the mistress, and we are sure to be soon introduced to the wife, just as we may take it for granted in a French novel that the mistress will make her appearance when it begins with the description of a married couple. Lionel is to be married to his charming, fair, and chaste cousin Jeanne. He will not, however, abandon his adored Léa, and exclaims, in a moment of agitation and passion, "Eh bien ! folie pour folie ! je veux que ma folie s'appelle Léa." The celebrated singer, however, assumes here a generous, or rather a prudent, character. She advises the ducal lover to marry his cousin. Perhaps she does so with the indistinct notion that she will be surer of her lover as his mistress when he is married, or with the unconsci-

ous hope that there may arise for her some comfort in another quarter. But we have no right as yet to doubt her sincerity, and only her later conduct will show whether we are at all justified in giving utterance to those psychological suppositions. Lionel is married to his lovely cousin, and in the first instance they are happy. But Lionel is a true Parisian—a child of that new world of new Paris, as M. Houssaye expresses it, which will count among the curiosities of the nineteenth century. And so, the honeymoon being over, Lionel is seized with an indomitable longing after his former mistress, and his morbid desire to see her again is gratified at a place where the furies of passion would seem to be floating in the air like a noxious miasma. Lionel sees Léa at Baden, and seeing her again is equivalent to making love to her again. A fierce moral struggle—or rather a fierce struggle, partly moral and partly immoral—now begins between wife and mistress. Jeanne sees the victory of her illegitimate rival, and is wretched ; Léa too is jealous and wretched ; but the weight of unhappiness on Lionel's shoulders is so great, that he actually requires the comforting love of both wife and mistress. His heart is large enough to love both of them, and his mind weak enough to be jealous of both. The Marquis d'Ordova is in love with his wife, and he is ready to fight with him ; but then he finds the same audacious Marquis at the house of his mistress, and he really challenges him. The Duchess gets a little compromised in her relation to the Marquis ; but she extricates herself courageously à la française, and spares her husband the risk of fighting a duel. The struggle for the wavering heart of Lionel goes on as fiercely as ever, until the *cantatrice* is driven to the desperate determination of retiring from the arena with a melodramatic effect. After a brilliant performance, at which numberless garlands have been showered upon her, she shuts herself up in her room, lying down upon the flowers in the hope that she may thus inhale a poetic death. But jealousy comes to her rescue. Jeanne suspects her husband to be at her rival's ; bursts open the door, and finds the idol of the public, and the usurper of her husband's heart, dying the death of Domitian's guests. The fury of jealousy is now suddenly, although not quite logically, changed into a ministering angel, and Léa is saved. She renounces once more the disputed treasure, and resorts in her melancholy mood to London. Lionel and Jeanne are sent by the author to sunny Italy. After their safe return from that country, Lionel one day sees his former mistress riding in a carriage with his former rival, the Marquis d'Ordova. She is radiant and happy, and, of course, more beautiful than ever. This proves too much for the conceited, selfish Duke. What right had Léa to be happy ? Was it not her duty to pine away, to take the veil, or to try again some effective means—poetical or prosaic—of destroying herself ? Then his vanity would be gratified ; but now there remains no other alternative for him but to fight a duel with his exulting rival, who is as vain and as heartless as himself. A most cruel duel is fought, and the Duke is killed. Léa becomes a common courtesan, and Jeanne remains alone with her grief.

This, we are assured, is a true picture of Parisian life, a picture the prototype of which is said to be found in numerous young married couples in France. A somewhat similar subject is treated in M. E. du Mazet's "Roman d'une Lorette Parisienne." The characters of this novel move in the humbler spheres of the middle classes ; but they are also true children of the new world of new Paris, and, accordingly, Léopold Hémer, a young lawyer, returns, after having been married for four years, to his Lorette. We thought the Lorette genus quite extinct in new Paris ; but the Lorette in question is altogether an exception—a phenomenon. She is a virtuous Lorette, who refuses to run away with her former admirer, but, not being quite sure of herself, terminates her life by suffocation, in which enterprise she is more successful than the fickle-minded singer, Léa. Fortunately this novel, so offensive to decency and good taste, is not interesting enough to produce an injurious effect on the reader. The same may be said of "Germinie Lacerteux," a novel by MM. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. The two principal characters of this tale are the servant girl, Germinie, and her mistress, Mlle. de Varandeuil. They are both subject to the moral suffering of want of love ; but the lady with the significant *de* before her family name—which, however, accord-

ing to a recent judicial sentence of a French tribunal, is no longer to be considered as an incontestable mark of nobility—this lady, we say, leads a resigned life of decent poverty and rigid piety, whilst the vulgar servant girl falls into the basest and vilest vice. To give only the merest outline of this disgusting narrative would be making ourselves guilty of the same offence which the above-named gentlemen, with the significant *de* before their names, have committed against morality and decorum. Unmindful of the proverb "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*," the authors say in their preface that they feel bound to ask pardon of the public for publishing this book, and to inform their readers of what it contains. The public, say these gentlemen, like fictitious novels: this is a true novel. They have not written it to shock the public; but they thought they had a right in these "democratic" times to write a novel of the *basses classes*. This right nobody will deny them, but they ought not to have abused it in order to send forth one of the greatest calumnies against the so-called *basses classes* that has ever been uttered. Such incidents as are related in "*Germinie Lacerteux*" may happen; but is it right to publish them in print, and to represent the whole as a "class novel"? We know that mud and dirt are to be found on high roads; but is this a reason why they should be adopted as subjects for a picture? And would it be right to represent a whole landscape as muddy and dirty, because we find the trodden path to be so? The authors can certainly lay no claim to originality on the ground of describing the "people," for this has been sufficiently done by all the novel-writers of the generation of 1830, and the two works "*Les Mystères de Paris*" and "*Les Misérables*" may be considered as the chief representatives of the school. But in presenting a brutish character like Germinie as the heroine of the *basses classes*, the authors may lay claim to some novelty, although not to an honourable one. They evidently wished to calumniate and defame the lower orders in France, and we have been much gratified to hear that this production, which is one of the crassest of the realistic school, and which we trust will not find its way into any English family, has met with strong opposition in France. Good taste dies out in no country and in no generation.

The subject of want of love forms, as in "*Germinie Lacerteux*," the theme of a psychological study (every French novel is, or pretends to be, for good or evil, a psychological study), by M. Ulbach, of whom we spoke more fully in our last general review treating of French literature. This able author describes in "*Le Parrain de Cendrillon*" the moral sufferings of a neglected child, who keenly feels the absence of affection. This poor child is so completely isolated in her own family, and her affectionate feelings are so heartlessly repulsed, that she is about to commit an act of supreme madness, which is generally considered to be limited to those only whose understanding has already reached the full degree of maturity. Camille, the child, makes an attempt at self-destruction. The attempt fails, however; she is saved by strangers, among whom she finds the genial regard of which she stood so much in need. She feels as if reborn; but the sting of acrimony is still in her young heart. There are many painful descriptions of moral sufferings in this realistic psychological study, of which we have as yet received the first instalment only. We must therefore defer our final judgment until we receive the complete solution of the problem.

The disappointment of filial affection also plays a prominent part in the novel "*Paule Mérée*," by M. Victor Cherbuliez. Paule lives quietly with her grandparents until the age of eighteen. They tell her that her mother is dead. This, however, is not true, her mother being physically alive and only morally dead with these respectable people. Madame Mérée was a dancer, and, of course, not admissible into good society. An indiscreet chambermaid (in order to avoid a tautological expression, we ought simply to say, a chambermaid) discloses the family secret to Paule, who falls ill in consequence of her longing to see her mother. A great struggle ensues between the grandparents and their pining granddaughter. At last, filial love is victorious, and Paule is allowed to see her mother, who is not admissible into respectable society. Mme. Mérée dies and M. Mérée, of course, marries again; but this time it is a lady who is admissible into respectable society. The second Madame Mérée is described in accordance with the traditional belief concerning stepmothers. She is jealous of the memory of her predecessor, which she sees constantly revived in the person of her stepdaughter, Paule. Madame Mérée, the lady who is admissible into respectable society, reviles the memory of her husband's first wife within the hearing of Paule, and the latter flies from the paternal house. She finds shelter and quiet in the circle of an English family. At the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bird, Paule's own romance begins, of which Marcel is the hero. He proves, however, a weak-minded character, and the two lovers separate for ever. The scene of M. Cherbuliez's commendable novel is laid at Geneva—a locality which, more than any other in the world, contains the antagonistic elements of the most stern morality and the most licentious immorality. "*Paule Mérée*" is distinguished from the usual run of French novels by elegance of language and nobleness of sentiment. The characters are drawn from nature, and the whole composition is written with a moral tendency. It was first published in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*.

The same praise may be bestowed upon "*Mademoiselle Malavieille*," by M. F. Fabre. This novel, which is a reprint from the *Revue Contemporaine*, describes pure love engaged in a deadly struggle with the relentless passions of jealousy and base covetousness. After many exciting and hair-breadth escapes, honest love is for the nonce triumphant. The author seems to have bestowed great care upon the style of his narrative—a circumstance which deserves the more honourable mention as most of the French novels of the present day are written in a rather slip-slop style. Another novel, which is likewise a reprint from the *Revue Contemporaine*, might have been greatly improved by the artistic treatment which we observe in "*Mlle. Malavieille*." It is entitled "*Les Tolnay, Nouvelles Scènes de la Vie Hongroise*," by M. le Comte G. de la Tour. Hungary, not being as yet a thoroughly civilized country, possesses many Oriental features, which are both curious and interesting to English, French, and German readers. In consequence of the heroic struggle which that country has carried on against an overwhelming Power, the romantic characteristics of the land have, for some time past, been so extensively used in novel writing, as to become almost hackneyed: nevertheless, the reader will find abundant original traits, related in a fresh and lively manner, in Count de la Tour's "*Hungarian Scenes*." M. Em. Gonzalès brings us a tale from another distant country, for which there is no such warm sympathy among our countrymen as there is for Hungary. In his tale, "*Une Princesse Russe*," he unfolds a true and doleful picture of life in Russia. This short but highly tragic story is exceedingly well written, and the good intentions and political bias of the author are at once manifest.

A novel with a half-political and half-religious tendency has been published, by M. L. Haumont, under the title of "*Avant-hier et Aujourd'hui*." The author, who is still a novice in the literary world, advocates the alliance of faith with liberty. The book is well written; but, unfortunately, it abounds with discussions which are at once too numerous and too long. A political, or rather a humane, tendency is apparent in "*Les Equipées d'un Soldat*," by M. A. Camus. Jacques Doubray, who has been disinherited by his father, fancies that he has—as most Frenchmen are supposed to have—a calling for the army. He enlists and goes to Corsica, where he gains the esteem of his superiors and the affection of Angèle Agostini. He is soon ordered to Africa, and distinguishes himself in a combat against a rebellious tribe. But the day after the fight, when assisting at the military funeral of his brothers-in-arms, he is suddenly impressed with the whole vanity of the military profession. The illusion of the so-called *gloire* explodes before his eyes as soon as he sees the sad realities of war. The vision of the corpses follows him implacably like remorse. At this critical juncture, Angèle joins him, and brings with her such a lively reminiscence of their former love, that he resigns his post of *sous-lieutenant*, marries her, and becomes a steady, peaceable *bourgeois*. The history of another false vocation is related by M. J. Labeaume in his novel "*Colette*." The heroine fancies that she has a religious calling, and becomes a novice in a convent. But she returns to her blind father at the news that her elder sister is dying. A young writer, who has sufficiently enjoyed Paris life to become disgusted with it, makes the acquaintance of Colette; and now, both being freed from opposite extremes, they marry, and are happy. That a married couple can be happy, even when both husband and wife are members of the literary guild, M. Ulbach is anxious to show in his novel, "*Louise Tardy*." The heroine is a literary woman, who, in spite of her public success, inspires passion, and feels true love. Her husband is in the same position, and they are, as M. Ulbach assures us, a happy couple. The tendency of this novel is certainly praiseworthy, being directed against a common prejudice; and we only regret that there is too much subtlety in M. Ulbach's narrative to permit of its being widely popular.

Nearly the same reproach might be made with respect to a recent work of the veteran French novelist, George Sand. In her "*Confessions d'une Jeune Fille*" she endeavours to show that an impassioned character may be in the dark about its own sentiments and wants in consequence of contradictions which may have occurred in its educational progress, and of the various influences which have by turns acted upon it. In order to prove her argument, George Sand introduces to her readers several characters who have, all of them, their peculiar notions about love. Frumence, a stoical disciple of the ancient philosophers, and Jenny, an active and devoted woman, consider love as an impulse or instinct which should be suppressed and even sacrificed in certain contingencies, and which, under all circumstances, must give way to duty. The vulgar Galathée holds love to be nothing more than a "*grossier besoin des sens*;" and for the selfish Marius it is simply a means to repair the wrongs of fortune by a rich match. Lucienne, who is the principal character of this subtly-conceived story, has natural, womanly feelings. She marries one Mac-Allan, who, like her, was deceived in his first aspirations. The devoted Jenny will marry the stoic Frumence; and the covetous Marius must content himself with the sensuous Galathée. The plot in this tale is rather slight, but the delineation of the characters, and the psychological analysis, together with the descriptions of picturesque scenery, are executed in a masterly manner. The reader will also find exquisite descriptions of scenery in

"Laura: Voyages et Impressions," by the same author. This is, however, more a work of science than a work of fiction. It is a popular treatise on mineralogy moulded in the most pleasant form. A perfect picture of Arcadia will be found in the same volume, in that portion entitled, "Ce que dit le Ruisseau."

In speaking of George Sand, it is natural that we should at once mention a work by her son, of whom she was but lately bereft. M. Maurice Sand is the author of "Raoul de la Châtre," a novel of the thirteenth century. We are sorry not to be able to say more in praise of this work than that it is written in a lively, spirited style. As regards historical correctness, we must state that it contains several anachronisms; and against the moral, or rather immoral, tone of the book, many objections might be raised. M. Maurice Sand has described in his novel the nobility of the so-called chivalrous times; and another and exceedingly popular author has portrayed, or sought to portray, the nobility of the so-called constitutional régime in France. Under the general title of "La Vieille Roche"—which term is applied to the "old stock or school"—M. Edmond About has published a series of novels, meant to be a satire on the constitutional régime of France. The first portion is called "Le Mari Imprévu," and contains the story of Mlle. Valentine Barbot, a rich dyer's daughter, who is anxious to make a good investment, both of her large fortune and her tender feelings, which, it would seem, lie still fallow. She was to have married Lambert de Saint-Génin, a provincial baron, who is proud of his nobility and his ignorance, and who is, besides, a great drinker, a devoted hunter, and a jolly good fellow. But the *beau militaire*, Gontran, makes his appearance, and Mlle. Barbot falls in love with him, as every French lady is bound to do, according to the novelists of the Second Empire, when a military man is in the case, whether he be handsome or not. Nearly all critics agree that, owing to the numerous lively dialogues, "Le Mari Imprévu" is more a dramatic tale than a novel in the usual acceptation of the word. The second portion is called "Les Vacances de la Comtesse," and is still less commendable than its predecessor. A rude and vulgar spirit pervades the whole conception, and the language is trivial. If the defects and scandals of former times are here described, as some critics suppose, in order to hide the follies and crimes of the present day, the object of the author has certainly not been attained. The third portion has only just appeared, and is entitled "Le Marquis de Lanrose."

We have yet to mention a number of works of fiction of more or less literary value, which we intend to do briefly. The great "friend and admirer" of this country, M. Alfred Assolant, has published a series of racy sketches under the title of "Une Ville de Garnison." M. Assolant's productions are nothing but literary small-talk, and, like all other small-talk, they leave no impression behind. He sees and describes people from their funny side only, and lacks that serious depth which, mingled with sparkling wit and keen observation, constitutes the real humorist. M. Serret endeavours to show in his novel, "Le Prestige de l'Uniforme," the infatuation which the members of the *grande armée* exercise on the feebly-guarded hearts of the fair sex. Even if our limited space would allow us to give the contents of this painful tale, we should be unable to do so. In the narrative itself, the revolting character of the incidents is partly covered by elegant and ornate language, of which, in a mere summary, we could give the reader no idea. Suffice it then to say that, if the prestige of the French army be not greater than is described in this novel, it must be very poor indeed. In "Les Confidences d'une Puritaine," Madame Max Valrey wishes to inculcate upon her sex the beneficial moral that a woman cannot fulfil her mission by devoting herself to intelligence alone, or by living simply for the indulgence of passion. A not less beneficial lesson, although of a prosaic and practical nature, is to be derived from the tale "Les Buveurs d'Absinthe," by MM. Saint-Yves and O. Féré. It contains the story of a young and intelligent artist, who falls into misery and crime by the free use of *absinthe*, the opium of the French. The satirical writer, M. Hector Malot, would deter by his tale "L'Époux" (which forms the first instalment of "Les Victimes d'Amour") all young people from marrying for love. His argument greatly resembles the foolish warning not to start on a journey on a bright morning, because the afternoons of fine days sometimes turn out stormy. In the Parisian story, "L'Habitude et le Souvenir," by M. Adolphe Belot, we find the theory propounded that habit is stronger than passion. The greatest drawback of this well-written novel is that the reader knows at once he has before him a story with "a purpose." The proverb, "He that will not when he may," &c., finds an illustration in M. Deltuf's novel "Fidès." The heroine is beloved by a man entirely worthy of her; she refuses him, however, in consequence of her whimsical determination to remain single. She brings about the marriage of her admirer with another lady, and after some time deplores her mistake, and finds out that "when she would, she shall have nay." M. B. Gastineau's "Drames du Mariage" contain a perfect maze of discoveries of "next of kin." Nearly everybody discovers somebody; and when the reader has gone through the whole book, he too makes a discovery, viz., that he has been cheated out of his time.

The well-known, though in one sense unknown, author of "Le Maudit" gives us in "Le Jésuite" an account of his own alleged

adventures. They are interwoven with the political intrigues of the order of the Jesuits, the organization of which he fully describes. "Le Moine," by the same author, is likewise intended to undermine the authority of the Roman Catholic clergy. M. J.-B. d'Aurevilly's novel, "Un Prêtre Marié," seems to be written as an antidote against the kind of novels which the author of "Le Maudit" has introduced or revived. The married priest is an atheist, who is punished for his wickedness by having a daughter whose incurable physical illness we are to regard as a reflection of the moral aberration of the father. This is one of those revolting stories of the realistic school in which French authors—and may we not also add, the French public?—seem to delight. Of a far higher kind in every respect is the Christian novel, "Une Sœur de Fabiola," by the Abbé L. A. English readers, of whatever denomination they may be, who have read the late Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," will be glad to make the acquaintance of the sister also. The author undoubtedly possesses a lively imagination. He betrays here and there a want of deep and accurate historical studies; but, on the whole, his novel of the times of the primitive Church will be found entertaining.

The popular novel-writer, Paul Féval, has published several tales. His "Roger Bontemps," which seems to be intended for a moral novel, is unfortunately as absurd as we sincerely wish all immoral novels were. His historical romance "Les deux Femmes du Roi" abounds also with absurdities and inaccuracies. Agnès de Méranie is described as a common courtesan, and Philip Augustus as a ridiculous husband. M. P. Féval seems to have had our own times before his eyes in describing those of the twelfth century. The same subject has been far better treated in every way by our own novelist, G. P. R. James. M. Féval's "Gens de la Noce" contains some amusing sketches; most of the characters, however, are mere caricatures.

Before concluding our notices of novels, we will briefly mention two more of a superior kind. The first of these is "Les deux Filles de Monsieur Plichon," by André Léo. It is an unobjectionable novel, which deserves to be recommended, especially as it is at the same time amusing; an advantage which is not frequently found in unobjectionable French novels. The other work is entitled "Le Péché de Madeleine," and has been published anonymously. A little mystery hangs over the authorship of this story, which would make it appear like the truthful confession of a female penitent. Madeleine relates her love to the husband of her own cousin, her fall, and her penitence leading, to her retirement from the world into a penitentiary. The whole story makes a very painful impression, but it is related with so much vigour and force that we must set it down as a literary phenomenon in its own way, especially as it seems to be founded on reality. It was first published in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, to which journal it was brought by an unknown messenger. All attempts to discover the author have proved futile. The editor of the *Revue*, who has pruned, if not touched up, this remarkable story or confession, has granted to a Paris publisher the concession to issue it in a separate form. We cannot help regretting that he did not omit the verses which Madeleine writes on her own seduction. One cannot believe in the penitence of a fallen woman who is capable of counting syllables, and of thinking about rhymes, in order to compose an effusion on the greatest moral calamity which can befall a woman.

The appreciation of poetry stands in France, at the present time, below zero. There is certainly no lack of new poems, some of which are above the average. To adapt a common adage, however, you may offer people poetry, but you cannot make them read it. At no time have poetical productions been so beautifully printed in France as now. The paper is fine, the type clear and bold; but great poets are few, and readers still fewer. M. A. Renaud's "Pensées Tristes" contain some very good specimens of poetry, and the fact that we meet here and there with reminiscences of Victor Hugo is rather an advantage than a drawback. M. Renaud gives us in his preface a clue to the riddle of the decline of poetry in France. "According to what we love," says the author, "we must also sing—joy or sorrow, reality or illusion, nature or God. When one loves nothing, one should be silent; and because we do not love anything really now-a-days, there exists no poetry among us." The historian, M. A. de Flaux, offers in his "Sonnets, Voyages, &c.," a great variety of poems; amongst others, oddly enough, historical sonnets on the Kings of France from the sixteenth century. The author seems to be, what is rather unusual with poets, of a very intolerant disposition. He is angry with Geneva for permitting a Roman Catholic church; we think there was room enough to reproach that lively town for tolerating something else. Abundant traces of spontaneous inspiration are to be found in M. Victor de Laprade's "Voix du Silence," and in the "Poèmes" by M. J.-M. Jouffroy. The latter is favourably known as a poet, and his premature death, at the age of thirty-two, is greatly to be lamented. The character of his poems, which remind us not unfrequently of André Chenier's gentle strains, is lyrical, sentimental, and philanthropic. The "Stances et Poèmes" of M. S. Prudhomme have produced a lively impression among the young poets of France. We find in them frequent traces of Victor Hugo. Already, in our short notice of French poetry, we have had two occasions to allude to the poems of M. Hugo as having given the keynote to the poetical productions of the younger generation of French

poets; and we should certainly be obliged to do so still more frequently were we to chronicle all the French poetical publications of the past year. It will therefore be more advisable to speak at once of the last work of that great writer, to whom friends and foes look up with reverential admiration. His "Chansons des Rues et des Bois" have taken the world by surprise. His muse has now so long played the part of Nemesis, that everybody looked forward to a fresh poetical protest against the new order of things in France. How delighted were the Parisians when she made her appearance with a garland of fresh flowers round her head! We have the same gaiety and sprightliness in the new "Chansons" as in many of his former pieces; the same brilliant flash of ideas and unexpected, grotesque antitheses; and, let us add, the same *bizarrie* of expression and rhymes. Victor Hugo has, with his new kaleidoscopic volume of poems, furnished a striking proof of the elasticity of his genius. He likes to remind us now and then that he is an exile, a *vaincu*, but a poet, who, after fifteen years of banishment, exclaims in merry exuberance of spirits, "Je mets Pégase au vert," is after all not morally *vaincu*.

We should be glad if the *solitaire* of Hauteville House would once more step forward with a powerful drama, which could be performed at Paris. Such an event might produce a most beneficial effect on the dramatic stagnation under which France is now labouring. Several dramas have during the past year made their appearance for the first time in France, which may claim the merit, if merit it be, of having caused a great stir. Last spring, there was performed at the Théâtre Français a piece called "Le Supplée d'une Femme." Its reputed author was Emile de Girardin, the well-known editor of *La Presse*. The main plot was certainly his own, but it was so much pruned, touched up, and recast by the playwright Alexandre Dumas fils, that Girardin cried out at the rehearsal, "Ça, c'est détestable!" When the drama was performed, he persisted in repudiating his literary offspring; but, when it met with enormous success, he publicly owned it as his intellectual property. Hence arose the bitterest of all quarrels—a literary controversy, which divided the world of letters into two distinct camps. We have, of course, nothing to do with the complicated personal history of the authorship of the drama in question, and, the plot being pretty generally known, we shall only very briefly recapitulate it. M. Dumont, a rich banker, has a loving wife, a charming little girl, and an excellent friend. It might be supposed that nothing is wanting to his happiness; yet, in fact, everything is wanting. His wife, though all the while loving her husband, is faithless to him; the child is not his own, his friend is the seducer of his wife, and to this very friend he owes his fortune. Nothing is his but his illusion, and, as soon as this is dissipated, the rich and happy banker is a poor, wretched being. He will not fight his false friend, Alvarés, for, if he kills the traitor, where would be the atonement? and if he is killed himself, where would be the justice? M. Dumont is cool enough to give vent to this pedantic reasoning, and to adopt a most absurd and novel plan of revenge. He compels Alvarés to take out the large sums he had deposited at his house; he will then have the satisfaction of being ruined, and the opprobrium of ingratitude will be cast on the pitiless friend. His wife must also leave him, and openly declare that she will not share his poverty. Thus Madame Dumont will be held up to public execration, and M. Dumont's revenge will be appeased. Such is the ridiculous *dénouement* of this sour apple of discord. That the piece is immoral, the quarrelling authors did not feel, or perhaps they did not care for it; but that it is without real dramatic value they ought to have known. The versatile editor of *La Presse* wanted, however, to give to the world, or to Paris, which is one and the same thing with Frenchmen, a proof that he is capable of providing a dramatic masterpiece quite by himself; and so he wrote another drama, called "Les Deux Sœurs." This time nobody contested the authorship of the piece, but the public violently protested against so monstrous a dramatic composition. The failure was so complete that M. Alexandre Dumas fils took the malicious revenge of sending to the unfortunate author of "Les Deux Sœurs," on the day after the first performance, a note containing the single word—"Merci!"

Another drama, which enjoyed an immense success at the Gymnase, is entitled "Les Vieux Garçons," and is by M. V. Sardou. It gives us two distinct groups of characters: three old bachelors, and three married men; or, rather, three married women with their husbands. The three old bachelors—who are certainly not taken from life, being represented as so many Lovelaces and Don Juans—of course make love to the three married ladies, one of whom (Madame de Chavenay) has a charming sister, called Antoinette. Mortemer, the principal of the three old bachelors, spreads his toils, after mature consideration, for Mlle. Antoinette—a young, innocent school girl, who has just returned from the *pension*. This proceeding has called forth many reclamations from several spectators, who, whilst considering the designs of the old bachelors on the married ladies as a matter of course, regard Mortemer's intentions as too preposterous; and so thinks M. de Nantya, who is in love with Mlle. Antoinette. He is bent upon fighting a duel with Mortemer, who, however, discovers, by means of the used-up trick of a common seal, that his rival is his son. He now

patiently submits to all possible provocations, for he will not fight his own child. The discovery is brought about in due time, and M. de Nantya marries Mlle. Antoinette. The drama contains several very effective scenes; but there are others which are equally equivocal, while many parts go to the last limit which even a Parisian public would tolerate. Another piece by M. Sardou, called "La Famille Benoiton," which was performed for the first time only a few weeks ago, gives a distressing picture of Parisian society. M. Benoiton is immersed in the world of monetary speculations; he is *au grand courant du siècle*, and Madame Benoiton haunts the fashionable salons. What kind of life the grown-up sons and daughters of this happy family lead, may easily be imagined.

The highly interesting subject which M. Paul Féval has spoiled in "Les deux Femmes du Roi," has been handled in a masterly manner by the well-known writer, Ernest Legouvé, as a drama, under the title of "Les deux Reines." This is undoubtedly the best drama that has been written in France for a considerable time. We say written, for the Imperial Government did not allow its performance. Assuming the subject to be known, either from history or from Mr. James's novel, we need not enter into details; but we cannot help mentioning the prison scene—the scene between Philip Augustus, Agnès de Méranie, and Ingeburg, in the prison of the latter—as one possessing the greatest dramatic effect. A good deal of humour is also observable in this drama—political humour, of the kind which is found in Beaumarchais's "Figaro." The juggler's speech on taxes is an exquisite piece for satire, which alone would be sufficient to insure to the piece a most welcome reception on the part of the people, and severe censure on that of the French Government. M. Legouvé's "Deux Reines" fully deserves to be made known in this country, and those who are able to read French should not neglect to peruse it in the original language.

The exclusion of "Les deux Reines" from the stage will show that a severe check is put in France on the more satirical flights of genius; and this circumstance will corroborate the assertion of M. Eugène Despois, so conclusively propounded in his excellent work, "Les Lettres et la Liberté," that liberty is a vital element in the prosperity of literature, and that the so-called "brilliant reigns" never promoted the development of intellect, but rather stifled it. M. Despois proves his argument, critically and historically, by instances drawn from the annals of Greece, Rome, France, and Germany, so that his work forms a highly valuable contribution to general literary history.

We have to chronicle several other commendable volumes which refer specially to French literature. The eminent critic M. C.-A. Sainte-Beuve continues the publication of his excellent critical series, "Nouveaux Lundis," and M. Ed. Schérer has collected a number of his critical essays on contemporary French literature, under the title of "Nouvelles Etudes," &c. Another, and a more learned and liberal critic, with a Teutonic name—M. J. J. Weiss—has published an "Essai sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française," which is one of the very best treatises on this subject with which we are acquainted—*more Germanorum*. M. Weiss likes to generalize, to group the various literary schools and periods, and to distinguish them by designations which correspond to their characteristics. Thus, he calls the productions of the realistic school *la littérature brutale*. Any one who is acquainted with German literature, will meet on every page reminiscences of the German classics; nevertheless, the author's style is so pure and elegant, that even his fastidious French countrymen do not find fault with it. His work is written in a liberal spirit, and from a highly moral point of view.

M. E. du Ménil, in his "Histoire de la Comédie chez tous les Peuples," has treated a large and highly interesting subject with considerable skill and learning; and the distinguished writer, M. Prévost-Paradol, has published an admirable work on a special subject—a work which, however, like everything good that comes from France, is of general interest. It is called "Etudes sur les Moralistes Français," and contains critical treatises on Montaigne, La Bédolite, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and Vauvenargues. The French *Moralistes*, who correspond to the English Essayists, occupy a prominent and distinct position in French literature, and it was a happy idea to combine a critical analysis of the above-mentioned writers in one volume. The author endeavours to show the *Moralistes* from their great and good side only; but he does not hide their faults, as, for instance, in speaking of La Rochefoucauld and his sophisms. Three excellent essays, entitled "De l'Ambition," "De la Tristesse," and "De la Maladie et de la Mort," form a suitable appendix to this remarkable work. As long as there are men in France like M. Prévost-Paradol, who write with such noble elevation of mind, and whose object is not only to amuse their readers, but to train and instruct them, there need be no fear of the utter degeneration of French literature.

M. Prévost-Paradol's "Etudes" induce us naturally to mention at once a very learned and excellent work treating of a similar subject; we allude to M. C. Martha's "Moralistes sous l'Empire Romain." This work is of such great importance that, to do it full justice would require a special notice. We must therefore, for the present, content ourselves with stating the main object of the author. He endeavours to show that the great minds of all times might be brought more intimately

together, and that they mostly agree about the nature of our duties, and the great problems of our life. M. Martha's work, which must be known to many of our readers by the extracts made from it in Mr. Merivale's Roman History, is not only of great value to the historian and philosopher, but of considerable interest to every one who cares for the history of mankind in general, and for that of Rome in particular. M. Martha, as he states, wrote his work "for himself and his own satisfaction"—a fact which we are glad to know, since many French authors have written on subjects connected with Roman history, because the fashion has been set them by their Imperial master. The French have, at all times, had a great predilection for the history of ancient Rome—a feeling which has made itself strongly felt in times of political extremes. During the great French Revolution, the Roman idol was called Junius Brutus, and now, in the days of Imperialism, it is known by the name of Julius Cæsar. The work of the Emperor Napoleon himself is so universally known that we need no more than refer to it; but we must say a few words on some works which "La Vie de Cæsar" has called forth in France, before mentioning the other historical books of the year.

Nearly all the recent French histories are written with a distinct bias; they are, according to their political creed, either for or against Cæsar. M. Jules Zeller has published a series of lectures called, "Entretiens sur l'Histoire." The author is a distinguished Professor of the University, and has delivered these lectures in the presence of her Imperial Highness, the Princess Mathilda—a fact which is in itself sufficient to indicate to us beforehand his "stand-point." We do the Imperial Professor wrong, however, in intimating that he followed in the track of his Imperial master. It was he who paved the way, and the Imperial master followed. The Imperial Professor Zeller published some years ago a work on the Roman Emperors, which was only the precursor of the Imperialist doctrines propounded in the well-known Preface to the Emperor Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar." As regards the literary value of M. Zeller's "Entretiens," we have only to state that it reads like a manual spun out into lectures. The Professor peeps out nearly at every page, and the writer has certainly not taken as his motto "Scribitur ad narrantum, non ad probandum, historia."

M. G. Baisson's "Cicéron et ses Amis," which is an essay on Roman society at the times of Cæsar, is written from an opposite point of view. This very learned and exceedingly well-written work is founded on Cicero's private correspondence, and the author has come to the conclusion that Cæsar's admirers commit a great mistake in attributing to him (Cæsar) grand and generous plans for the welfare of mankind. The dictator, according to the opinion of M. Baisson, was a great egotist who cared for his own welfare alone. His judgment of Cæsar nearly coincides with that of Mr. George Long, the great Roman historian, who has furnished an excellent delineation of Cæsar's character in his well-known edition of the Commentaries.

Among other historical works, not treating of the fashionable subject, we must briefly mention the "Histoire de Don Pèdre I^{er}, Roi de Castille," by M. Prosper Mérimée, who has made his name celebrated by a few choice works. He gives a lucid picture of life and manners in Spain during the fourteenth century. The times of another and more "brilliant" despot are impartially described in M. Bonnemère's "La France sous Louis XIV." The author shows the utter hollowness of those much-vaunted times—the heart-rending misery and unbearable oppression under which the people were groaning. The world looked only at Versailles, and, dazzled by the splendour of the royal palace, did not see how much wretchedness lay behind all that pomp and superficial elegance. M. Chassin treats, in a masterly way, a great national enigma, in his "Génie de la Révolution." This work is considered one of the very best existing on the subject. Other very valuable contributions to history are Jules Bonnet's "Récits du XVI. Siècle;" Mme. la Comtesse d'Armaillé's "Catherine de Bourbon," &c.; M. Ampère's "Histoire Romaine à Rome;" M. O. Rénard's "Le Barreau au XIX. Siècle;" M. A. Czartoriski's "Alexandre I.;" and "Un nouveau Chapitre de l'Histoire Politique des Réformés en France," by L. Anquez. The last-named publication is one of considerable importance on the progress of Protestantism in France. M. F. de Champagny's work, "La Charité Chrétienne dans les Premiers Siècles de l'Eglise," is a valuable book, partly religious and partly historical. It is an *ouvrage couronné par l'Académie*; but its predecessor on the same subject, entitled "Des Origines de la Charité Chrétienne," by the Abbé Tallemer is far more meritorious. Both works, however, have conclusively proved that Christianity has not only created charity, but has organized it, and made it into an institution. A work both religious and philosophical has been published by M. Caro, under the title of "L'Idée de Dieu." It is directed against Renan and his followers, and, although it is of a controversial character, is written with such calm dignity, such becoming courtesy and logical precision, that it will prove instructive and pleasant reading both to adherents and antagonists. M. Caro's work is the most successful of all the publications against Renan, having rapidly gone through several editions.

Some highly valuable materials for future historians have been furnished by the publication of the correspondence of prominent historical personages. Here it will be sufficient merely to mention the titles. Besides the seventeenth volume

of the "Correspondance de Napoléon," we have had the "Correspondance de Louis XV. avec le Maréchal de Noailles;" the "Correspondance de la Duchesse de Bourgogne et de la Reine d'Espagne," by the Comtesse de la Rocca; and the first complete edition of the "Correspondance de la Marquise du Deffand," by M. Lesuire, with fine portraits of Madame du Deffand, and Horace Walpole. The correspondence of Marie Antoinette has given rise to a great literary controversy. There were three different publications—one by the Count d'Hunolstein, another by M. Feillet de Conches, and a third by the Ritter von Arneth. The celebrated German historian, Professor Sybel, has conclusively proved that the edition of the last-named author only was authentic.

Of books of travel, we can only mention "Le Livre de Marco Polo," by M. Panthier. Marco wrote the history of his travels during his imprisonment at Venice, in 1298. They were translated into French by Rusticien of Pisa, and the present annotated edition has been founded on three manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Impériale. The well-known poet and *feuilletoniste*, M. Théophile Gautier, has published, under the title of "Loin de Paris," some charming sketches of travel in Algiers and Spain; and M. E. de Jacob de la Cottière has given, in his "Les Allemands chez Eux," a very favourable description of the Germans. We must not omit to mention the excellent Geographical Yearbook, which is being published by the well-known firm of Hachette & Co. It is called "L'Année Géographique," and is edited by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin, who is one of the greatest geographical authorities in France. The contents of his Yearbook are so varied that, in order to give our readers some idea of its excellence and completeness, we will state that it contains all and everything which a geographer—amateur or professional—may desire to know. The first volume of "L'Année Géographique" appeared in 1863, and, the publication being a successful one, we trust that it will be continued.

Finally, we must glance at a curious work, which, although written for the French, must also have considerable interest for our own countrymen. It is called "L'Anglais à Paris," and is by M. Aurèle Kervigan. The second title of this amusing book is "Histoire Humoristique de son Introduction dans notre Langue et dans nos Mœurs." M. Kervigan gives a humorous description of the English invasion of France with regard to customs, words, and phrases. It is really astonishing, and, of course, also gratifying, to notice how much Paris becomes every day more and more anglicized. We do not, however, attach much importance to the adoption of English words and customs, for, after all, it is a matter of small account to us whether the French say "Sherry" or "Xeres," and whether they adopt the English style of dressing or not; but we rejoice to think that they begin to pay more attention in France to English literature, and that not only the works of our great novelists and humorists are translated into French, but that we see the writings of Carlyle, Mill, Merivale, Max Müller, &c., reproduced in an elegant French garb. We only wish that, in consequence of "the English invasion of France," another precious thing were imported also. English liberty would be the greatest boon that could be conferred on our neighbours. The more thoughtful of French writers agree that the condition of their literature would be more satisfactory if the genius of France were not held in shackles. This opinion we have found emphatically expressed in several of those periodicals which are the best representatives of the serious portion of contemporary French literature. Our countrymen who read French for their amusement or instruction would do far better to subscribe to periodicals like the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, the *Revue Nationale*, and the spirited *Revue Moderne*, than to buy the immoral and very inferior novels which are constantly issued on the other side of the Channel.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IN accordance with a popular notion of the general character of German literature, which is as erroneous as only a popular notion can be, we ought to begin this portion of our literary survey with an account of the theological productions which during the past year have been published in Germany. The Teutonic turn of mind, which is imbued with a deep religious feeling and an unsophisticated love of truth, has certainly a tendency to theological and philosophical disquisitions; but to maintain that theology forms, especially in our own times, the principal feature of German literature, would be as wrong as to assert that politics constitute the chief element of English literature. Contemporary German writers are, before all things, patriotic, and the object of most of their writings is the elevation of Germany as a political body, and the enlightenment of their own countrymen with regard to their rights and duties as citizens. There is a manifest yearning in Germany for union and freedom, and this feeling runs through nearly the whole current literature of the German States. The poets, novelists, and philosophers write now, as they did before, poems, novels, and philosophical treatises; but all their productions contain evidences of political thought, and their writings have

not the purely abstract character which is generally attributed to them in England.

Some of the most distinguished writers, although they are already advanced in age, have quite abandoned their special sphere, and devoted themselves to another which admits of a more immediate and practical bearing upon the great question which now occupies the minds of their countrymen. We have a striking instance of this remarkable phenomenon in the celebrated Shakespearean critic and literary historian, G. G. Gervinus. The epithets by which we have qualified his name sufficiently indicate the character of his writings. The study of Shakespeare, which has such an irresistible attraction for the minds of Germans, and the history of the poetical and national literature of his own country, formed the subjects of his earlier books; but subsequently the professor devoted himself to political history. In the year 1853, Gervinus published his celebrated "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century," which fell like a flash of lightning into the gloom of the continental "Reaction," then in its full force. The author sent forth the work as his political programme. The Prussian Government laid the publication under interdict; nevertheless, it rapidly made its way through the whole of Germany, and it was soon translated into the English, French, and Italian languages. Since that time, Gervinus has continued his work, which is one of the most extensive and important historical publications of our day. During the past year, Gervinus has published the seventh volume of his "History of the Nineteenth Century since the Treaties of Vienna." The first volume referred chiefly to the restoration of the Bourbons, and the second led us from the Congress at Vienna to the "Reaction" of 1815-1820. In the third and fourth volumes we find the insurrection of the Roman nationalities, in the States of Southern Europe, and in America, the suppression of the revolutionary movements in Italy and Spain, together with the history of the Congress of the Princes at Troppau, Laibach, and Verona. The fifth and sixth volumes present a complete picture of the insurrection and regeneration of Greece. In the seventh volume we have a survey of the principal events which occurred, between 1820 and 1830, in Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Great Britain and Ireland, and the Netherlands, concluding with the French Revolution of July. The whole of this abundant matter is treated in the seventh volume in the space of forty-seven sheets; nobody, therefore, will think of reproaching the author with prolixity. As a proof of his great impartiality, we may mention that he does full justice to Sir Robert Peel, although that statesman is by no means a favourite with the author. The reader will also find in the same volume (which appeared during the year 1865, and which is considered the very best of the whole work) a masterly delineation of the characters of William IV. of England and O'Connell.

A striking proof of the groundlessness of the popular prejudice against the style of German writers, which is commonly taxed with heaviness and pedantry, is to be found in the excellent series, called "Staatengeschichte der Neuesten Zeit" (State History of Recent Times), all the parts of which have been written by eminent scholars, in a flowing, concise, and easy style, though without in the least offending against historical dignity. As a recommendation of the whole series, it will be sufficient to say that Professor Pauli's "History of England since the Treaties of Peace in 1814 and 1815" forms part of it. We have also during last year received the second volume of Dr. Springer's "Geschichte Oesterreich's seit dem Wiener Frieden 1809" (The History of Austria since the Peace of Vienna in 1809). The first volume reaches the break-down of the old Austrian system (which, in fact, was no system at all) in 1848. The second begins with the struggles of the various nationalities composing the Empire of Austria, and gives the whole history of the Austrian revolution down to its final suppression in Hungary. The work is conceived in a liberal spirit (the author, we should say, belongs to the moderate school of Dahlmann), and bears the stamp of truthfulness and impartiality. It is, besides, written in a most lively and attractive style; and, treating as it does of an exceedingly interesting subject, upon which very little light has been thrown until now, we must welcome it as a valuable contribution to contemporary history. The author, whilst depicting the various Slavonic nationalities of the Austrian Empire in their wretchedness, does full justice to the valiant Hungarians, who, however little they may have contributed as a nation to European civilisation, are, as a people tenaciously clinging to liberty and their old constitution, highly worthy of our sympathies. From German quarters complaints are heard that Dr. Springer's estimate of the brave citizens of Vienna is much too low, and that he has not paid sufficient homage to the heroic character of the Viennese students, whose Academical Legion, in 1848, was an historical phenomenon. Thus much, however, is certain—that, at the present moment, when Austria has entered a new political phase, Dr. Springer's work will possess double interest. It is, indeed, quite indispensable for a proper understanding of the present political movement in Austria, and of the relation in which that empire stands to Germany proper.

Some politicians are of opinion that the whole bulk of Austria, with all her incongruent elements, should be united to Germany; others plead for the annexation of the German portion of Austria only; whilst a third, but small, party is

anxious to effect the union of Germany, with the exclusion of the whole Austrian empire. The last-mentioned purpose is strongly advocated by Herr Heinrich von Treitschke, in his "Historische und Politische Aufsätze" (Historical and Political Essays). The author urges the annexation of "Germany to Prussia"; he raises a warning voice against all petty annexations, and recommends that the incorporation be proceeded with on a large scale. One of the ablest essays in this work, and in itself a significant sign of the times, is that on "Fichte and the National Idea."

With respect to the memorable year 1815, on which the Germans possess already important works by Häusser and Bernhardt, we have to mention two very commendable publications. The first is by Captain Jul. Königer, and is entitled "Der Krieg von 1815, und die Verträge von Wien und Paris" (The War of 1815, and the Treaties of Vienna and Paris). Owing to the profession of the author, his book gives a livelier description of the great battles than is found in many of its predecessors. It is entirely free, however, from those technical terms and phrases which often make similar works unpalatable to the non-professional reader. The correction, in future editions, of a few historical inaccuracies will remove the only defects which we can discover in the work. The second book on the same subject is called "Geschichte des Jahres 1815" (History of the Year 1815). It is by Major Heinrich Beitzke, the author of a very popular "History on the Wars of Liberation." The style is simple and pleasant, and the spirit which pervades the whole book is highly patriotic and liberal; but the writer's implicit belief in Napoleon's "constitutional" tendencies will raise many a smile. This production possesses, besides, the advantage of having been written by a man who was himself actively engaged in the great events which he describes; nevertheless, a careful revision of the text is desirable. The Major is one of the authorities whom Dr. S. Stern has consulted for his popular lectures on the "Deutsche Geschichte im Zeitalter der Französischen Revolution" (History of Germany during the Times of the French Revolution). These lectures—ten in number—which were delivered by the author in 1860, embrace the important period from 1786 to 1815. The lectures themselves fully answer their purpose as a book for the people; but it is greatly to be regretted that they are encumbered with long and frequent notes.

The Royal Historical Commission of Munich has issued, besides the valuable "Historisches Jahrbuch für 1865" (Historical Yearbook for 1865), which is the sixth annual publication since the commencement of this excellent series, the first volume of "Die Historischen Volkslieder der Deutschen, vom 13. bis zum 16. Jahrhundert" (The Historical Popular Songs of the Germans, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century), by R. von Liliencron. Each poem is preceded by a short historical introduction, and, at the foot of the page, the necessary—but only the necessary—philological and idiomatic annotations are given. Critical notices and a general literary treatise are also added, and thus this beautifully got up publication may be said to be perfect in every respect.

The first volume of a series called "Oesterreichische Geschichte für das Volk" (A Popular History of Austria) has been published by Dr. M. A. Becker. It contains the "early history of the countries of the Austrian Empire down to the overthrow of the West Roman Empire." This is beginning *ab ovo*; but, the treatment being such as to answer fully to the requirements of a book for the people, it would be unfair to censure the publication of this first instalment of a series which will doubtless prove very valuable if all the subsequent volumes be like the first. Dr. A. Wolterstorff's "Bilder aus dem Römischen Alterthum" (Pictures from Ancient Roman History) may also be recommended as a pleasant and useful "book for the people." The historical pictures contain lively and accurate descriptions of the memorable events which occurred at Rome during the years 44-30 B.C. They are reprints from the *Illustriertes Familienbuch*, a very commendable periodical, published by the Austrian Lloyd at Trieste; and the style of the book bears evident traces of the author's endeavour to make his serious subject palatable to a "general public." If the doctor had been more chary with his romantic descriptions and his panegyrics, his work might, indeed, have had fewer readers, and might not have been so acceptable in certain quarters; but it would have greatly gained in historical dignity, and in the appreciation of the author's learned countrymen.

Dr. Adolph Stahr has treated a subject worthy of a German Miss Strickland in a very interesting manner. He has described the lives of the "Römische Kaiserfrauen" (Roman Empresses) who were contemporary with Tiberius, critically and biographically. The aim of the learned editor of "Lessing's Works," however, was not so much to furnish biographical sketches of those Imperial princesses, as to show them in their relation to Tiberius in a manner favourable to the latter. Dr. Stahr belongs to those capricious critics, of whom we have some fair specimens in our own country, who have undertaken the ungrateful task of "whitewashing" the most depraved characters of history. We live in an age of rehabilitations—a fact which might be considered a favourable sign of the times, if our epoch were not also, one of most serious incriminations. It would seem that there are now two distinct schools of historians. The object of the one is to prove that all those names which are

habitually held up to the opprobrium of mankind have been the victims of base calumnies, whilst the other endeavours to destroy the authenticity of all the historical traditions which we have been taught to revere as examples of noble virtue and heroic courage. "Nero and Tiberius were no tyrants," cry the one party; "Arnold von Winkelried, Tell, &c., are mere fictions," maintain the other. But, if historical rectifications are necessary, they should be carried on with a sincere, impartial love for truth, and without that morbid desire, so prevalent in our days, to prove the contrary of what the world has been goodnatured enough to believe for many centuries.

Professor Dahn's work on "Procopius von Caesarea" seems to be the result of conscientious and laborious research. One of the learned professor's chief objects is to investigate whether the so-called *historia arcana*, or *ἀνέκδοτα*, which form a complete *chronique scandaleuse* of the Court of Constantinople, from 549 to 562, are the productions of the same illustrious Procopius to whom we owe the valuable historical works on the Vandal, Persian, and Gothic wars, and on the "Public Buildings erected by Justinian." The author arrives at the conclusion that Procopius is undeniably the author of the objectionable anecdotes. The main interest in Dr. Dahn's work attaches, however, to the circumstance that he treats more fully of special Byzantine history than has hitherto been done by German historians who have taken that period for the subject of their writings.

Leaving the old world for the new, we have to record an historical work which is likely to take rank as a classic; viz., Karl Friedrich Neumann's "Geschichte der Vereinigten Staaten America's" (History of the United States of America). The first two volumes contain the history of America from the primitive times of colonization down to the year 1837; the third and last volume, which is to reach to the 4th of March, 1861, the memorable day on which Mr. Lincoln was installed as President, will appear this year. The author is well known by his "History of the English Empire in Asia" and other valuable works; but his "History of America," which is generally acknowledged to be the first complete history of the United States, will be the work which will save his name from oblivion in the republic of letters. Karl Friedrich Neumann gives a very truthful description of America, with all its merits and faults, and, although his sympathies are evidently on the side of the most democratic government in the world, he denounces, like an unbiassed judge, the monstrous defects of transatlantic society. He intends to go to America after the completion of his third volume, in order to collect materials for a history of the late disastrous war.

A highly important work connected with ecclesiastical history has been published by Dr. A. Pichler, under the title of "Geschichte der Kirchlichen Trennung zwischen dem Orient und Occident" (History of the Schism between the Orient and the Occident). The first volume appeared in 1864, and the second, which gives an account of the Russian, Greek, and other Oriental churches, was published last year. The author, who is a Roman Catholic, has been severely censured by many of his co-religionists, on account of his impartial statements with reference to the Papacy—a circumstance which of course only heightens our estimate of him as an historian. Dr. Pichler's elaborate work would have been of great interest at all times, but it is the more so now in consequence of recent movements in the Russian Church. Those of our readers who take an interest in ecclesiastical history will welcome Professor Zöckler's biographical and critical work on "Hieronymus" (St. Jerome) as a most praiseworthy publication. It is the best and most elaborate treatise on the subject that we have, and is conceived in an honest and candid spirit. Owing to the same qualities, a biographical work of a very different description has met with a highly favourable reception throughout Germany, both from friends and foes. We allude to a biography of Heinrich Simon by Dr. Johann Jakoby. The latter gentleman is probably more known in this country than the former, owing to the prominent part which he played in the Liberal opposition against the Prussian Government, and to his frequent collisions with the same. The story of Heinrich Simon is soon told. He was a lawyer by profession, and in the year 1844 stood up as the champion of judicial independence in Prussia. His name soon became popular in consequence of his energetic political opinions, and in the stormy year 1848 he was one of the first leaders of the Liberal party. He was elected a member of the German Parliament of Frankfurt, and, after its disgraceful dissolution at Stuttgart, went as an exile to Switzerland. Heinrich Simon was no conspirator by profession. He wisely abstained from mixing in Swiss politics, and the University of Zürich granted him the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws, in acknowledgment of his excellent legal works. He was then engaged in several industrial undertakings, the last of which proved very successful. On the 16th of August, 1860, he was drowned in the lake Wallensee, while bathing, in consequence of a paralytic attack. Heinrich Simon well deserved a complete biography. He was a man of no ordinary standard, and was universally loved and admired for his integrity, manliness, and energy of character. No stain rested on his name, and even the basest calumny did not dare to cast a slur upon his reputation. He is described as a tall, handsome, and stately man, and all agree that comeliness of mind and body appeared equally in him. His

advanced political opinions—to which he was driven by the illegal proceedings of the Prussian Government—were not shared by all his relations; but so firm was their conviction that he was guided in all his doings by the dictates of conscience, that differences of opinion led to no estrangement of intercourse. As regards the treatment of the subject of his work by Dr. Jakoby, it is generally allowed that he accomplished his task with great skill, moderation, and discretion. The style is pleasant and animated, though all anecdotal gossip has been carefully avoided; and no political rancour is perceptible throughout the book. The author has, indeed, with respect to the last-mentioned point, managed matters with so much tact that he was only imprisoned for a fortnight by the Prussian police.

The author of another work claims our sincerest commiseration. Herr A. Röckel, like Silvio Pellico, has published an account of his sufferings during his imprisonment for political offences. His work is entitled "Sachsen's Erhebung, und das Zuchthaus zu Waldheim" (The Rising in Saxony, and the House of Correction at Waldheim). Herr Röckel was Royal musical director at Dresden, and took part in the so-called "May Revolution." He expiated the exchange of the baton for the sword with thirteen years' confinement in the above-mentioned prison. His account of the treatment of the prisoners by the director Heink contains many painful details. Thus, one "political offender" was cruelly punished for having greeted another fellow-prisoner with a friendly smile. When Röckel was at last set at liberty, the governor of the prison implored him repeatedly, and with uplifted hands, to spare him, and not to make any revelations. We doubt, however, whether he would have been justified in showing so much leniency in respect of a man of whom he says that, "during the space of ten years, he unnecessarily increased the sufferings of thousands of prisoners, and ill-treated hundreds of them in a most cruel manner, whilst he shortened the lives of no inconsiderable numbers by his ill-treatment."

A long-standing imputation of cruelty against the Roman Catholics has been denied by Dr. Christopher Hermann Vosen, in his work, "Galileo Galilei." According to him, the clerical commission which first of all sanctioned the system of Galileo, or rather of Copernicus, afterwards declared that doctrine to be against Scripture. Galileo was then imprisoned; but Dr. Vosen asserts that the imputation of having put the great mathematician on the rack, and kept him in strict confinement, is a pure invention. Dr. Vosen's work appears to corroborate the opinion of Dr. Büchner—propounded in his useful little book on quotations mentioned in our last year's Literary Supplement—that the beautiful saying "*E pur si muove!*" is not historical. The matter will doubtless lead to some discussion.

A more cheerful biographical picture than the last we find in Dr. Cornill's "Johann David Passavant." The name and works of this great art-critic are so well known in this country, that it will suffice to call the attention of our readers to the learned author's well-executed and exhaustive biography, which gives a full account of the family of Passavant, from the time of their emigration in 1594 down to the death of the author of the work on Raphael. Herr A. B. Marx has published his autobiography under the title of "Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben." The book contains many topics which will interest both the lawyer and the military man, and, above all, the musician. The biography of the most learned composer and contrapuntist that ever existed—we can, of course, only mean Sebastian Bach—has been written by Herr C. H. Bitter in a very satisfactory manner. All those who wish to become acquainted with the life and works of the great master who has contributed so much to the improvement of sacred music, should read this production.

Dr. Bernhard Kugler has published an excellent biography of "Ulrich, Herzog zu Württemberg," well known in history by his stormy career at the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries. The adventurous "Johann, Graf von Luxemburg und König von Böhmen," has found a biographer in Dr. Schötter. It must have cost an unusual amount of toil to collect the necessary materials for this work; and the author, who evidently laboured under the fatal influence of the Boswell fever, might have employed his time for a better purpose. Professor Hanemann has produced a well-written life of Don John of Austria—"Das Leben des Don Juan d'Austria"—in which the reader will find an authentic biography of the romantic hero of Lepanto.

The rage for writing, and probably also for reading, historical novels, or rather novelistic history, seems to continue in Germany with unabated vigour. We have certainly no objection to the historical novel—on the contrary, we appreciate it highly when it presents a pleasant, faithful, and dignified picture of past times; but we do most strongly condemn those flimsy productions in which the reader does not know where history ends and romance begins, and which strip the former of all dignity and seriousness. If this mania be not soon replaced by another—for it really would seem that there must exist at all times some sort of literary insanity—the life of no prominent person will be safe from the pens of novelists, and even comparatively obscure men may be similarly treated.

One of the best novels with an historical background is Herr Edmund Höfer's "Altermann Ryke," a tale of the year 1806. Herr Höfer is one of the most celebrated novel-writers of

Germany, although many German critics and readers find fault with his diffuse style of writing; but there is such a healthy freshness in his descriptions of the sturdy North Germans, among whom the spirit of the Hansa is not quite extinct, that any one armed with a small portion of Teutonic patience will find much in Höfer's novels that will interest him. The perusal of Herr Habicht's historical novel "Der Stadtschreiber von Liegnitz" (The Town-clerk of Liegnitz) will not require so much patience, and will, at the same time, afford more enjoyment to the reader. Bitsch, the Clerk of the Silesian town of Liegnitz, is the hero of this story; but he is not to be measured by the ordinary standard of town-clerks. He actually dethroned the Duchess Hedwig, niece to Duke Frederick II. of Brandenburg, and forced her husband to fly. Still, all his grand plans were thwarted—not by his enemies, but by the short-sightedness of his fellow-citizens. The scene of action is in the fifteenth century; but Herr Habicht has told his story so well that it will greatly interest the readers of the present day.

Herr Cubasch has chosen a very fine name for a very strange subject. His novel bears the suggestive title of "Salvator"; but the reader is at once startled by the explanatory addition, "Eine Verjüngungsgeschichte." What does this strange compound mean? Here assuredly ignorance is bliss, for the reader who is able to make out the literal meaning of this bold expression must be more at a loss to understand it than the fortunate reader who, not knowing its exact literal signification, forms some vague, but to himself satisfactory, notion about it. We can only render the coined word by another coined word—"A Rejuvenation Story." "Salvator" is a medical novel, and, of course, a horrible novel. It has been suggested to the author by recent experiments to describe the effect of the infusion of foreign blood into exsanguineous bodies. A young chemist—the hero of the novel—propounds the theory that old age might be rejuvenated by the infusion of young blood; and he soon finds a client, as is but natural, in an old fool. The blood of a young girl is taken in order to try the experiment of transfusion. The poor girl dies, and then follows a description of the havoc created by the impetuous young blood in the dried-up veins of the old man. The subject has certainly the merit of originality, and, omitting the tragic end of the young victim, it might have been admirably adapted for a satirical novel. The idea of a man of three-score years and upwards running about with the throbbing girlish blood of seventeen, is in itself very droll; but the author has treated his subject with as much awful earnestness as if he had been writing a learned medical dissertation, and we should advise the readers of his novel to provide themselves with a complete medical dictionary, unless they intend to skip nearly three-fourths of the whole story.

A very well-written novel with a purpose is "Stand und Bildung" (Rank and Intelligence), by Herr F. Wesdorf. The author, who has published this work under a fictitious name, must be a scholar, with a great power of keen observation; but he is wrong in his notion that good education, intelligence, and piety are not sufficient to bring about the union of a poor theologian with a lady of noble birth. Our opinion on this point will be borne out by numerous instances, not only in this country, but also in Protestant Germany. A well-told story be found will in Herr W. Andrea's "Sturm-vögel" (Storm-birds), which gives a faithful picture of the peasant's war preceding the Reformation. Herr Hackländer's "Fürst und Cavalier" (Prince and Cavalier) is a very readable novel, being written in the author's well-known light and pleasant style. The same may be said of his collection of short tales, and of his letters referring from London and Paris, which he issued under the title of "Heidehaus" (literally, Heathhouse), the book having been written at the author's country seat bearing that name. Herr Max Ring, the author of several excellent novels, relates in his "Neue Stadtgeschichten" (New Town Stories) two simple tales, which read pleasantly, and end satisfactorily to all the parties concerned, except to those who did not deserve a better fate. The same may be said of Graf Ulrich von Baudissin's novel, entitled "Ein Pseudonym Hauslehrer" (A Pseudonymic Tutor), which ends with the punishment of the wicked and the marriage of the good. Herr Gerstäcker, whose writings are so well known in this country, has given in his "Zwei Republiken" (Two Republics) an animated account of the unsettled state of the South American Republics. It consists of two distinct novels. The first is called "General Franco," and refers to the Republic of Ecuador; the second, the title of which is "Señor Aguila," relates to life in Peru. Herr Balduin Möllhausen, the successful rival of Herr Gerstäcker in the art of geographical novel-writing, furnishes very pleasant reading in his "Reliquien," which contain some interesting descriptions of the western parts of North America.

Those who are admirers of the fantastic novels of E. T. A. Hoffmann will be greatly interested in the wild stories of Herr M. Solitaire, entitled "Erzählungen bei Mondenschein" (Tales by Moonshine); but those who are fond of stories which, if not taken from real life, are still highly probable, should read Karl Frenzel's new novels, bearing the collective title of "Auf heimischer Erde" (On Native Soil). It is beyond the scope of this summary to give a full analysis of the several tales; but we cannot help seizing this opportunity to call attention to an author

who ranks among the best contemporary novel-writers in Germany, and who deserves to be more generally known in England than he actually is. Another author, whose works ought to be more read by those of our countrymen who are conversant with German, is the poet Moritz Hartmann, well known by his work "Kelch und Schwert." We have before us his recent historical novel, "Die Letzten Tage eines Königs" (The Last Days of a King), in the reading of which we found ample compensation for the Herculean task of wading through a number of inferior productions. The King whose last days the author has taken as the subject of his novel is Joachim Murat, the most romantic figure of the Napoleonic times. In describing his attempt to reconquer his kingdom of Naples, the author has most skillfully interwoven the real and well-known facts of history with a romantic plot which affords ample opportunities for descriptions of the people and the country of Corsica. It is particularly in these descriptions that Hartmann excels, and we do not remember having read so interesting a tale of Corsican life since Prosper Mérimée's "Colomba"; nay, without wishing to draw an invidious comparison, we must declare that Hartmann's tale interested us still more, which may, perhaps, be owing to the circumstance that it presents a truthful and animated view of an important episode in modern history, and gives a most complete picture of the wonderful island to which it refers, and of the strange population to be found there.

We must not forget to describe a work of fiction which owing to the popularity of the author, has excited a greater sensation in Germany than all other recent productions in the same department. We refer to Berthold Auerbach's novel, "Auf der Höhe" (On the Height). The title is, of course, at once suggestive of a rural tale—of one of those exquisite creations which have carried the fame of the author of the "Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten" far and wide. The pastoral Auerbach, however, has here cast away the shepherd's hook, and put on a gaudy court-dress. He has not quite given up his old sturdy acquaintances; but he moves with evident delight in the refined circles of court-life. The scene of the novel opens on the heights of the Alps, and is afterwards transferred to the highest circle of society, the author only occasionally leading us back into the pure air of the mountains. In so far, the title of his novel may be said to have a twofold meaning, the plot being laid on the "heights" both of nature and society. The latter is represented by a royal court, the centre of which are a King and a Queen. The King is the hero of the story, but the Queen is not the heroine. The heroine is Gräfin Irma von Wildenort, the beautiful, high-minded, and rather eccentric daughter of a very anomalous count, who is a downright republican. The King loves Irma, although the Queen is beautiful, intelligent, and good-natured. The royal couple are also blessed with a child—a crown-prince,—and it is the birth of this future prop of the dynasty which furnishes an occasion for introducing the pastoral element into the story. Walpurga, the wife of an honest woodcutter among the hills (who is, by the bye, one of the best-drawn characters in the novel), has had the good fortune to be engaged as nurse to the royal infant. With true peasant's shrewdness she soon discovers the King's criminal connection with Irma, which continues until the latter is repudiated and cursed by her father on his death-bed. She flies, and is believed to have voluntarily put an end to her life and her shame, as she really intended to do, but her design is frustrated by the fortunate intervention of Walpurga. Irma lives now for four years as a penitent with the family of the retired royal nurse, and, her physical strength being consumed by grief, the Queen arrives in proper time at her death-bed, and not only pardons the fair sinner, but actually, in her sentimental good-nature, asks pardon of the woman who had destroyed her conjugal happiness. After this proceeding, we are not in the least astonished to find the Queen also asking the King's pardon; and thus all the chief characters are brought into a very forgiving frame of mind. We can only give the merest outline of Berthold Auerbach's novel; but this will suffice to enable our readers to appreciate the chief objection which we have to urge against it. The eccentric Irma has sinned and has atoned for it; the King has also sinned, but where is his atonement? It is true that the Queen tells him, after the death of Irma, "You too have severely atoned for your fault. She suffered lonely by herself, and you suffered lonely by my side;" but in what his severe sufferings consisted we are at a loss to understand. We are equally unable to see any reason for Irma's veneration for the King. We are assured by the author that he is a great man—a genius—Nature's own prince; but this eulogy is by no means justified by the monarch's personal character. We have some very fine descriptive passages, however, in "Auf der Höhe," especially when the author treads on the old familiar ground of the "Village Tale;" but, on the whole, his present production cannot be regarded as equally satisfactory with his former works. It labours, above all, under a dualism which seems to have its origin in the individual—or, as the Germans say, in the "subjective"—feeling of the writer. The contradictory criticisms of the German press are the best proof of the undecided character of the work. The democrats, who are more numerous in Germany than many like to believe, severely censure Berthold Auerbach for having so minutely described the royal pageantry of a court, and for manifesting so much awe at the idea of monarchical

power. The monarchists of all shades, on the other hand, find fault with him for openly describing the errors and the weakness of a sovereign, and for ridiculing the traditional formalities of court-life; and they are of opinion that he aims, like so many German writers of the present day, at the destruction of royal authority in Germany. Nay, we have even heard that Herr Auerbach has fallen into disgrace with one of the very first princesses in Germany, in consequence of the presumed disloyal tendencies of his new novel.

Passing from works of fiction to poetry, we have very little to record. The well-known author, Robert Prutz, has published a new collection of his poems, which had hitherto appeared scattered in his excellent weekly paper, the *Deutsches Museum*. The poet modestly calls his new effusions "Herbstrosen" (Autumnal Roses); but the reader will find that they possess the full freshness and fragrance of the most splendid July roses. As regards form and melody, these poems are perfect. The "Neue Gedichte" (New Poems), by J. G. Fischer, contain many compositions of classical beauty; and in Herr Ernst Scherenberg's "Stürme des Frühlings" (Spring Storms) we find poems full of freshness and vigour. Our readers will be able to form some notion of the large number of young German poets by consulting Dr. Emil Kneschke's "Anthologie Deutscher Lyriker seit 1850" (Anthology of German Lyricists since 1850). The learned editor has conceived the idea of compiling a collection of poetical specimens from nearly all the poets who have published anything in verse since the above-mentioned year. The work, which is beautifully printed and adorned with a portrait of Emanuel Geibel, is preceded by an introduction having a strong political bias, and the specimens of each poet are accompanied by a concise biographical and critical notice. The selection is judicious, and gives a fair picture of what the young German poets have produced within the last fifteen years.

An old classical German poem was published during the year 1865 in a new and comely form; we mean the second part of the "German Classics of the Middle Ages" (issued by Brockhaus, Leipzig), which we mentioned in the general review of last year. The first part contained the poems of Walther von der Vogelweide, with excellent annotations by the celebrated philologist, Franz Pfeiffer; and in the second we find the charming poem of "Kudrun," which has been edited by Professor Karl Bartsch, who is one of the very first living philological scholars of Germany. By means of an excellent literary and critical introduction, the concise arguments, the appended philological and explanatory foot-notes, and the complete glossary, anyone who is well acquainted with modern German will soon be able both to read and to enjoy this second great national Teutonic epic, which has frequently been compared with the *Odyssey*. These annotated works, coming from the hands of scholars, are the more gratefully to be acknowledged because they frequently involve more labour, and require more skill and learning, than is apparent to the general public. Philological students will also thank us for calling their attention to another work by the same editor, containing a selection of ancient German poems from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries inclusive. Professor Bartsch has edited this work on the same plan which he followed in connection with the grand epic "Kudrun," and with equal skill.

The dramatic works of the past year are of more or less literary value, but have this one feature in common, that they are mostly patriotic, or national. The hero of the "Vaterländisches Trauerspiel" (National Tragedy), by Herr W. Hosäus, is the brave Prinz Louis Ferdinand. Herr Hans Koster has had the courage to dramatize the gigantic character of Ulrich von Hutten. Then we have, from Ferdinand von Saar, "Kaiser Heinrich IV.," and from Julius Grosse, "Der Letzte Grieche" (The Last Greek), the hero of which is the great Grecian general, Philipomen. The well-known playwright, Gustav zu Putlitz, has written for the stage a good comedy, entitled "Um die Krone" (For the Crown), the scene of which passes at the Court of the Empress Catherine II. of Russia. A most important dramatic production has also been published by Arnold Ruge; it is called "Zwei Doppel-Romane in Dramatischer Form" (Two Double Romances in a Dramatic Form), and consists of a tragedy and a comedy. The former—a most effective drama—is entitled "Marie Bluntfield," and has an historical background in the times of the Scottish Reformation, whilst the latter is a merry story of the year 1848, in which English, German, and French personages do their best to give the reader no respite in the pleasant occupation of laughing.

A German scholar has begun to write a history of the drama. The first two volumes of Dr. Klein's "Geschichte des Dramas" embrace the plays of the Greeks and Romans. The work is written with great industry and ability; but we must abstain from a final judgment on its value until it is completed. The first volume of Uhland's posthumous works has appeared; and if the subsequent volumes—as we confidently anticipate—should prove equal to the first instalment, we may expect to receive a series of papers of great interest. The first volume, which gives a mass of valuable information in a simple and clear style, contains, besides, the clue to many ballads by the same author. Another posthumous work of great importance to the literary historian has been published by Professor Koberstein, viz., Professor Lœbell's excellent work on G. E. Lessing, the

substance of which consists of lectures delivered by the learned author at the University of Bonn. Dr. Kreyszig has devoted his attention to modern French authors in his interesting "Studien zur Französischen Cultur- und Literaturgeschichte" (Essays on the History of Civilization and Literature in France), beginning with Béranger, and ending with Victor Hugo; and Dr. Bodenstedt has been commissioned by the "German Shakespeare Society" to publish the first volume of their "Jahrbuch" (Annual). In this volume, Professor Koberstein gives an interesting account of the gradual and increasing acquaintance of the Germans with Shakespeare, down to the year 1864. Professor Delius has an excellent treatise on the Sonnets of Shakespeare. Professor Ulrici's paper chiefly refers to Christopher Marlowe's relation to the greatest of the dramatists; and Dr. Elze, whose "Life of Walter Scott" we reviewed not long ago, shows in his contribution, "Hamlet in France," how Shakespeare became gradually known on the other side of the Channel, and gives at the same time a very amusing account of the criticisms of the French on our chief poet. Hofrath A. Schöll draws an interesting comparison between Shakespeare and Sophocles. Dr. Bernays conclusively proves that Shakespeare was by no means a secret Catholic and fanatic; and Professor Eckardt has a very good paper on the German adaptations and translations of the dramatist. Among the remainder of the articles interesting to English readers, we can only mention Professor Bodenstedt's admirable papers on Mrs. Siddons, and on "Chapman's Relation to Shakespeare;" and the bibliographical contributions by Dr. Albert Cohn, the author of "Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." It may also interest our readers to know that the German Shakespeare Society has sent a memorial to the various Governments of Germany, praying for a more liberal provision of English instruction in German Universities. There is certainly no lack in Germany either of eminent English professors, or of excellent works on the English language. We have lately met with a "Geschichte der Englischen Sprache" (History of the English Language), by Dr. Gustav Schneider, which is so elaborately and ably executed, that it may be taken as a striking proof of the great industry and zeal with which the study of English is carried on in Germany.

Our cosmopolitan cousins have, on the occasion of the Dante Festival, also formed a Dante Society, with reference to which several papers have already appeared. But, as a publication of more general and greater interest, we must mention the *Jahrbuch für Literaturgeschichte* (Year Book of Literary History), edited by Dr. Richard Gosche, and published by the firm of Ferd. Dümmler, at Berlin. The first portion of the book contains some literary essays of general interest, and the second gives a condensed account of all the works, issued during the years 1863 and 1864, which have direct reference to the history of letters.

The service which Professor Sybel has rendered in the famous controversy about the correspondence of Marie Antoinette, has been mentioned in our notice of French Literature. The mania for publishing letters from celebrated personages still continues in Germany, as elsewhere. Sometimes new light is thrown on historical events, but frequently such works only give rise to scandals. We have lately touched upon this point in noticing Hermann Grimm's "Neue Essays." One of those essays refers to the publication of Varnhagen von Ense's "Nachlass." During the past year, Miss Ludmilla Assing has issued two new volumes of correspondence, including letters by the political poet Stagemann, Metternich, Heine, and Bettina von Arnim, together with letters, annotations, and notes, by Varnhagen von Ense. These volumes are of the greatest interest, both from a literary and an historical point of view. The letters of Varnhagen himself shine forth in all these collections like brilliant meteors. Nothing can be more polished and elegant in form than Varnhagen's epistolary communications, no matter on what topic he writes. This is also the case with the few letters which are found in Professor Al. Büchner's small but interesting publication, "Briefe des Prinzen Louis Ferdinand von Preussen an Pauline Wiesel." The letters of these two extraordinary persons are very original, with all their astounding blunders against grammar and orthography. Another small volume of letters has been published by Dr. Köchel. The title announces, pompously enough, "Eighty-three newly-discovered Original Letters by Ludwig van Beethoven;" but there are several short notes which it was hardly necessary to publish. Some of the longer letters, however, are not without interest, as showing the relation in which the composer stood to the Archduke Rudolph, then Cardinal Archbishop of Olmütz.

Of miscellaneous works, we can simply mention the second volume of Jacob Grimm's "Kleinere Schriften," which contains some excellent essays on mythological, historical, and philological objects, and the completion of the useful German Dictionary by Dr. Sanders. Grimm's Dictionary (which, when finished, will be a lasting monument of German learning and industry) is indispensable for the scholar, whilst the work of Dr. Sanders is more a practical book of reference. Other books of less importance we must pass over. We do not pretend to mention every work, even among those which deserve to be mentioned, for the simple reason that it would be impracticable. Nor is it necessary. Our chief object is to give a general view of the progress and cha-

racter of the literary year abroad. As regards Germany, we have shown that the political element now prevails in her literature. Whether the present ferment will be like heat-lightning which brings no storm, or whether it will result in a radical change in the political condition of Germany, cannot, of course, be predicted by any human being.

But it is a remarkable sign of the times that all the German papers, even those which are for the most part literary, critical, or popular, including the illustrated papers, bear now a more or less political stamp. An analysis of German periodicals would undoubtedly be of interest to our readers. We are, however, unable to do more than merely mention *Westermann's Illustrirte Monatshefte* and the *Freya*, edited by Moritz Hartmann, which, although illustrated, are of a superior kind. Herr Hackländer's *Ueber Land und Meer* is a beautifully got-up and well-edited illustrated paper, similar to the *Illustrated London News*. Those who wish to read spirited and impartial criticisms on general literature should peruse the *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung*, published by Brockhaus, and edited by the eminent literary historian, Rudolf Gottschall; while those whose object is to make themselves acquainted with the important publications of any branch of science or of theology, must refer to Dr. Zarnke's *Literarisches Centralblatt*. The *Deutsches Museum*, edited by the poet Robert Prutz, and the *Bremer Sonntagsblatt*, edited by Dr. Meyer, are also excellent weekly papers, of an intellectual as well as readable character.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THE literary genius of Italy still lies dormant. It is true that we find here and there some very noteworthy productions, which would be an ornament to the literature of any country; but they form the exception, and can by no means be taken as a general expression of a continuous literary activity. Some hopes were entertained of an intellectual regeneration on the occasion of the late Dante Festival, or, as some termed it, with a smack of industrial and commercial enterprise, the Dante Exhibition. These hopes, however, could only have been cherished by those who are not acquainted with what might be called the natural history of similar festivities—by those who do not know that a fresh literary activity must spring up spontaneously, and who are of opinion that a new literature can be produced by external causes, as if by a magic stroke. We are all aware that similar public demonstrations are very rarely productive of any good result, and leave no trace behind, unless they are to serve some special practical purpose. The failure of our own Shakespeare Tercentenary Festival is a striking illustration of the general futility of all such public expressions of hero-worship. One of the following conditions seems absolutely necessary for success in the celebration of a poet's anniversary. Either the nation must lead a kind of intellectual Arcadian life, as the ancient Greeks are supposed to have done, and people must have nothing else to do than to talk of poetry and the fine arts; or the nation must have been plunged into an intellectual apathy, and must be on the very eve of its regeneration just about the time of the celebration; or, finally, the celebration must be used, whether consciously or unconsciously, as a political manifestation. Not one of these conditions existed in our own country at the time of the Shakespeare Festival. We lead a life of constant labour, and are thus precluded from indulging in the luxury of constantly thinking and talking about æsthetics, poetry, and the fine arts. On the other hand, we are sufficiently intellectual not to require an absolute regeneration. Shakespeare still forms part and parcel of the well-educated Englishman's mind. We celebrate him daily in reading his works, and we do not see why we should make a noise about his birth-day because it took place three hundred years ago. That the third condition did not exist in this country needs no further exposition.

Among the Germans, Schiller is a politician as well as a poet; hence the celebration of his centenary birthday was universal wherever there was even the smallest community of Germans. Schiller is the embodiment of the aspirations of the present day; and, although it is generally admitted that Germany has a great affection for her poets, it cannot be denied that the Schiller festival was a species of political movement. That the Italians do not lead an Arcadian life we know full well; they have also been sufficiently successful in their national aims not to require any more public demonstrations. This is the reason why the Dante Festival, in spite of all the official splendour and the general enthusiasm, had more of an antiquarian than of a literary or political character. We do not make this assertion in disparagement of the unrivalled genius of the great Ghibelline poet, soldier, and statesman, nor to the discredit of the Italians themselves. It is very likely that the festival would have been celebrated in a totally different manner throughout Italy if it had taken place before the diplomatic success of Count Cavour and the military victories of Garibaldi. It is true literary apathy exists at present among the Italians, and has done so for a very long period; but their intellectual regeneration, whenever it may

arrive, will not date from the Dante Festival. A people cannot perform two gigantic tasks—that of becoming a united nation from scattered elements, and that of inaugurating a new literary era—at one and the same time. The latter task will probably be accomplished at some later period, when the verses from the sixth canto of the *Purgatory* in the “*Divine Comedy*”—

“Vieni a veder la tua Roma che piange
Vedova, sola e die e notte chiama
Cesare mio perché non mi accompagne?”

—which were used as an inscription on the blade of the sword presented to the King at the Dante Festival, will have become an anachronism.

The interest of the learned in the Dante Festival was very lively. The Dantophilists from all countries flocked to Florence as on a literary pilgrimage. Several poets—English, Germans, and French—sent their poems in honour of the hero of the celebration, and Dante Bibliography received many valuable contributions. Most of these, however, were published in the year 1864. One of the most useful of those issued during the past year is the “*Bibliografia Dantesca*,” published by Romagnoli, at Bologna. It contains a complete catalogue of the editions, translations, and commentaries of and on the “*Divina Commedia*,” and is a continuation of the well-known work by the Visconte Colomb de Batines. Italian scholars will also find considerable assistance in Professor Perazzi's “*Fraseologia della Divina Commedia e delle Liriche di Dante Alighieri*,” in three volumes, which contain, besides, some excellent information on the phraseology of Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso; and the geographical information requisite for the understanding of the poem will be found in Signor Canino's “*Descrizione Geografica dell'Italia ad Illustrazione della Divina Commedia*.”

The greatest number of works issued in Italy during the year 1865, besides the countless publications in prose and poetry referring to the great Florentine genius, are of an historical, political, scientific, educational, and devotional character. A very important publication of documentary history is entitled “*Storia Documentata della Diplomazia Europea in Italia dall'anno 1814 all'anno 1861*,” by Signor Nicomede Bianchi. The whole work is to consist of six volumes, the first of which has already appeared. It will contain a history of Italy based on documents from the archives, which are now more accessible than they were in former times. In the first volume we find many important disclosures as to the intrigues of the various Governments whose interests were connected with those of Italy. The historical commission at Parma has issued a work of the greatest interest with reference to the important events of the sixteenth century. It is called “*Cento Lettere del Capitano Francesco Marchi*.” The writer of these “*Hundred Letters*,” who was considered the greatest authority on fortification before Vauban, accompanied the Duchess Margherita of Parma, in the year 1559, to Brussels, where he composed his famous military work, and where he began to write these letters, in which he gives free vent to his indignation at the cruel proceedings of Alba. A not less important work of the same kind has been published by Professor Giuseppe de Leva. It is entitled “*Storia Documentata di Carlo V. in correlazione all'Italia*.” Signor Bonfiglio's “*Italia e Confederazione Germanica*” is interesting to the professional politician, rather than to the general reader.

A number of English works have been translated into Italian, especially such as refer to social topics and political economy. We trust that the Italians, whose well-wishers we are, will profit by the experiences of our own country.

GREEK LITERATURE.

WITH reference to current Greek literature, of which we gave some account last year, we will for the present only call the attention of those of our readers who are acquainted with the modern vernacular of Greece to the Greek National Kalendar—*Ἡμερολόγιον τοῦ ἔτους 1865*—published at Paris, by M. Vretos, about the beginning of last year. This work contains, among some irrelevant matter, accompanied by plates of certain personages who will probably know as little as the reader himself what business they have in the book, some very useful and interesting literary and statistical information. The Kalendar also presents tales, poems, accounts of travels, and scientific essays. The publication is recommended to the Parisian public in a French advertisement as “*Le seul livre d'étrennes qui existe en langue Grecque*,” and, as New-year's gifts are tyrannically exacted in France, no more suitable present could be made by the French to their Greek friends than this Kalendar, which probably has not failed to make its appearance also at the beginning of the present year. This is certainly the most important publication in current Greek literature, although issued in a foreign land—a circumstance which must not surprise us, since the best Greek patriots live out of Greece.

THE FINE ARTS YEAR.

A YEAR is but a short space in which to notice the transitions and changes which accompany the growth of art: we say "growth," because, though art has survived many ages and outlived many nations, it shows no sign of exhaustion; so far from this, indeed, there seems to be for ever some unfolding to come. The phases of art may be observed to vary constantly with the ebbing and flowing of the tide of civilization, for art rides, as it were, on the great wave of thought that stirs the different peoples, but, as one of the most imposing and beautiful modes of expression, art leads a life of immortal youth. Profound indeed is the truth of Cicero's well-worn motto, "*Ars longa, vita brevis est.*" It is true that we are told to look back at the monuments of art in ancient Egypt; the grand Olympus which art created in Greece; the grosser but not feeble art of Rome; the Byzantine splendour of ornament with Gothic fancy and invention; the perfect beauty of form, colour, and expression in Italian art; and then see if there is no falling off. The comparison is indeed as of Hyperion to a Satyr; yet we are of the race, and all that beauty is our inheritance. The age of chivalry, they say, is gone; but we should be sorry indeed to think all that is chivalrous in feeling was banished for ever from amongst us. So in art, while we have to lament in our time much that is trivial, commonplace, or even pandering to ignoble and perverted taste, yet there are to be observed the signs of fine feeling and noble aspirations in the works of some artists of our day, and still more in the higher appreciation of art and the spread of more refined taste in the public. It is this that represents the eternal youth of art, though its form may change. We have to bear in mind that the art of the time must inevitably express and reflect the sentiments and feeling of the time. The subjects of Michael Angelo and Raphael—their torments of the damned, their last judgments, their miraculous interventions, their holy families—would no more belong to our age than colossal statues of Memnon, of Jupiter Olympus or Athene, did to the age of Italian art. It would be an absurd affectation, as well as a fruitless effort, if the artists of our day were to occupy themselves with subjects of this kind, and cultivate over again those walks of art which have been explored and exhausted, simply because they were so beautiful. We have indeed passed, as all other nations have, through our surfeit of classicism, when we could see no beauty in anything which did not reflect the antique or the old masters. We apprehend no one would welcome again the era of Reynolds, with his "Three Graces (portraits all) decorating a terminal figure of Hymen," his "Infant Samuel," and his "Holy Family," painted in imitation rather than emulation of the old masters; of Thornhill, with his decorative pictures in the dome of St. Paul's and at Greenwich; of West, with his "Cleombrotus banished from Sparta," his "Pylades and Orestes," or even his "Christ Healing the Sick," "The Last Supper," and the "Raising of Lazarus;" or of Barry, with his great classical allegories on the walls of the hall in the Adelphi. All this was a repetition of what followed in Italy after the sun of Michael Angelo and Raphael had set, and the academic school of the Caracci began to have their day. It was transitional; better than the no-art of the "Sturm und Drang" period, which preceded and brought forth the Royal Academy, and it had its good effect at least in rousing the thoughts of the people by these tremendous attempts of the painters of the Academy, although they were failures, and more still by the establishment of regular Exhibitions. It is to these, combined with the great amount of increased attention bestowed on art which they have mainly given rise to, that we are disposed to attribute the advance of our own times. We may remark here too, for our encouragement, that exhibitions of pictures and works of art of every kind are more numerous than ever; not that they always fulfil the English demand of "paying," for this seems to be of secondary consideration so long as they are kept up, and answer the higher purpose of bringing together beautiful things, and creating interest and discussion upon their merits. We may see in this "movement" enough to satisfy us that the love of art is not doomed, like some of our fond feelings, to disenchantment; rather is it still showing a deeper and stronger hold over us as a people, whatever may be the present condition of art and its practical shape in the hands of the sculptor and painter. As we come to pass in review the prominent and most characteristic works of the year, the prevailing tendency of the artist-mind will be observed, and we shall see how far this is in harmony with or influenced by any corresponding feeling which prevails generally in society, and exercises its influence materially over artists and the world of taste. We are not to be discouraged because amongst our sculptors we find no Phidias, and in our painters no Raphael; they would be a standard unfit, as belonging to a past age, and one that meets but a cold sympathy in the hearts of our time, although it must ever be regarded as the realization of a sublime ideal.

The art of our time touches many chords which could not have been played upon the ancient lyre; or, if they could, would wake no echo in the hearts of a people in the one case preoccupied

with some tragic destiny of the Fates, as the Greeks were, or in the other overawed by a priesthood assuming the powers of blessing with everlasting happiness, or cursing to endless torments, as in Italy. With a Euripides and a Dante in place of a Shakespeare; or, to bring the comparison still nearer, a Tennyson, to feed the imagination; with no great foaming surface of sensational romances; there was no atmosphere for an art of intensely human sympathies, appealing to the sentiments and the affections, as that of the painters of the present day does. Nothing is easier than to join in with the common lament over our art as so inferior to the antique and the Italian Renaissance, when, in truth, it is not fair to make the comparison, except so far as the great principles of art are concerned. We may look back to the old masters in vain for such examples of art appealing to the domestic sentiment, or the romantic sentimental order, as afford so lively an interest in our Exhibitions. The standard may not be a very high one; but we have yet to see what may be accomplished by our painters in this direction, and the year just gone certainly appears to have brought us nearer to the highest point of expression in subjects of the kind we refer to, as well as in those of the dramatic order. We shall observe also that, in historical-incident painting, modern art bears the comparison well with the past, although in the grand treatment of historical subjects, and in large subjects of a wholly imaginative character, like the sacred and secular allegories of the old schools, we have made but few attempts and no advances. The great frescoes at Westminster by Mr. Herbert and Mr. Maclise, however, may be claimed by England as foremost in the rank of historical art; and one of these, "The Death of Nelson," by Maclise, comes within the completed works of the year. The modern painters of other countries should not be overlooked in this estimate, when they have produced works of the same importance as examples of National Art, in the great battle-pieces of the French school, by Vernet, Yvon, Bellangé, Bougereau, and others; in such noble pictures as the "Denouncing of the Duke of Athens" by Ussi, of the Italian, and Gallait's "Abdication of Charles V.," of the Belgian school; in the "Nero after the Burning of Rome," by Carl Piloty; in the "Martyrdom of Huss," by Lessing, to say nothing of the cartoons and frescoes by Cornelius, Kaulbach, and Overbeck, whose death at a ripe old age has to be counted with the losses of the year.

But we may observe how the vitality of art is showing itself vigorously in the direction of landscape. This is almost entirely the result of the love for natural beauty which has been so cultivated and encouraged by the poetic taste of modern times. Every year brings new beauties in landscape art, and in this we may congratulate our age as much upon having enlarged the scope of art as upon having opened up fresh fields of infinite and inexhaustible beauty—fields that were only just entered upon by Claude and Poussin, and the old Dutch masters, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Cuyp, and Both. Gainsborough, Richard Wilson, Turner, Collins, Constable, were honoured explorers; Copley, Fielding, Stanfield, Creswick, Lee, Danby, Linnell, well sustained the study by the beautiful examples they contributed, till we have now a school of landscape to be seen at work in its fullest vigour and most promising condition in the Exhibitions of the past year. And very much the same may be said of the state of landscape in the hands of the French and Flemish painters, though here we have to remark the absence of a school of water-colour painters, which with us plays such a very important part in the development of landscape art.

There remains still another view which is peculiar to modern art; that in which mere picturesqueness and material beauty are more the aim than subject. Works of this kind were certain to come out of the increased demand for pictures and the improved technical resources acquired by the artists. At no time were there better examples of this style in painting and sculpture. The Exhibitions abound with works of this description; most of all at the Academy, where Mr. Phillip takes his stand on this ground; and this is perhaps the best and most favourable instance we could point to. In the works of the water-colour painters may be noticed the same tendency to elaborate the effects of colour in landscape and figure painting, and still more in those feats of the palette which the late Mr. Hunt achieved, and for which he created sufficient popularity to make his pieces of ripe fruit, flowers, and birds'-nests, thrown together in the most heedless regard for any of the proprieties except that of rich colour, a regular article in demand, which, of course, plenty of painters are ready to supply.

In Architecture we can detect very readily the evidence of the corresponding tendency to run into excess of ornament, and the use of costly material. We see this in the polished granite and marble columns and entablatures of our public buildings, in those magnificent palazzi of the modern Pitti and Farnesi of London in Lombard Street, and those huge piles of so-called warehouses in the splendid new street of the old City, as well as in the similar work-palaces of her rival, the Cottonopolis of provincial manufacture and commerce.

In Art Manufacture, also, the same feeling prevails for ornament which is generally extravagant, and often becomes gaudy in the extreme. The fashionable furniture-makers supply every form of the Louis XVI. style—the most florid, not to say licentious, of all French styles—in the richest and most showy material that velvet, silk, burl, marqueterie, and carving and

gilding, can produce. Much of this work, which was formerly rare and choice as the work of artists of their kind, is now done by steam machinery. It is cheapened, of course, by this means, but so multiplied that it will inevitably become common to a point that will lead to disgust, and then we may hope to have some originality of design. It already wants much of the *finesse* and perfection of workmanship which give so much charm to the real old furniture. In glass, porcelain, and enamel-manufacture, there seems to be less of the disposition to copy old examples, more vigour of design, and certainly a perfection of work not surpassed by, and in some respects even superior to, that of the old workers. In metal work and jewellery, while we notice the reflection of the luxury of the age in such a universal taste for display as threatens the necessity of a return to the old sumptuary law which restrained the wealthy Florentines at the height of their prosperity, there is, nevertheless, a decided improvement in all art of this kind. There are artificers in Rome, Florence, Paris, London, who may fairly be compared with the famous Benvenuto Cellini, and some of their works, it is notorious, have completely deceived the best judges. Even in Birmingham, it is most interesting to see that the old trade in gilt imitations and sham jewels has been supplemented by genuine art-work of the best taste; and there the art workman may be seen chiselling his gold work and carefully fusing the tints of his enamelling, with Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament," and Digby Wyatt's "Metal Work," at his elbow. The Birmingham jeweller is no longer only the gilt-toy maker who supplied the cheap-jack of the fairs; he has been to see the priceless treasures of his art in the Vatican, in the Louvre, in the Pitti and Uffizi, and already competes with the best workshops. This is a striking instance of our advance in fine art within the last two or three years—an advance arising out of the International Exhibition, which showed our artificers, in the splendid specimens of modern work from the hands of Rudolfi and Castellani, how completely the art of the best periods, in the antique or the Italian style, is now within the reach of our own workmen.

Turning now towards the Exhibitions of the year, we shall not be able to detect either weakness and decadence, or an inanimate and dull mediocrity, such as might belong to a period of prejudice in favour of the classical and orthodox in art; on the contrary, we shall have to notice how many signs of labour and healthy aspiration there are in the works of our painters, although, as yet, there is no great achievement of genius to record. As we have already endeavoured to point out, the feeling of modern art is not to be considered in the same category with that of the past. There was only one picture in the Academy Exhibition which could be compared with the old masters for the severity of its style, and that was the "Esau" of Mr. G. F. Watts; and this fine fresco-like figure had more the character of the art of Masaccio than of the true Academic of the Caracci. It was more naturalistic than ideal; in this respect corresponding with the spirit in which Mr. Herbert's great fresco of "The Delivery of the Law," in the House of Parliament, is conceived. At the same time, this work displayed much of the grand simplicity indispensable to the treatment of the higher subjects of religious and historic art. It is, however, one of our regrets that the painter has never fulfilled the promise of his cartoon of "Caractacus," his success in portraiture, which has placed him at the head of that school, having apparently led his thoughts away from the pursuit of the highest efforts of painting in composition. In portraiture, however, we cannot forget that Mr. Watts contributed this year some very remarkable works; those of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bowman, and Mr. Hanbury, being fairly comparable with the finest examples of Rembrandt and Titian. It is sufficient for the honour of the English school to say that to be great in portraiture admits to the highest rank in art, where Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and all the nobles, stand; but this is quite a different thing from the honours of the Royal Academy, which have not yet fallen upon Mr. Watts. It is true these may not have been sought by him; but the fact is noticeable as significant of the relation still existing between the Academy and the artists, notwithstanding the prospect held out at the beginning of last year that some great reforms were to be made. In the recognition of Mr. Leighton's merits, the Academy were amply justified by his pictures contributed this year—his "David," and the "Helen of Troy." The "David" was a work of fine religious expression, and painted with great boldness, though deficient in some of the minor technicalities of good colour and pictorial effect. The "Helen" was especially interesting as a work of imaginative power and poetic sentiment—qualities which are at present too much overshadowed by the taste for realistic study which fascinates our painters, and meets with too ready encouragement from a public gorged with the photographs and stereoscopes. Unless Mr. Leighton should follow the example of so many young painters, and leave off the worship of his art now that he has got within the circle of the Academy, we may look for some still better things from him. Mr. Armitage's picture, called "Esther's Banquet," but which represented the far more dramatic incident of Haman entreating the Assyrian Queen for his life, was generally admitted to be his best work as yet contributed to the Academy. In it he avoided the almost gigantic figures of his former works, which have more kindred with the somewhat inflated style of several of the French studios

than with ours, and gave us a picture admirable in composition, vigorous and expressive, and altogether more in accordance with the requisites of an easel picture. That an artist of such capabilities should be so long only a probationer for the Academic degree, says little in favour of the Academic system.

Mr. Herbert's small picture, "The Sower of Good Seed," was an example of the painter's refined naturalism, combined with a deep feeling for sentiment of the religious and poetic order, and [this with much true art. The work went far to show us that perfect nature, in all its simplicity and truth, is not incompatible with the highest art. Still, the assertion of Cicero, "Ars dux certior quam natura," would remain sound, because mere naturalism, as we see in so much work of our time, would lead to our dispensing with art altogether. It was remarkable that Mr. Millais should have chosen also to paint, as it were, a parable, in his singular picture of "Satan, or the Enemy Sowing Tares;" but here the subject was treated without any naturalism. Even the opening in the dark sky was made to look like two great wings spreading from the shoulders of the very Hebraic version of "The Enemy," and the fiery-eyed monster with the green serpents filled up the measure of the unnatural, without, however, for a moment suggesting the parable, for the personage was palpably a demon. Yet Mr. Millais was the first to introduce naturalistic imitation amongst the rising men of our school, when he painted those marvellous silk stockings of his "Young Lord," and the velvet dress of his "Mariana;" indeed, we see how closely he adhered to this principle in the most important work contributed to the Exhibition of the year, "The Roman Soldier and his Lover." His art led him in this to portray, not the parting despair of the lovers, but the correct costume of the Roman legionary and the dark-browed British girl in her savage dress of skins; otherwise, some attitude more expressive would have been found than that of the noble Roman on his knees burying his face in the lap of the girl. Mr. Millais's other pictures, of the young lady leaning in the old chair, and the one on her knees in complete steel, to stand for a Joan of Arc, evince no more intellectual intention, and altogether it was difficult not to feel that one of the youngest and most promising of the Academicians had disappointed us. In these works there is none of that just balance of the natural and the ideal which is necessary in art.

There are several other young painters beside Mr. Millais, who, having mastered the technicalities, apply themselves to subjects either of a small poetic sentiment, such as Mr. Sandys' "Gentle Spring," or Mr. Arthur Hughes's "Mower;" or something more romantic and recondite in its meaning, as Mr. Prinsep's "Lady of the Tooti Nanch," Mr. Stanhope's "Beauty and the Beast," or, still more pronounced, in his "Winepress" and "The Mill," in the Winter Exhibition at the French Gallery. And perhaps Mr. Whistler's "Little White Girl," and his other clever eccentricities, should come under the same description. Generally speaking, the work is good in these pictures, while the sentiment is overstrained and far-fetched. They reflect very much the spirit of extravagant sensationalism which prevails so widely in certain classes, and the hope is that artists of such ability will soon pass through this vein of morbid sentimentality, and gradually come to take a larger view of art. Mr. Prinsep's "Jane Shore" was a picture remarkable for power of expression in the countenance of the wretched woman hunted down by the savage rabble, and his more important picture, "Whispering Tongues can Poison Truth," exhibited in 1863, was also a work of better promise. Mr. Sandys reached the highest point of that sensuous kind of beauty at which he aims, in the three small heads of the same flaxen-haired model exhibited in the Winter Exhibition—"The Ear-Drop," "The Flower," and "The Mary Magdalen;" and these pictures are especially noticeable as exemplifying the taste of the day for extreme finish, especially when combined with a certain luxury of colour, and what some would call "a delicious languor" in the expression of the countenance and attitude. The same elaborate study of the material side of painting as opposed to the ideal, in a spirit of absolute reliance on the exact resemblance of objects, was to be noticed in the pictures which Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Martineau, and Mr. Madox Brown, exhibited apart from the Academy. Whether we consider Mr. Hunt's "Egyptian Girl," or the portrait group which is his latest effort in this line, there is the same spirit of realistic art at work, as if the painter's belief was, that, if he could bring his subject in this positive manner on the canvas, it must be true, and to be true is to be beautiful. The grain of truth obtained in this way is beautiful; but to attempt to fill up the measure of art with it, is the error. Mr. Madox Brown's picture of "Work" should be remembered as perhaps the greatest sacrifice of the "beautiful" to the "matter of fact." We are asked to regard the moral of their works by painters of this aim; but this is not the purpose of the art. If an artist wishes to convey a lesson in his picture, he must nevertheless consent to make beauty the first principle of his work. There was a picture of this aim in the Academy, by Mr. Elmore, called "On the Brink;" the subject was of some tempter of virtue who had seized the moment when a beautiful woman had lost her fortune in the gambling hall. The picture was full of artistic beauty, and, as an instance of expression in art, the girl's face and attitude were singularly striking. The whole scene of the

"hell" was depicted without the least attempt at the realism so offensive to taste, and so unworthy of the true artist.

Mr. Elmore's picture is to be noted as especially characteristic of the feeling of the time for an art that stirs the emotions and sympathies in the most piercing manner. The principle of "repose" is closely trenched upon in works of this kind, and we saw this brought to the very verge of violation in Mr. Ward's clever picture of "The Night of Rizzio's Murder;" still, there was a dramatic power of painting in this work that again looks well for our art. The dangerous point the artist has to avoid in a line of this kind is the making his picture too much a reproduction of the acted scenes of the stage, which, it must be remembered, are transient, while the painter's scene is to remain always before the eye. As admirable examples of the pictorial dramatic, we should refer to those fine works of the Belgian painter, M. Gallait, exhibited at the French and Flemish Gallery (1864), "Vargas taking the Oath," and "Egmont and Horne hearing their Sentence of Death." The two pictures contributed to last year's Exhibition by this eminent man, called "Illusion" and "Désillusion," the last also named "Columbus in Prison," were of a different order and a less impressive sentiment. Those wonderful little cabinet gems of M. Meissonier, of parties of gambling soldiers of the 17th century, are less remarkable for dramatic character than for the perfection of picturesque figure drawing, and justness of relation in the grouping and play of colour—qualities of rare technical acquirement. Mr. Phillip's superb work of its kind, "The early Career of Murillo," we have already alluded to as an example of the interest of the subject being overpowered and outshone by the picturesque beauty of the subordinate elements in the groups of characteristic Spanish people, the group of monks, and the general brilliancy of the painting. If the part of Murillo were left out, the picture would lose but little. A picture of Spaniards at a bull-fight, by a young painter, Mr. Burgess, called "Bravo, Toro!" created, most deservedly, much interest; and there were two pictures of Spanish subjects by another young painter, Mr. Long, in Mr. Wallis's Winter Exhibition, called "Corpus Christi," and "Mat-making in Seville," which, though a little too much in the manner of Mr. Phillip, promised highly for the future of such an artist. As coming into the same class, we may mention also, amongst the best pictures of the year, Mr. Faed's "Last of the Clan," Mr. Goodall's "Rising of the Nile," Mr. Lewis's "Turkish School," and Mr. Ansdell's "Treading out the Corn, in Granada." Mr. Hook's pictures in his later manner, which, by the way, is infinitely his best, differ in this important respect from those just mentioned, that they are distinguished more by feeling for nature and natural expression than by mere imitation of the objects chosen. His seas and landscape of the coast are never painted in close imitation of nature; they are broadly suggested, while the interest of the picture mainly rests in the subject expressed in the figures. As a work of a leading painter, these pictures offer a lesson to those of our younger artists who are too much disposed to make high finish and exact imitation of appearance their chief aim.

Two or three subject pictures by artists comparatively unknown deserve to be recalled, such as Mr. Orchardson's "Hamlet and Ophelia," and his "Christopher Sly," in Mr. Wallis's Exhibition; Mr. P. R. Morris's "Jesu Salvator," as the first work of the prize student sent abroad by the Academy; Mr. A. B. Clay's "Charles IX. and his Court on the Morning of the Massacre of the Huguenots;" Mr. G. A. Storey's "Royal Challenge;" "Henry VIII. and the Cudgel-player;" and "The Last Days of Queen Elizabeth," by Mr. W. D. Wynfield.

The Academy Exhibition had more than the usual number of pictures exhibited by foreign artists, amongst which will be remembered favourably Madame Jerichau's "Wounded Danish Soldier Nursed by his Betrothed;" M. E. Signol, "Christ descendu de la Croix;" M. A. Legros' "Le Lutrín," and "Les Retameurs;" and two travelling tinkers at work, by M. E. Ribot.

Certain painters who shall be nameless did not shine in the Academy Exhibition of this year, their pictures being simply good, rather commonplace works; some of these artists were of the Academy, some only candidates, and we can simply hope that they may be at work for the next Exhibition with a little more earnestness and originality.

In Landscapes, there was no picture of decided mark, though Mr. Leader's "Autumn's Last Gleam," Mr. Macallum's "Rome from the Illex Groves of Villa Mellini," Mr. C. N. Hemy's "Lone Sea Shore," and Mr. H. W. Williams's "Summer Hayfield," may be named as works of the modern school of high finish. Mr. Vicat Cole's "Spring" was a landscape that exceeded the limits of ordinary high finish, and became an example of the realistic style which Mr. Edmund Warren affects amongst the water-colour painters; the two artists having chosen almost precisely similar subjects in the bright tints of spring-time. Mr. H. B. W. Davis's large picture, "The Strayed Herd," as an example of cattle and landscape, was the one very remarkable work. This and the fine picture by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, painted on the same large scale, "Deer in the Forest of Fontainebleau," exhibited at the French and Flemish Gallery, may be considered the chief examples in this most pleasing walk of art, that come within the notice of the past year's works.

The lady artists were not seen in very great force, with the exception of Madame Jerichau's picture. Mrs. Ward did not

contribute, and Miss Solomon attempted nothing remarkable; Miss Edwards painted one picture, "The Last Kiss." The best pictures were Miss Osborn's "Christmas Time," and Miss Emma Brownlow's "Brittany Conscript." At the Exhibition of the Society of Female Artists, there were many good examples of fair ability in water-colour landscapes, and fruit and flower pieces, but nothing, we regret to say, which could really do justice to the position which women are entitled to for their works contributed to the Academy and other Exhibitions. It is evident enough that women artists, at least, will not compete with themselves only, and will not unite successfully in the shape of a society. The Society of Female Artists have reached their tenth year of a rather troubled life in Pall Mall, and now enter upon a new venture at the Gallery of the Architects, in Conduit Street. It should be noted that one of the medals of the Royal Academy was awarded this year to a lady student, and the Government School of Art for women continues to flourish.

In Sculpture, the Academy exhibited the same absence of good works which has unfortunately been the case for some years past. The art, with us at least, is at a low ebb. There were the usual ranks well filled with portrait busts, but the ideal works were few and feeble. Mr. Macdowell, one of the four Academic sculptors, sent a prettily-modelled figure, called an "Eve;" but the most interesting works for originality and good technical merits were Mr. Woodington's bassi-relievi, which were, however, in what is more properly called flat-relief—a style that we saw made very effective in the large work in the International Exhibition, by the late Mr. A. Gatléy, of "Pharaoh and his Host destroyed in the Red Sea." In this case, the style of the ordinary bas-reliefs was more directly followed, and it is one that is certainly admirably suited to wall-decoration on a large scale, and perhaps might be brought under the work of the machine-carver.

We cannot leave the Academy without remarking, with some surprise, that nothing has been done towards the promised reform of that Institution. The body of associates has not been enlarged; the Exhibition will in all probability continue within the walls of the National Gallery, and the National pictures of the modern school will remain at South Kensington for at least another year. Whether the important step of choosing a new President as successor to the late Sir Charles Eastlake, whose death marked the close of the year, may facilitate or continue to retard the action of the Academy, will be a question to be watched with the greatest concern in the year now entered upon. The time, however, has come when the Academy ought no longer to hesitate to accept the position of a national institution, and follow the recommendations of Parliament, to enlarge the basis of their constitution. Connected with the position of the Academy is the decision of the Government to retain the site of the National Gallery, and the progress made towards the new building, for which Mr. Pennethorne has prepared plans, by the purchase of the ground behind Trafalgar Square. While all this is apparently so decisive, it is difficult to reconcile with it the scheme of a great "Central Hall of Science and Art" which has recently assumed a more palpable shape in the offices of such a national building at South Kensington. There, already, are more pictures than ought to be, and the acquisition of the famous cartoons of Raphael, which were removed from Hampton Court early in the spring, after being kept there ever since the time of Charles II., seems to point to a separation of these great works of painting which the nation possesses, from the national collection of pictures. However, it has been one of the most satisfactory objects attained during the year to have seen these noble works as well exhibited as they are at the South Kensington Museum. The new Raphael room is one of those rendered vacant by moving the Turner pictures to the National Gallery. It is too narrow to allow of a proper view of the noble cartoons, although it enables them to be better seen than they have been for so many years in the dingy room at Hampton Court. But this only renders it the more imperative that these grandest of all pictures be honoured as art demands they should be, by being placed in the tribune of our New National Gallery, whenever the country shall possess such a place.

Some of our chief sculptors have been occupied during the year, and will continue to be, upon the statues for the great monument of the Exhibition of '51 in Hyde Park, the massive foundations of which are now completed, and the solid work is waiting for the ornamental sculpture. It will take several years, however, to finish this important national monument, upon which all the talents of architecture and sculpture have been convoked. Speaking of national monuments, it is some satisfaction to know that the much-talked-of lions, which Sir Edwin Landseer has devoted himself to modelling for many years for the Nelson Monument, are at last nearly completed, two being in the hands of the bronze-caster. The national monument to Wellington in St. Paul's seems to have been altogether forgotten by artist and public since 1857. We have happily been spared the infliction of any very prominent heroic statues in our various public places during the past year; some two or three more of "Albert the Good" have been set up in quiet country towns, but this is all. The taste of the "lay element" seems to lie just now more in favour of memorial windows, cathedral bells, and Gothic drinking-fountains, and this is a diversion which may perhaps lead the sculptors to think more deeply over any

great works in statuary committed to them for the future. We must never forget, however, that sculptors are generally too much limited by the funds at command to be enabled to give full scope to their art; where the public treasury has been the paymaster, as at the Westminster Palace, the sculptors have come out better in single heroic statues. Still, when we remember what noble works were done by the old Italian sculptors, often with nothing but reputation as the reward, how inferior in spirit we seem! One of the most interesting works of decorative art of a sculptural kind finished during the year was the "Marmor Homericum," placed on the wall of the cloister in University College. This is an example of the incised black and white ornament, an Italian method revived principally by the taste and good work of M. Triquetti, the eminent French sculptor. The subject is cut into the white marble slab in outlines, partly filled up with shading lines in the manner of the Greek vases, the incised parts being then filled up with black cement. This work was the gift of Mr. Grote, the historian, and the subject represented is, as the name implies, taken from the "Iliad." There is another good public ornamental work worth notice in the large Italian Gothic fountain at the corner of Broad Sanctuary, Westminster. We may notice also, while referring to this important part of the metropolis, at once the forum and the Campo Santo of the nation, that there is a movement to pull down the towers of the Abbey, and restore them in harmony with the fine style of the nave and chancel of the Cathedral. This would be a most legitimate piece of restoration, and if the little nondescript church of St. Peter were pulled down and converted into a campanile, it would be an improvement most amply due to a spot hallowed by so many splendid memories. The decorations of St. Paul's are proceeding, Mr. Watts having been united in the work with Mr. Stephens; but it is extremely mortifying to see how slowly, and this at the same time not without certain obstructions, which seem altogether inadmissible as objections to give towards the noble purpose. It appears that certain promised donations have been alienated because the painted glass-work is not to be done by Englishmen. If the Munich glass-makers are more perfect in the art, and cheaper, the work should be done by them for the two reasons. Very probably our glass-painters could satisfy the taste of Mr. Penrose; but it is for them to show that they can compete with and equal the foreigner in every respect. A similar complaint has been set up in reference to the chromolithography employed by the Arundel Society, which is all the work of German lithographers, while all the important original copies are intrusted to an Italian artist. As to copies, however, an Englishman, Mr. Wheelwright, exhibited some copies in water-colour at Mitchell's, in Bond Street, at the end of the season, which far surpass anything ever accomplished in this way, and showed that it is possible to come much nearer to the great works of the old masters, both in expression and fine colour, than has hitherto been supposed. A collection of really first-rate copies of the masterpieces of old would be an exemplar of the highest service at South Kensington. Recurring to the subject of the completion of St. Paul's by foreign artist-workmen, we must remember that the Santa Croce of Florence, we might say of Italy, was restored at the expense of an Englishman; and "Bella Firenze" will soon, at the hands of Englishmen, have to exchange the old city for the new streets and grand piazza of the capital of Italy. English enterprise, again, is engaged in the new grand buildings to form the piazza round the Cathedral of Milan, while Englishmen are at work restoring one of the ancient aqueducts of Rome; and we should only be too glad to know that our stalwart navvies were at work restoring the sinking walls and the pile-foundations of St. Mark's, at Venice, perhaps the most interesting monument of Byzantine art in existence. Unhappily, neither the Austrian nor the Italian treasury is in a condition to undertake this. With these great architectural works going on abroad may be mentioned the formation of a museum of art at Florence in the restored halls of the old Bargello, the walls of which still bear the paintings of Giotto, under the direction of Dr. Guastalla, an amateur of the highest taste and great practical knowledge in works of art. The Dante Festival, too, offered to us an interesting work of monumental statuary in the marble statue of the great poet, by Signor Enrico Pazzi, which, from having seen, we can speak of as an admirable example of the art, and eminently worthy of its high purpose. The statues by Michael Angelo, Giovanni Bologna, and Baccio Bandinelli, which stood around the old hall built for the "Consiglio Popolare" of Savonarola's time in the Palazzo Vecchio, have been removed to the Museum, to make room for the meetings of the Italian Parliament.

The Dublin International Exhibition, which was opened in May, was unusually well furnished with works of art of every kind. Commissioners had been sent abroad to induce the artists to contribute; and from Italy and Germany especially the pictures, cartoons, statues, mosaics, and works in decorative art, represented to the greatest advantage the ordinary art productions of the different countries. It will be observed, however, that there was no work of the highest class such as we saw at the preceding International Exhibition of 1862, although the pictures and statues formed a very interesting collection. These exhibitions indeed seem to have had their day, and already we hear of the great Paris Exhibition of 1866 as the last. So far as art is concerned, it is remarkable that great

works have seldom made their appearance precisely at the time when they were wanted for great displays of this kind. The exhibition of pictures in the smaller provincial towns have lost their interest, and in some instances have been allowed to drop after a struggle of some ten years, as though the taste for pictures had improved too much to be gratified by the exhibition of any number of inferior and commonplace works that could be got together, when the rapid and easy communication with the metropolis afforded every one the opportunity of seeing the works of greatest excellence of the day. The centralizing effect of railways and telegraphs is thus to be noticed upon art, as in everything else. And perhaps some evidence of this is to be seen in the success of the winter exhibitions in London this year, which have now not only been very much enlarged as in the case of Mr. Gambart's and Mr. Wallis's, but some entirely new ones have been established by the artists and the dealers. There was the general exhibition of water-colour drawings at Egyptian Hall, when some six hundred works were for the first time collected; and another exhibition was started by Mr. Maclean at his gallery, which contained many very excellent drawings. Here, too, we had an exhibition of water-colour drawings by the old favourite of the amusement-seekers, Mr. John Parry, till then unknown as an artist of the pencil. The pictures by Mr. Church, one of the most original and able of the American school of landscape painters, of the giant volcanoes of the Andes, and some of the wonderful atmospheric appearances of the Aurora in the Arctic Regions, will be remembered at Mr. Maclean's gallery, as well as a remarkable work of animal painting, in the "Wounded Buffalo Bull," by Mr. Hays, another American painter. Amongst other exhibitions of the year, we may recall with satisfaction one at the Architectural Gallery, of the works and sketches of the late David Roberts, and a similar collection, exhibited previous to the sale by auction, at Christie and Manson's, of the admirable John Leech's drawings: the last a most cheering instance of how an artist may leave a valuable estate to his family in his sketches. Mr. Elijah Walton's pictures of the Alps, exhibited at the German Gallery, had a special interest additional to their great merit as works of art, as showing us the scenes of the lamentable accident which happened to Alpine travellers during the year.

The Exhibition of Miniatures at the South Kensington Museum was one of unique interest as an exhibition of rare portraits, many of them most authentic, and often the only likenesses known to exist of the most celebrated persons of past times. Many beautiful and rare miniatures had been collected at the special exhibition of objects of art lent by their owners in 1862, and there was a large collection also at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition; but this was by far the largest ever brought together. There were 3,081 miniatures, embracing works of all the painters of eminence, and many unknown, from Holbein to the present time. This exhibition inaugurated the opening of the new galleries of the South Kensington Museum, which are to be regarded as permanent; on this account we may add that the miniatures were not seen to the best advantage, the light being in several places very dull. The rooms adjoining, in which the modern pictures are now hung, are decorated in a rather too costly and brilliant style, with walls of apple-green, spotted with gold; and, though very ornamental, and in capital upholsterers' taste, do not strike us as the most becoming for the pictures, as they are needlessly showy. The forthcoming exhibition of English portraits, proposed by Lord Derby, arose out of this exhibition. It will be one of the fine art events of the present year.

The decoration of the courts of the South Kensington Museum has been carried on with energy, most of the portrait figures of painters and sculptors having been finished. The large lunette spaces are still vacant, though a competition, with prizes of £50 for the best design, has been entered into. The Museum has generally undergone a re-arrangement which has made the collection more intelligible, and, at the same time, more ornamental. The French have followed the example of our South Kensington loan collection in a retrospective museum, which was opened in the Palais d'Industrie in the autumn. Some anxiety and discussion has arisen respecting the bequest of valuable pictures to the nation by the late Mr. Jacob Bell, which were travelling about the antipodes in the interest of Mr. Gambart. One of these, the "Horse Fair" sketch by Rosa Bonheur, was in consequence sent to its place at South Kensington. "The Derby Day" by Mr. Frith is still abroad. It appeared that the bequest was made subject to certain arrangements, though it was certainly unfortunate that the great risk of injury and destruction was not thought of at the time. The exhibition of pictures and works of art at Alton Towers, for the benefit of the Wedgwood Institute, should be recorded as one of the successes of the year.

It is seldom that we have to notice an engraving of one of the famous pictures by the old masters by an English engraver; but during the past year Mr. G. Doo has finished his work of years in the line engraving of the large picture of the "Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo, in the National Gallery. The picture had been engraved before by Vendramini, who lived in England, but this is the first time that the work has been adequately rendered. Mr. Seymour Haden's etchings, too, fully deserve mention among the engravings of the year.

The National Gallery has acquired a few good pictures

during the year: viz., the "Orlando Muerto," attributed to Velasquez, purchased at the Portales sale in Paris; "A Portrait of a Lawyer," by Moroni; the Garvagh Raphael—a small holy family; a "Head of Philip IV.," by Velasquez; a Ruysdael landscape; a "St. John," by Hemlinck; and a fine example of Carpaccio, a Venetian painter of some note, of whom we had no example before.

The British Museum purchased the Giustiniani Apollo at the Portales sale, which was the most important dispersion of works of art in the year, and attracted the greatest interest, lasting over some weeks. The sale of the Duchesse de Berri's collection was another event of the same kind.

The principal books in fine arts published during the year, have been the cheap edition of Mr. Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament;" the Drawings of the "Holy Places," by Carl Werner, in chromolithography; "The Art of Illuminating," by Mr. Digby Wyatt; and John Leech's enlarged drawings in colour. In Paris one of the most remarkable works was that of M. Pascal Coste—"Montuments Modernes de la Perse." The purely biographical works connected with fine arts are referred to under the literary year. We should not forget, however, to shed a tear over the *Fine Arts Quarterly*, which expired, after a brief but honourable life, with its eighth number.

The deaths of Overbeck and Sir Charles Eastlake we have already mentioned; to these has to be added that of Captain Fowke, who, though a military engineer, had distinguished himself as the architect of the Exhibition Building (1862), and of the courts of the South Kensington Museum. His design also for the alteration of the British Museum won the first prize, though it was not adopted. He died in his prime, from some sudden attack. Mr. Charles Winston, a distinguished connoisseur in glass painting, whose drawings were exhibited at the rooms of the Arundel Society in the summer, is another to be numbered with those lost to art in the past year. And amongst other names less known were those of Mr. W. Lee and Mr. Whichelo, water-colour painters, and of Mr. George Patten, the oldest associate of the Academy.

THE MUSICAL YEAR.

THE year 1865 has presented that continuous round of musical entertainments of all kinds and classes which now makes London pre-eminent, in quantity if not in quality, over all other cities of the world. So many and such varied performances of operatic, sacred, and chamber music as take place here within the twelvemonths are not to be heard elsewhere; and although in some individual and special features we are excelled by Paris and certain German towns, there can be no question that, in the broad aggregate, we are now the most music-loving (or music-patronizing) people of civilized Europe. If our native powers of creative art bore any relation to the extent to which we consume that produced by other nations, we might again boast of a school of English music—a non-existent fact for the last century at least. As it is, however, in the true spirit of a wealthy commercial country, we do not cultivate the home growth; we purchase, regardless of cost, in the best foreign markets—and certainly, while the samples of British production continue to be such as they have been of late, this is the wisest course to pursue.

At the commencement of the past year, both Opera-houses—Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera—were occupied with English performances; the former under the management of Mr. W. Harrison, the latter in the hands of the Royal English Opera Company—both in continuation of the season commenced in the preceding autumn. The first novelty was Mr. Clay's one-act opera "Constance," produced by the Royal English Opera Company on 23rd January—a weak and valueless work, which should never have been heard beyond the drawing-room circle of its amateur composer's amateur friends and admirers. On 31st January, an English adaptation of M. Maillart's "Lara" was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre. The book, a hash of Byron's "Lara" and "Corsair," offered several situations for stirring musical effects, which, however, the composer was totally unable to turn to account. His music was characterized by all the shallowness of the weakest French style, with scarcely a trace of that vivacity and grace which more or less distinguish even the subordinate composers of that school. The success of "Lara" on its original production at the Opera Comique can only be explained by the superior merits of its French performance. Here, where it had no such advantages, it met with a juster fate, and sank from its own feebleness. Mr. F. Mori's little opera, "The River Sprite," produced at the Royal English Opera on 9th February, if not more original was less coarse and clumsy than its predecessor, "Constance." Neither, however, was of sufficient value for public performance, and both went to swell the long list of failures and quasi-failures by which English music has been rendered ridiculous. Nothing could have made this fact more

palpable than the closely-following production (on 27th February) at the same establishment, of an English version of Gounod's charming "Le Médecin malgré lui," under the old title (given to it on its previous adaptation as a farce), "The Mock Doctor." The graceful and easy flow of melody, the exquisite refinement of style, the varied and delicate instrumentation, and that pervading impression of completeness which especially distinguishes the work of an artist from the attempt of a bungler—all these qualities in the music of the contemporary French composer should have read a salutary lesson to aspiring native genius, and taught it the virtue of silence, at least until it has something to say worth hearing. The season of the Royal English Opera terminated on 18th March—Her Majesty's Theatre having closed at the end of February, and detached performances having been given on 4th and 16th March for the benefit of Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison.

The Opera Season proper commenced with the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, on March 28, with Gounod's "Faust," in which two new singers, Mdle. Berini and Mdle. Sonieri, made their appearance as Margaret and Siebel, both artists of merit, but of no special powers. At the beginning of April, Herr Wachtel reappeared, and again astonished his hearers by his remarkable high chest notes; using them, however, as heretofore, somewhat lavishly and injudiciously. Mdle. de Edelsberg, who appeared as Fides in the "Prophète," on April 11, although possessed of considerable dramatic power, was unable long to sustain the inevitable comparison with the grand performance of Madame Viardot Garcia, still fresh in memory here.

Her Majesty's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Mapleson, commenced its season on April 29, with Bellini's "Sonnambula"—Miss Laura Harris, from New York, making her first appearance as Aminia, and Signor Carrion his *début* as Elvino—the lady young and somewhat inexperienced in stage requisites, the gentleman a veteran of rather too lengthened experience. On May 6, Madame Van den Heuvel (late Mdle. Caroline Duprez) appeared for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, as Catherine in "L'Etoile du Nord." This refined and accomplished artist, however, was not heard to such advantage in the vast space of our principal Opera-house as in the smaller Parisian theatres to which she has been chiefly accustomed. The *début* of Mdle. Ilma de Murska at Her Majesty's Theatre, on May 13, proved the precursor of the greatest vocal success of the season. Although her execution was not invariably irreproachable, and her executive flights were sometimes more daring than judicious, still there was a brilliancy of voice and a definite intention which marked her as a singer of special powers, eminently qualified to dazzle the general public, if not thoroughly to satisfy the critic. "Fidelio," at the same establishment, brought out a new tenor, Signor Stagno, probably the best representative that this secondary, but still important, part has ever found among Italian singers.

At the Royal Italian Opera, on May 11, Mdle. Fioretti reappeared; and Signor Brignoli made his first appearance, displaying a tenor voice of agreeable quality and good vocalization, but scarcely the power requisite for so large a theatre. The reappearance of that established favourite, Mdle. Patti, on May 13, gave a fresh interest to the proceedings at this house. The return of Mdle. Pauline Lucca too, on May 23, still further strengthened the attractions there, and helped to atone for several quasi-failures in experimental engagements. Herr Schmid, whose illness during the preceding season prevented his assuming the prominence due to his merits, took a higher position by his excellent performance of Leporello in "Don Giovanni," although his reading was a harder and less humorous version than that to which we are accustomed. The production of Cherubini's "Medea" at Her Majesty's Theatre, on June 6, was an event that did honour to the management, and conferred a special interest on the season. Strange to say, the opera, notwithstanding its mixture of severe grandeur and elaborate detail, proved a success with the general public—a result, however, probably due in a large degree to the powerful impersonation of the principal character by Mdle. Titiens. Another event of almost equal importance at Her Majesty's Theatre was the revival of Mozart's "Il Flauto Magico," on July 6. The exquisite music which this opera contains is seldom heard on the stage, in consequence of the intolerable mixture of absurdity and dullness in the libretto. Its revival was therefore most welcome to musical amateurs, and, with the previous production of "Medea," gave a special lustre to the season 1865 at Her Majesty's Theatre, the last novelty of which was the revival of Rossini's "Semiramide," on July 18—the house closing, after the usual series of "cheap nights," on August 5.

The engagement of Madame Galletti at the Royal Italian Opera, it was hoped, would supply the void left by the retirement of Madame Grisi. Although this hope was not realized, Madame Galletti, who made her first appearance on June 17, as Norma, gained high esteem as an artist of considerable vocal and dramatic powers. The long-expected production of Meyerbeer's posthumous opera, "L'Africaine," took place on July 22, close on the termination of the season, which ended on July 29. Meyerbeer's last work, although containing occasional passages of power and even originality, is altogether so unworthy a pendant to those great operas which were produced during his life, that the attraction which it certainly

exercised over the English public must be largely ascribed to the general curiosity to hear the last strains of so celebrated a composer. Covent Garden Theatre reopened, as usual, shortly after the close of the Royal Italian Opera season, with Mr. Alfred Mellon's series of Promenade Concerts, which commenced on August 7, with the usual attraction of splendid orchestral performances, varied by the clever pianoforte playing of Mdle. Marie Krebs, violin duets by the Misses Drechsler Hamilton, and vocal pieces by Mdle. Liebhart and Signor Ferranti.

Among the smaller operatic performances of the autumn may be mentioned the production by Mr. German Reed of Miss Gabriel's opera di camera, "Widows Bewitched," an adaptation of one of Offenbach's charming French musical farces, under the title of "Chang Chow Hi," and an operetta, "Love Wins the Day," by Signor Bucalossi; a little operetta, "Castle Grim" (by Mr. Allen), and a similar trifle, "Felix, or the Festival of Roses," by M. Meyer Lutz, at the New Royalty Theatre. None of these pieces, however, with the exception of Offenbach's charming production, possessed any special merit.

The Royal English Opera company commenced its second season on October 21, with an English version of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," of which they had secured the right of performance, with scenery and properties as at its production by the Royal Italian Opera. Some important differences, however, were made by the restoration of much of the music that had been cut out on its first performance in this country; the closer adherence to the original score being an undoubted advantage in favour of the English adaptation. Miss Pyne, as Selika, the island (or African?) Princess, sang the music with much refinement and expression, although wanting in declamatory energy and passion for a character of such romantic nature. Madame Sherrington was a more satisfactory Inez than we had in the Italian performance; and Mr. A. Lawrence, as the slave, Nelusko, exhibited a marked improvement on his performance of the previous year in Macfarren's "Helvellyn." Mr. Charles Adams was a very efficient Vasco di Gama; and the cast generally was as good as could be hoped for in the present scarcity of English dramatic singers.

On 23rd October, Her Majesty's Theatre opened for a short series of Italian Opera performances (the company being much the same as during the regular season) at cheap prices. On October 28, an Italian version of "Der Freischütz" was produced; Mr. Santley being the Caspar, and Mdle. Titiens the Agatha, well supported by Mdle. Sinico and Signor Stagno. The substitution of recitative for the original dialogue, in addition to the change from the energetic German language to the soft Italian accents, deprived the work of much of that Northern romantic character which is its strongest feature. The appearance of Mdle. Gillies, in "Masaniello," at the Royal English Opera, in November, promised to add a useful and valuable artist to the list of native singers, the lady being of North Britain, although trained at the Paris conservatoire. Mr. Henry Leslie's opera "Ida" (produced on November 15), however, offered no opportunity for Mdle. Gillies to make much further way with her public, the music being little, if at all, less dull and vapid than the generality of native works. "Ida," indeed, added another item to the long list of ambitious attempts and egregious failures shown by the record of English Opera for the past dozen years or more. It would be hoping against hope now to expect anything better from English dramatic music than a farrago of unconsidered or illconsidered maundering incoherence.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened on 18th November with Signor Arditi's series of Promenade Concerts, which lasted for one month. The attractions, in addition to Mr. Santley and other excellent vocalists included the violin-playing of the conductor's sister, Mdle. Emilia Arditi, and the pianoforte-playing of Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Pauer. Among the novelties produced were Schumann's third symphony in E flat; Felicien David's Cantata, "Le Desert;" and an instrumental selection from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," which proved so successful that its effect will probably serve to pave the way for a better reception of the opera itself than might otherwise have been expected after the adverse criticism and prejudiced prejudgment which it has met with here.

At the Royal English Opera, a welcome relief and humiliating contrast to "native genius" was offered by the production, on 6th December, of an adaptation of Auber's "Le Domino Noir," which was very fairly given, although Mr. Haigh was somewhat heavy and ungainly as Horace, and Miss Pyne scarcely *piquante* enough as Angela. Although, of course, not up to the Parisian standard, better a thousandfold such adaptations, sung and acted in creditable, if not in first-rate, style, than a repetition of "native genius" offences; another of which, however, was yet in reserve (fortunately only a petty transgression), in the shape of Mr. Deffel's one-act opera, "Christmas Eve," which was intended to serve as a short prefatory piece to be played before the pantomime. As such preliminary pieces are seldom listened to, Mr. Deffel's attempt may perhaps be pronounced worthy of its purpose, although scarcely so of a great lyric establishment.

Of the orchestral Symphonic Concerts, the elder Philharmonic Society took the lead with the first concert of its series on 20th March; but neither this, nor the second concert

on 3rd April, offered any novelty in selection or performance. At the third concert, 1st May, Professor Bennett's manuscript symphony, produced during the previous season, was again performed, and again, from the absence of the usual middle slow movement, impressed us with a sense of incompleteness. At the fifth concert, Madame Joachim was the vocalist, and fully upheld, by her admirable singing, the name which she bears. The fifth concert, on 29th May, was rendered especially memorable by Madame Schumann's magnificent performance of her husband's pianoforte concerto in A minor. It could scarcely have been expected that a work so serious in tone should have created the general excitement and enthusiasm which it awakened on this occasion, much of which was doubtless owing to the energetic and passionate reading and grandeur of style thrown into its performance by an artist who has now no equal as an interpreter of classical pianoforte music. At the same concert, Mendelssohn's admirable "Trumpet" overture was given, and caused renewed regret that so fine a work should be suffered still to remain in manuscript. At least equal regret was felt, at the sixth concert (12th June), that Wagner's overture to "Rienzi" had not remained in manuscript, and been lost or mislaid, or in any other way failed to find performance here. As a piece of inflated bombast, a mixture of swagger and imbecility, it is probably unrivalled. Her Molique's flute concerto (another novelty) doubtless possessed interest for the amateurs of that instrument; but, although well and carefully written, like all that composer's works, its effect was small in proportion to its length and pretension. The seventh concert, June 26, was unmarked by any speciality; and at the eighth and last (July 10), the only approach to novelty was Professor Bennett's manuscript fantasia overture, "Paradise and the Peri," composed for the Society's Jubilee Concert in 1863—a work which scarcely deserved rehearing.

The Musical Society of London commenced its concerts on March 29, when Mr. Henry Smart's cantata, "The Bride of Dunkerron," was given for the first time in London, having been originally produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1864. The work contains some admirable instrumentation, and many picturesque dramatic effects, but bears general evidence of laborious effort, together with a want of that original power which can alone justify so ambitious an attempt. At the same concert, Herr Joachim, performed a violin concerto by Sebastian Bach, a most interesting specimen of that grand old composer, whose name has long been popularly and exclusively identified with organ-music, whereas his genius was of universal grasp, having excelled in almost every form but that of dramatic music. The second concert, on May 3, brought forward a symphony by Ferdinand Hiller, which, if not new, was heard for the first time in this country—a dull, dry work, which it is surprising so accomplished an artist could have written, or, having written, allowed to go forth. Much more interesting was the performance of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, by Madame Schumann, who has at last met with that general recognition here which her transcendent merits should have gained long since. Neither the third concert, on June 7, nor the fourth, on June 28, offered any feature of special interest. The private trial-performances of new works given by this society, which should have been so valuable a feature were there any "mute inglorious" musical genius among us, have so notably failed to evoke anything of the slightest value, that it is understood to be doubtful whether the large cost of these experiments will hereafter be incurred.

The concerts of the New Philharmonic Society commenced most auspiciously, on 5th April, with a performance of Beethoven's ninth (choral) symphony, the intermittent production of which is a disgrace to our concert societies. As the ultimatum of symphonic art, and as containing some of the sublimest thoughts to be found in music, this work should be heard, and more than once, every season. Its performance, orchestral and vocal, was far beyond the average; in the latter respect especially so. At the second concert, 26th April, Mozart's lovely clarinet concerto, admirably played by Mr. Lazarus, and Mendelssohn's first pianoforte concerto energetically rendered by Madame Schumann, were the principal features. The programme of the third concert on 10th May, included that elaborate and ambitious symphony, "The Power of Sound," in which Spohr has undoubtedly striven to follow the example set by Beethoven, in his pastoral symphony, of rendering music the expression of a definite train of thought and sentiment. Inferior though it is to Beethoven's sublime precedent, Spohr's symphony is a magnificent and gorgeous musical picture, and its performance by the band of the New Philharmonic Society is always a triumph of orchestral effect. At the same concert, Hummel's classical concerto in A minor was played by Madame Arabella Goddard with that perfection of mechanism and refinement of style which have long since placed her far in advance of all other English pianists. At the fourth concert, on 24th May, Mr. J. F. Barnett's manuscript symphony (originally produced at the fourth concert of the Musical Society in 1864) was repeated, and a pianoforte concerto by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, was performed by Herr Jaell—a dry, laboured, and uninteresting work, unworthy of the composer and the player. The fifth and last concert, on June 14, offered but one novelty—an ambitious dramatic scena by Dr. Wyld,

which failed to produce any effect, notwithstanding the advantage it received from the impassioned singing of Madame Titiens.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts have long since taken their stand among the few high-class musical institutions of London, to which they may be said now to belong, considering the multiplied facilities of transit. The programmes of these concerts generally contain some feature of special interest—the enterprising conductor, Mr. Manns, not being content with endless repetitions of familiar works. At the concert of March 4, Herr Abert's symphony, "Columbus," was produced. Much interest had been raised by the glowing accounts which appeared in the German papers of the enthusiasm with which this work was received on its first production—a sentiment which it undoubtedly failed to excite here, being nothing more than a very ambitious and laboured work by a man of considerable, but by no means exceptional, talent. The most important novelty of the past season of these concerts was the production, on 12th August, of an English adaptation of Gounod's grand opera "La Reine de Saba"—the scriptural incident of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to the Court of King Solomon being paraphrased, and the story changed into that of the love of a Turkish sultan for a Greek princess. Even in a concert-room performance, "Irene" (as the work was here entitled) possessed such charm as to cause regret at its stage failure—a result largely owing to the defects in the dramatic structure of the book, since the music, with some curtailments, must command favour, if not sunk by the want of stage interest. The production, too, of Handel's "Acis and Galatea," was another special feature in the year's concerts, which have rather exceeded than fallen short of the interest of former seasons. The triennial Handel Festival performances took place, as before, at the Crystal Palace, on June 26, 28, and 30, with increased efficiency and effect, owing to the addition of screens to the roof over the orchestra, by means of which a greater concentration of sound was obtained. As at former festivals, the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" were the grand features of the programme.

The seventh season of the Monday Popular Concerts commenced on January 16, Herr Straus being the principal violinist, and Herr Pauer the pianist. Mr. Charles Hallé reappeared on January 23, and Madame Arabella Goddard on January 30, and the alternate pianoforte-playing of these two great artists was among the chief attractions of the season. At the concert of February 6, Mozart's charming and little-known divertimento for string quartet and two horns formed a feature of special interest. On March 6, the greatest living violinist and violoncellist, Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, both reappeared. On May 15, a "Schumann" night was given, when the programme consisted entirely of the works of that composer—Madame Schumann being the pianist. The high musical interest of these concerts was maintained through the whole of the season, which terminated on July 3.

The Sacred Harmonic Society produced one novelty during the past year—being one more than they have brought forward for several past seasons. Mr. Costa's oratorio, "Naaman," composed for, and first performed at, the Birmingham Festival, in September, 1864, was given, for the first time in London, by the Sacred Harmonic Society on May 12. The score had undergone some revision and alteration by the composer; but, notwithstanding this, and its carefully-prepared performance (Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley being among the solo vocalists), "Naaman" realized but a moderate success with audiences accustomed to the sublimity of Handel and Mendelssohn, and therefore indisposed to accept an importation of the modern Italian opera style into sacred music. The other performances of the society have consisted of the usual alterations of a few well-known works—Bach's gigantic choral works, and many of Handel's oratorios, being entirely ignored by this society. Nor is there any more research exercised by the rival institution, Mr. Martin's "National Choral Society," which offers a similar limited selection of oratorios to that of its prototype. The performance of "Elijah," however, on November 16, brought forward a young tenor, Mr. Leigh Wilson, who seems likely, in time, to take a high stand as an oratorio singer. A new society, the "Concordia," organized towards the close of the year, promises to bring forward unheard or little known choral works of the great masters; and if it fulfils that intention worthily, it will meet a want which the two previously named institutions have hitherto failed to supply.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir maintained its high reputation for finished and refined execution of sacred and secular part-music. Among the most interesting pieces performed were portions of a Mass by Gounod, and a new anthem by Professor Sterndale Bennett.

The Vocal Association was, for another season, inactive; having been reorganized under the title of "Mr. Benedict's Choral Society," with a view to active operations during the present season.

During the year, the Society of British Musicians was dissolved, and its library sold by auction; the Bach Society was wound up, and a similar disposal of its music decreed or contemplated—both facts being highly significant of the æsthetic status of English musicians.

France, that is of course Paris, again took the lead in musical activity during the past year. The earliest novelty of any

importance produced during 1865, was "L'Aventurier," in four acts, by Prince Poniatowski, brought out at the Théâtre Lyrique, in January—apparently with but moderate success. The next work of pretension was Felicien David's "Le Saphir," in three acts, at the Opéra Comique in March—a work said to contain some graceful and refined music almost equal to his chef-d'œuvre, "Lalla Rookh." The great event of the year, the production of Meyerbeer's posthumous grand opera, "L'Africaine," took place at the Grand Opera, on April 28, amidst greater excitement, perhaps, than ever surrounded the appearance of any musical work. In Paris, as in England, however, the attraction that the opera has exercised must be ascribed rather to curiosity than to any permanent merit in the work.

At the Italian Opera, "La Duchessa di San Giuliano" (four acts), by Signor Graffigna (in March), appears to have only partially succeeded, the style being, according to an eminent local critic, a mixed reflection of the characteristics of various modern Italian composers. At the same establishment, in April, the three-act opera buffa, "Crispino e la Comare," by the Brothers Ricci, achieved a decided success, the music being said to be full of sparkling vivacity and spirit. "Don Bucefalo," a similar work, in three acts, by M. Cagnoni (produced in November), seems to have been equally successful. Of smaller works, "Le Roi Candaule," opera comique, in two acts, music by M. Diaz, achieved but a doubtful success. "Les Mémoires de Fanchette," by Le Comte de Gabrielli, the "Mariage de Don Lope," by M. de Hartog, and "Le Rène," by M. Savary, are one-act trifles, produced at the Théâtre Lyrique: the last-named seems to have been the best. "Voyage en Chine," three acts, by M. Bazin, produced at the Opéra Comique in December, is highly spoken of as containing some graceful music. "Jeanne d'Arc," an attempt of the great singer Duprez at the composition of a grand opera (produced at the Grand Théâtre Parisien, in October), appears to have been little better than a mistaken effort at a career for which its composer is unfitted.

Of adaptations and revivals, the most successful was that of Mozart's "La Flûte Enchantée" ("Die Zauberflöte") at the Théâtre Lyrique, in February. Little less so was that of "Lisbeth" (from Mendelssohn's charming "Son and Stranger"), at the same theatre, in June. Verdi's "Macbeth," produced (also at the Lyrique) in April, failed to realize the expected effect. Much interest was excited by the choruses composed by M. Gounod for M. Legouve's drama, "Les Deux Reines de France," in February, as well as by the same composer's oratorio, "Tobias," which we are shortly to hear in London. A mass of M. Ambroise Thomas, performed at Nôtre Dame last Easter, has also been spoken of in high terms by French critics. At the very close of the year (December 30), the Théâtre Lyrique appears to have achieved a great success by the production of "La Fiancée d'Abydos," a four-act opera, by M. Barthe, whose music is spoken of in high terms by the Paris critics.

Musical Germany seems to have been even less productive during the past twelvemonth than in most preceding years. The present signs of exhaustion are far from surprising when we consider the succession of great composers which that country has produced from the time of Bach and Handel to that of Spohr and Mendelssohn—the premature death of the latter seeming to be the signal for a period of rest to the German musical mind. With the exception of Wagner's spasmodic exertions, there is little to call for special mention among the musical productions of Germany for the year 1865. Wagner, having found an enthusiastic admirer and patron in the King of Bavaria, produced his "Tristram und Ysolde" at Munich, on June 10; the royal favour having been exerted to secure the most elaborate preparation for its efficient representation. The scenery, dresses, and decorations are said to have cost 90,000*fr.* As usual, however, Wagner has got into troubled waters, having recently been compelled to leave Munich, by the public pressure, in consequence of the undue influence he had acquired over the young King. None of the new operas of the year mentioned in the German musical papers seem to have met with any special success, or to be likely to travel out of their own *locale*. Herr Abert (whose "Columbus" symphony was so lauded by the critics of his own country, and produced so little effect when given at the Crystal Palace here) has brought out an opera, "Astorga," at Stuttgart; and among other works of the kind we hear of Ferdinand Hiller's "Deserter," at Cologne—"The Cid," by Herr Cornelius, at Weimar, said to be a success—Loewe's "Concino Concini," at Vienna, a failure—"The Templars in Moravia," by M. Selor, at Prague—with smaller works apparently not worth specifying, since it is doubtful if any of them will reach this country.

Italy seems to have sunk almost as low as England in the scale of musical nations—i. e., as to creative art. The names of a few new operas, by composers unknown to fame, have reached us; but none seem to possess any great merit, either original or imitative. Among other works we hear of "La Fanciulla delle Asturie," by Signor Secchi, produced at Rome, it is said, with success—"Il Casino di Campagna," by Signor Mela, at Milan—"Osti non Osti," by Signor Buonomo, at Naples—"Un'Eredità in Corsica," by Signor Luvini, at Florence. Verdi seems to have given up his Italian career—probably reserving himself for an effort on the French opera stage.

The chief literary publications of musical interest in England have been the translation, by Lady Wallace, of Dr. Nohl's collec-

tion of the letters of Mozart, brought out in two volumes by Messrs. Longman; and a translation, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, of the admirable biography of Carl Maria von Weber, by his son (Chapman & Hall). Dr. Schlüter's "General History of Music" (a small handbook of some merit, but not a history), translated by Mrs. Tubbs, was published by Mr. Bentley. The lectures, delivered at the Royal Institution, by Mr. Hullah, published in a small volume by Messrs. Longman, were better adapted for their original purpose of oral delivery than for after publication. In France, M. Fétis's new and enlarged edition of his "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens" has been completed, in eight volumes; and in Germany, an important "Life of Sebastian Bach," by C. H. Bitter, has been published by Schneider, Berlin. An interesting and valuable "Life of Robert Schumann," by A. Reissmann, was also published at Berlin during the year, by the firm of Guttentag.

The deaths of several musical celebrities have to be recorded in connection with the year 1865. Madame Pasta, the Siddons of Opera, died at Como, in April. Signor Giuglini, whose mind had been for some time hopelessly alienated, died in October; and another estimable vocalist, chiefly known, however, as a concert singer, Madame Caradori-Allan, died in the same month. Mdlle. D'Ahna, a dramatic singer of great repute at Berlin, and who was to have appeared here at the Royal Italian Opera, also died during the year. Herr Barth, formerly a celebrated tenor singer, and to whose intervention we owe the preservation of Beethoven's "Adelaide" from the flames to which the composer was about to consign it, died in May. Ernst, one of the most intellectual of modern violinists, died in October. In our own country, Miss Masson's death in January deserves record as involving the loss of an estimable artist, from whose exertions arose the institution of the Royal Society of Female Musicians. Mr. E. J. Loder, who had capacities which were not fully turned to account, died in April; his operas, "Nourjahad" and the "Night Dancers," contain music very far superior to most subsequent English Operas. Vincent Wallace, a man of considerable powers in the threefold capacities of pianist, violinist, and dramatic composer, died in October. Mr. Donaldson, Edinburgh Professor of Music, died in August,—an event scarcely worth a record otherwise than as having led to considerable controversy on the appointment of Mr. Oakeley as his successor (see LONDON REVIEW, of November 25). Mr. Fry, an American composer, from whom much was expected, died in May.

THE DRAMATIC YEAR.

THE past year opened with the production, at the Strand Theatre, of a little serio-comic drama in two acts, called "Laurence's Love-suit," written by Mr. J. P. Wooler. Its leading idea was very like "Money"; its dialogue was very puffy, and its chief claim to notice in a review of this kind is that it provided Miss M. Palmer, a promising young actress from Liverpool, with the first character in which she could show her real powers in sentimental comedy.

Early in January, the whole dramatic world was shaken to its foundations by an enormous offence against all theatrical conservatism and protectionist feeling, committed at the Alhambra. The new proprietor of that vast music-hall or theatre of varieties, Mr. F. Strange, having one of the largest stages in London, plenty of capital and energy, and very little respect for theatrical monopolists, had the hardihood to produce a great spectacular ballet, which was called an "Indian Divertissement" in his bills, and was wonderfully like a certain dance in a drama called "Azaël," which Mr. Anderson placed upon the stage of Drury Lane Theatre in 1851. The dramatic protectionists, prominent amongst whom were Mr. Webster and Mr. Horace Wigan, acting, we presume, in some sort of concert with the Lord Chamberlain, the official appointed by Act of Parliament to restrict the number of theatres, and interfere in a variety of ways with the amusements of the people, immediately prosecuted Mr. Strange for giving what was called an "illegal entertainment"—a dramatic ballet, without holding a Lord Chamberlain's license. The case was taken before Mr. Tyrwhitt, at Marlborough Street, who gave an elaborate judgment against the Alhambra, and granted the usual appeal to the justices at Quarter Sessions. The Marlborough Street decision was reversed, on appeal, by the Justices, and leave refused to Messrs. Horace Wigan and Co. to move for the opinion of a superior court. Upon this, the theatrical monopolists returned to the magistrate, who gave a decision in their favour, and got a case granted for the opinion of the Court of Common Pleas—doubtless relying much upon the conservative feeling of Mr. Justice Byles, the once celebrated protectionist author of "The Fallacies of Free Trade." Their appeal, however, was unsuccessful. Mr. Justice Byles was on their side, but the other judges gave what we must call a sympathetic decision in favour of the Alhambra. The decision was not a masterly one: the judges candidly admitted that they knew very little about the question; they said and did all they

could to legalize an entertainment which was admitted to be highly popular, and probably trusted that Parliament, during the forthcoming session, would relieve them from the troublesome task of deciding whether or not a ballet is a stage-play, by repealing and consolidating the dramatic laws, so as to widen the theatrical market. This litigation began in January, and ended (for the present) in November.

A genuine little comedy in two acts, called "Billing and Coaling," adapted by Mr. Oxenford from Goldoni's "Gli Inamorati," was successfully performed at the New Royalty Theatre in January; and at the close of the month, Mr. Fechter revived the very mouldy drama of "Robert Macaire," at the Lyceum. The piece was too old-fashioned for the fashionable audience of this house, but it served to show that Mr. Fechter, unlike most starring managers, was content to divide the honours of the evening with one of his principal actors, Mr. Widdicombe. January also witnessed the revival of "Henry the Eighth," at Drury Lane, with Mr. Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey—one of his most effective characters; and the production of the "Hunchback," at the Adelphi, with Miss Bateman in the character of Julia. Her performance was pleasing and violent: natural in its comedy—ranting in its tragedy. It enraptured her friends, and was satisfactory, on the whole, to her more impartial judges. Miss Simms made a perceptible advance in her art by her performance of Helen.

February was rather barren of important dramatic events. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's rather stilted play of "Richelieu" was revived at Drury Lane, with Mr. Phelps in the part of the old Cardinal—an impersonation which may be placed by the side of the same actor's Sir Pertinax Macsycophant and Justice Shallow. At the St. James's Theatre, a three-act adaptation from the French, by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, called "Faces in the Fire," provided Mr. Charles Mathews with a congenial part of the kind he has represented without a rival for more than a quarter of a century.

March opened at the Olympic with the withdrawal of the repulsive but effective Anglo-French drama of the "Hidden Hand"—one of the worst specimens of the arsenical school,—and the substitution of a new play in five acts by Mr. Tom Taylor, called "Settling Day," in which a well-meaning attempt was made to put something like people and manners drawn from life upon the stage. It had the defect of having two heroines with the same motives of action, and was more literary than dramatic. It was much mutilated after the first night, and owed its popularity chiefly to an admirable representation of a canting banker of the Mawworm type by Mr. Horace Wigan.

"Cymbeline" and "As You Like It" were revived at Drury Lane in the early part of this month, with Miss Helen Faucit in the characters of Imogen and Rosalind—two of her most charming ideal impersonations. In the last play, Mr. Walter Montgomery made a most manly and agreeable Orlando, and never appeared to greater advantage.

Mdlle. Beatrice, one of the Anglo-French actresses who did not succeed in securing a footing on the English stage, made her appearance at the Lyceum, towards the middle of March, as Mrs. Haller in the "Stranger." This was a character in which she made the most favourable impression at the Haymarket Theatre, where she first came out in 1864.

Towards the end of March, a very eccentric, dull burlesque in plain clothes, full of literary personalities, called the "Woman in Mauve," and written by Mr. Watt Phillips, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Sothorn, who played the principal character. It is only worthy of notice here because it led to a controversy between Mr. Buckstone and the audience, and afterwards to another controversy between Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Boucicault. A large and impartial portion of the audience exercised their right of hissing the piece. Mr. Buckstone hastily ascribed this hissing to a "cabal," and implied that Mr. Boucicault was the organizer of this unfair opposition. Mr. Boucicault defended himself in the press, and called upon Mr. Buckstone for evidence or an apology. After a long correspondence, chiefly in the columns of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Buckstone was compelled to admit that he had been hasty and injudicious, and his apology was accepted.

Close upon this theatrical squabble followed the production of "Arrah-na-Pogue," at the Princess's, one of Mr. Boucicault's most original dramas, and one of the best Irish plays ever put upon the stage. The story was sound and pleasant; the dialogue racy and characteristic; the stage management admirable, and the acting perfect. The popularity of the play, both in England and America, was well deserved, which is more than we can always say of popular dramas. Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, Mr. John Brongham, and Mr. Dominick Murray, played the chief parts at the Princess's.

Miss Helen Faucit appeared as Juliet, at Drury Lane, at the end of March, and acted the part forcibly, if she scarcely looked it.

In the early part of April, a new classical burlesque, by Mr. Byron, called "Pan, or the Loves of Echo and Narcissus," was produced at the Adelphi. It was cleverly written, and the two principal characters were whimsically acted by Mr. Toole and Miss Woolgar; but the piece was shabbily and carelessly put upon the stage, and only used apparently to play out the audience. Another classical burlesque, "Pirithoüs, the Son of Ixion," written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, the best burlesque—

writer of this school, was produced about the same time at the New Royalty. It was vastly inferior to "Ixion." About the middle of the month, the once famous, but very dirty and degraded, theatre in Tottenham-street, Tottenham-court-road, called the Queen's, was re-opened under the management of Mr. H. J. Byron and Miss Marie Wilton, with a new interior, a clean exterior, and a new company, and called The Prince of Wales's. The entertainments were of the same class as those made popular at the Strand, and the opening piece was one of Mr. Byron's most humorous burlesques, "La Sonnambula."

A little less than the usual flood of Easter pieces followed—a classical burlesque by Mr. F. C. Burnand, at the St. James's, on the subject of the "Odyssey"; a new version of "Paillasse" (Belphegor), at the Lyceum; a new domestic drama by Mr. Craven, called "One-Tree Hill," at the Strand; and an elaborate spectacular revival of Milton's "Comus," at Drury Lane. "Comus" was a poetical excuse for a ballet. Mr. Fechter's performance of Paillasse was humorous and pathetic; Mr. Craven's drama was a rather rickety piece, somewhat stagey, and disfigured with malapropisms; and Mr. Burnand's burlesque served to introduce a son of the late Frederick Robson, who copies everything but his father's genius, to the favourable notice of a London public.

At the beginning of May, Mr. Falconer produced a very curious philosophical historical play at Drury Lane Theatre, called "Love's Ordeal, or the Old and New Régime," in which an attempt was made to show that Robespierre was a much misrepresented patriot. The play was singularly undramatic in construction, and barren of incident. It had some delicately written love-scenes, too many apostrophes to liberty, and much puffy blank verse, and was badly cast, owing to squabbles behind the curtain. About the same time, the "Ticket of Leave Man" was revived at the Olympic by Mr. Tom Taylor, the adapter, and the revival was opposed by Mr. Emden on the part of the proprietors of the acting copyright. Mr. Emden's proceedings in Chancery were not successful, neither was the revival.

A little later in the month Dean Milman's very undramatic tragedy of "Fazio" was performed at the Adelphi with Miss Bateman in the talking character of Bianca. Miss Bateman's effects were produced more by statuesque grace of attitude than by any power or variety of expression. The performance was not marred by any excessive violence.

Mr. Charles Walcott, a weak, but humorous, eccentric comedian from America, made his first appearance at the Olympic, at a somewhat advanced period of life, near the close of May. He failed to hold his ground.

A few days after this, a long farce, translated and adapted from the German of Görner (a most prolific Berlin dramatist) by Mr. John Oxenford, was produced at the Haymarket, under the title of "Brother Sam." The chief object of the piece was to provide Mr. Sothorn with a new eccentric part, and this object was attained. Much of the fun of the piece was of a very practical nature, and the plot was little more than a deliberate deception practised on a good-natured man, and saved from being repulsive by the lightness of the acting and writing. Another of Miss Braddon's popular novels—"Eleanor's Victory"—was dramatised at the St. James's at the end of the month; and the old music-hall, attached to the suburban casino known as Highbury Barn, was reconstructed and opened as a theatre under the licence of the Lord Chamberlain.

At the beginning of June, Mr. F. C. Burnand introduced a burlesque opera at the Strand Theatre, called "Windsor Castle," with lively original music by Mr. F. Musgrave. This burlesque is notable for being the first work of the kind produced without a flash dance.

Shakespeare's comedy of "Twelfth Night" was also revived at the Olympic about the same period, altered so as to allow Miss Terry to personate Viola and Sebastian. Towards the middle of the month, a clever and promising serio-comic drama in three acts—more comic than serious—written by Mr. H. J. Byron, was played at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. It was called "War to the Knife," and owed much of its success to a strongly-marked comic greengrocer, admirably represented by Mr. John Clarke.

Close upon this, a curious dramatic nightmare, called "Geraldine, or The Master Passion," written by Mrs. Bateman, was produced at the Adelphi, the chief character in which was sustained by Miss Bateman. The story was of the *Della-Cruscan* order, long, wearying, undramatic, and full of cursing. The notorious Menken reappeared at Astley's at the close of the month; and a serio-comic drama of little merit, called "Through Fire and Water," in which Mr. Toole represented a sentimental fireman, was produced at the Adelphi.

At the end of June was also produced at the Olympic a new romantic play by Mr. Tom Taylor, called "The Serf, or Love Levels Ail." The subject was Russian, the costumes were novel, and the acting was good. The play, however, laboured under a defect which we have often noted in Mr. Tom Taylor's pieces—a very weak third act and termination.

Early in July, one of the most impudently bad pieces ever put upon the English stage was produced at the Adelphi, under the title of "Solon Shingle." It was imported from America along with an actor named Owens, whose style was elaborate but hard, and more French than English. His portrait of "Solon Shingle"—an old New Jersey farmer—was full of

humorous mannerisms, and the character had the singular peculiarity of having nothing to do with the piece in which he appeared. When he was on the stage and spoke, the slight and uninteresting action stopped; when he ceased, or went off, the action went on. Mr. Owens afterwards tried a piece of even lower mummery, called "The Toodles," and, with all his unquestionable talent, failed to hold his ground in England.

A slight burlesque by a new writer, Mr. F. T. Trail, was played for a short period at the Olympic, early in July, under the title of "Glaucus; a Tale of a Fish." About the middle of the month, the usual Dramatic College Fête took place at the Crystal Palace with the usual pecuniary results, and towards the end of the month a very excellent and versatile "entertainer" of the elder Mathews' type—Mr. F. Maccabe—made a successful appearance at St. James's Hall.

August opened with the withdrawal of "Glaucus" at the Olympic, and the production of a burlesque by Messrs. Best and Bellingham, called "Prince Camaralzaman, or the Fairies' Revenge," which was of no higher order of merit. The month closed with the production, at the Haymarket, of a new and original tragedy, in five acts, by Mr. William Clarke Russell, called "Fra Angelo." Mr. Walter Montgomery, who had taken the theatre for a short period, during the absence of the Haymarket company, personated the chief part. The play was a boyish imitation of the Elizabethan dramatists, without real passion, moving incidents, or strength of character.

At the beginning of September, Mr. Jefferson, an American actor, who had earned an excellent reputation in America and Australia, made his first appearance in this country at the Adelphi Theatre, in a new version of "Rip Van Winkle," by Mr. Boucicault. Mr. Jefferson is rich in the quality in which Mr. Owens was wholly deficient—pathos; and it is not saying enough in his praise that he is the best comedian who has yet come to us from the United States. A more refined and effective actor never stepped upon the stage, and the popularity his acting has obtained is a gratifying proof—much needed—of something like an improved taste on the part of the public.

Towards the end of the month, a burlesque, by Mr. Byron, on the subject of "Lucia di Lammermoor," far less happy than most of this author's other works, was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

At the commencement of October, Mr. Charles Reade's celebrated drama "It is Never Too Late to Mend," which had been popular for several years at the London local and country theatres, and in some of the law courts, was produced at the Princess's Theatre with most elaborate scenery and stage accessories. Some of these accessories, representing, with a high theatrical colouring, the hardships of solitary confinement, were of such an unnecessarily repulsive and brutal description that a large number of the audience, as in the case of the "Woman in Mauve," exercised their right of hissing, and two or three gentlemen in the stalls requested Mr. Vining to withdraw the whole prison act. Mr. Vining made a tolerably temperate reply under the circumstances, but evidently resented the unusual interference of the audience. The story and characters of "Never Too Late to Mend" are of the *London Journal* order, and the construction is extremely faulty. Mr. Charles Reade's older play of "Gold," which he afterwards turned into a novel, and then again transformed into the present play, was far more sharp and dramatic.

Menken appeared once more at Astley's towards the middle of the month in a drama by Mr. John Brougham, called the "Child of the Sun," which was not successful, probably because it was too decent. She returned to "Mazeppa" and scanty clothing in a few weeks, and held her ground until Christmas.

About the middle of October Mr. Charles Mathews reappeared at the Haymarket Theatre in "Used Up," after a most triumphant performance of the same play in Paris, in the French language. About the same date, a play called "Caught in the Toils," adapted by Mr. John Brougham from Miss Braddon's novel of "Only a Clod," was produced at the St. James's, to provide an effective part for Miss Herbert. The play was not a pleasant one, and many of the characters were intensely disagreeable; but the story was brought out with great clearness by the adapter.

November opened with a grand spectacular revival of "King John" at Drury Lane, in which much of the old Macready scenery, retouched, was made serviceable. The dresses were rich, numerous, and archæologically correct—at least, correct enough for theatrical antiquarians. The performance generally was heavy. Mr. Phelps personated "King John."

Close upon this Shakespearian revival, a bad drama of the old Victoria school was produced at the Lyceum under the title of the "Watch-Cry." It was adapted from the French, and the chief character was wholly unworthy of Mr. Fechter, who represented it. A cleverly-written comedy of very free and easy morality, called "A Cleft Stick," adapted from the French by Mr. John Oxenford, was represented at the Olympic, and admirably acted. A very promising actor of eccentric young men—Mr. F. Younge—made his first appearance at a central theatre in this comedy.

Towards the middle of the month, a new and original three-act comedy, by Mr. T. W. Robertson, called "Society," was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Its faults were

literary faults; its merits were considerable, and its dialogue was excellent. It served to bring into prominence a very refined and effective comedy-actor, named Hare, who comes from Liverpool, and promises to be an acquisition to the London stage.

The Strand Theatre, partially reconstructed and much improved, was re-opened towards the close of the month with a new opera-burlesque by Mr. F. C. Burnand on the subject of "L'Africaine." The original music provided by Mr. F. Musgrave was clever and sparkling, and the dialogue was careful and brilliant.

Near the end of November, an Irish farce, in three acts, founded on Charles Lever's almost forgotten novel of "Charles O'Malley," written by Mr. E. Falconer, and called "Galway go Bragh," was produced at Drury Lane. It was evidently an old piece of the author's, full of practical fun of the pantomimic order. It had one well-drawn Irish character, which was well represented by the author.

The only dramatic event of any importance which occurred in December, if we except the Christmas pieces, was the production of another adaptation of one of Miss Braddon's novels. This play was called "Henry Dunbar," was taken by Mr. Tom Taylor from the novel of "The Outcasts," and was produced at the Olympic. It had Mr. Taylor's prevailing defect—a weak fourth act—and was very complicated in plot. It introduced Miss Ellen Leigh, a new and promising young actress, connected with an old and well-known literary family, to the London public.

This is a bare but complete dramatic record of 1865, omitting many pieces of trifling importance. The gains of the past year have not been numerous, but they have been rather important. "Arrah-na-Pogue," as we have said before, is the best Irish pastoral drama ever put upon the stage, and Mr. Jefferson is one of the most finished and natural comedians. The public are indebted to Mr. Boucicault for the writing of the play and the introduction of the actor. The same public has made several praiseworthy struggles to regain its ancient right of hissing; the theatrical monopoly has been considerably weakened, if not destroyed, by the music-hall prosecutions, initiated by Mr. Horace Wigan; a new suburban theatre has been opened at Highbury, and the old, dwarfed Strand Theatre has been transformed into a handsome central playhouse. Adaptations from the French and German have been about as plentiful as usual, varied by one or two adaptations from the Italian; and Miss Braddon's novels have furnished the London stage with the greatest number of dramas of native growth, if not of startling merit.

THE SCIENTIFIC YEAR.

IN the following summary we have endeavoured to set before our readers a brief sketch of the progress of Science during the year 1865. In the space at our disposal, we have been able to draw, as it were, but the rough outline of a gigantic picture. Those who are unfamiliar with the literature of science may fancy that we might have done more than this; some may think that an epitome of all scientific discoveries, and the laws which spring therefrom, might easily be embraced in such a summary as ours. The impression would be very erroneous. To give even an abstract record of the work done in all departments of science during the twelve months which have now rolled by, would require as many volumes as there are pages at our command. We do not exaggerate. A plain statement of fact is a sufficient argument: the writings alone of those who devoted themselves to zoology during the year 1864 covered more than 15,000 pages! Now, zoology has not as many cultivators as chemistry or mechanics; and its students are hardly more numerous than those of astronomy, physics, botany or photography. Could it be possible, then, to do more than we have attempted? In our register, little beyond the great landmarks of scientific progress has received consideration, and we trust our readers may appreciate the reason why we have dealt rather with generalizations than with minutiae.

ASTRONOMY.

The constitution of the Sun, and the physical characters of the Moon and Mars, have formed the subject of many treatises read before learned societies during the past year. The researches of Balfour, Stewart, De la Rue and Lœwy, have shown us much that is new regarding the nature of the great centre of our planetary system. Indeed, it may now be regarded as nearly established that the solar spots are lower than the penumbra, whilst the faculae are situated at a higher level; that the peculiar alteration of the spots noticed from time to time is the effect of the operation of Venus and the other planets; and that the photosphere is a decidedly gaseous compound. The labours of astronomers have not yet decided as to the constitution of the central portion of the sun. Some indeed regard it as being a solid nucleus; while others, following in the steps of M. Faye,

are disposed to regard it as an accumulation of dense transparent gas. The spots of the sun have also received careful study. Messrs. Dawes, Fletcher, Brodie, Stone, and Nasmyth have had their telescopes constantly turned upon the sun. Still, opinion is not definitive. It seems likely that we shall have to modify the "willow leaf" theory of Mr. Nasmyth, and to adopt Mr. Brodie's view that the "interlacement" which has been described is due to waves of the photospheric cloud. This observer has watched the sun's spots with great care, and on one occasion was able to perceive the disruption of the umbra of a spot, which took place in the course of from three and a half to four hours. A tongue of luminous matter passed from one side of the spot to the other, at the rate of 1,400 miles an hour, and from this he concluded that the "willow leaves" described by Mr. Nasmyth are merely a number of these luminous tongues.

Our satellite has undergone a most rigorous examination by M. Delaunay and the members of the British Association Lunar Committee, of which Mr. Glaisher is the chairman. It is proposed to publish an elaborate series of maps of the moon, and as for this purpose an infinite number of representations will be required for comparison, the committee has sent out printed forms to the most distinguished observers. Four forms have been adopted. The first is to record the place where and the person by whom the observation is made, the telescope used, the period of the day, hour, &c., and the estimate of the brightness; in the second form the moon is to be divided into squares, each having its own symbol, and in this the great divisions and sub-divisions are to be noted down, and their characters discriminated; the third form embraces a catalogue of the objects visible on the moon, and a map of the superficial features; finally, the fourth form is intended for the registration of the position of small bright objects in relation to those which are generally known. From this scheme grand results may be expected to be produced in the course of a few years, and as Professor Phillips has suggested that more accurate results may be obtained by the artist with a six-inch equatorial telescope than with Lord Ross's gigantic instrument, numerous observers may be anticipated.

Mars has had many worshippers, and foremost among those who have sought to explore it must be mentioned the names of Dawes and Lockyer. It appears to be pretty well made out that this planet has a physical constitution—sea and land—not unlike that of our own earth. It has been shown, too, that snow lies upon its polar regions, and a comparison of its arctic latitudes with our own would imply that Mars' temperature is not very different from that of the earth. Of course, the solar radiation in the two cases differs; but then, the similar temperature is explained in Professor Tyndall's theory, a dense atmosphere being supposed to surround the planet. Carefully prepared drawings have demonstrated not only that the red portions of Mars correspond to land, and the grey parts to sea; but that, as in case of our own globe, the relations between the two are constantly changing. A long narrow streak which was seen and sketched by Mr. Dawes in 1852 was not so perfectly seen last year, and a bay which was distinctly seen in the former year to be oval and with a regular coast, appears now as a forked creek.

The minor planets have been increasing in number, and whilst M. Serret has given us the first part of a complete theory of Pallas, Mr. Lapell has discovered an "ephemeris" of the satellites of Uranus. Meteors have formed the subject of an able essay by Mr. Glaisher, who has added to his own observations the results of those of all principal students of their bodies. Messrs. Newton and Sorby have also done good service. From the sum of the conclusions of these astronomers it would seem that falling stars are of two classes—meteorites and meteoritic masses. The microscopic examination of aerolites shows that the bodies resemble in appearance certain terrestrial igneous rocks. It is suggested by Mr. Brayley that they are condensations of gaseous matter projected from the equator of the sun, a view which is partially supported by Mr. Sorby. In this view of the origin of meteorites, their source is considered to be unique. The most recent inquiries demonstrate that the average height of these bodies is sixty miles above the earth; their number in the atmosphere daily is *seven and a half millions*; their velocity is greater than that of the earth in its orbit. The Committee of the British Association has applied for a grant in order to add to the existing maps the leading tracks of nearly 2,000 meteors contained at present in the catalogues of the British Association, and of Dr. Herschel and M. Coulvier Gravier.

BOTANY.

The progress of Botanical Science must be regarded from two aspects, inasmuch as botanists themselves are of two classes. First, there are those who study the structure and functions of the parts which compose the plant, and who work out its life-history and mode of generation; and secondly, come the species-hunters, those who devote themselves to recording new species, or new localities for old species. The first aspect is the physiological one, and in this we had some good labour effected during the past year. Mr. Darwin, so well known for his theory of natural selection, has published a most elaborate memoir on the natural phenomena of tendrils. He has shown that tendrils—those structures by which climbing plants attach

themselves to objects—have peculiar powers heretofore unnoticed. Numbers of experiments have satisfied him that the tendril, prior to its attachment, rotates and moves about in a definite manner, and with a constant velocity, until it has come in contact with a body suitable to it; then, and not till then, does the movement cease. It is a curious fact, that in almost all instances, too, the direction of motion is the same. The period required for a separate rotation differs with the plant, but it is nearly always the same for all members of the same species. Not less interesting or important than Mr. Darwin's researches have been those of Mr. Naudin, whose essays have been published in the *Comptes-Rendus* of the French Academy. This *savant* has been applying Darwin's animal theory to plants, and has been eminently successful. He has conducted numerous investigations upon the hybridism of plants, and he informs us that plants submitted to culture give rise to new forms, which at length, either by artificial or natural selection, acquire stability and are even reproduced as if they were genuine species. He has concluded—and, indeed, his observations seem to fully warrant his conclusion—that individual plants produced by cultivation after a certain period become as stable as real species, and deserve to be ranked among them. The subject of raphides as diagnostic characters has been well pursued by the veteran Gulliver, who has, in continuing his examination of these plant-crystals, very lucidly shown that certain orders of plants may be distinguished from others by the presence of raphides, and may furthermore be distinguished from each other by the geometrical form of these bodies, which differ in different groups.

The respiration of the leaves of plants has found an ardent and successful student in M. Boussingault, whose papers on this subject, read before the Academy of Sciences, have been almost legion. The results of his studies are nearly as follow:—In the dark, leaves produce carbonic acid, which mixes with the surrounding atmosphere if the parenchyma is not thick and moist enough to retain it, as is the case with some plants. For an equal extent of surface, and in an equal space of time, a leaf decomposes much more carbonic acid in the light than it does in the dark. Eighteen experiments convinced M. Boussingault that a square metre of leaf will decompose in sunlight, on the average, 1.108 litre of carbonic acid per hour. Four experiments, however, showed that the same extent of leaf forms only 0.07 litre of carbonic acid in the dark. Thus, leaves placed in carbonic acid in the light produce after awhile a respirable atmosphere; but in darkness they soon lose their power of decomposing this gas, and although they remain green they are to all intents dead. Nothing of this sort happens when leaves are exposed in a respirable atmosphere; in this they preserve their vitality, and the same leaf will alternately produce oxygen in the presence of carbonic acid, and carbonic acid in the presence of oxygen. This subject has also received the attention of M. Jodin, who has discovered that mercurial vapours only affect leaves during their nocturnal respiration, when they absorb oxygen and produce carbonic acid. In the diurnal respiration the plant is unaffected by mercury. The green matter of leaves has been submitted to careful analysis by M. Fremy, who has found that it is composed of blue and yellow substances, which he has termed respectively *phyllocyanine* and *phylloxanthine*. These two bodies were separated by shaking chlorophyll with hydrochloric acid and ether. M. Lestiboudois has published several memoirs upon the distribution of the laticiferous vessels of plants; but they are far too diffuse for abstract. The movements of certain of the lower unicellular plants would appear to resemble those of the lower animals. This has been pointed out by Mr. Archer, of Dublin, in the cells of mesotænum. Here the contents of a single cell escape without conjugation through an opening produced by the elevation of a lid-like portion of the parent cell. The phenomena exhibited during this process are exceedingly like those of the *Amœba*, and have been compared by Mr. Archer to a feat of legerdemain.

Of new plants, British and foreign, and new localities, we have had many records. Dr. Berthold Seemann has described a new Australian genus, under the name of *Faradaya*. This plant was originally described by Dr. Mueller, who erroneously placed it in the group Bignonaceæ, from which incorrect position it has been removed by Dr. Seemann, and placed among its true relatives, the Verbenaceæ. The same botanist has discovered that *Hedera Canariensis* is a genuine Irish plant. This species is of interest from the circumstance that it is one of that group of plants common to Ireland, North Spain, and Madeira. Dr. Asa Gray, the American botanist, has described several new *Thymeleæ* from Polynesia. *Inula salicina* has been reported by Dr. D. Moore as an Irish species. The plant was seen and recognized by Mr. T. B. Syme, and it adds another link to the chain of evidence supporting Forbes's view that Ireland and the north-west of Africa originally formed one continent. An umbelliferous plant, *Cryptotania Canadensis*, has been recorded by Dr. H. F. Hance as a native of Southern China. This discovery is a very remarkable one. On the North American continent, the plant ranges from Canada to Louisiana, and as far west as Missouri; it has also been found in Japan, where it is one of the many curious instances of the reappearance of species found only on the eastern side of the American continent. Dr. Hance has also described four entirely new species—a nasturtium, a heath, a stone-crop, and an ophioglyon—from China;

a full account of which is published in the *Journal of Botany* for December. "White-flowered Varieties of British Plants" is the title of two or three papers by Mr. James Britten, who has found that, out of the 1,000 flowering plants in our flora, there are 142 which occasionally depart from their usual habits, and produce white flowers. It appears that those whose blossoms are not red are most liable to this variation. Next in order come the plants with blue flowers, whilst those with yellow ones are very seldom subject to this anomaly. The cause of this deviation from the normal types is not a peculiarity of the soil; this Mr. Britten has satisfied himself of, though he has no explanation of his own to offer. Valuable lists of the plants used medicinally in Venezuela have been published by Mr. A. Ernst. "Peculiarities in the Growth of the Hawthorn" form the subject of a useful paper by the Rev. W. H. Purchas, who explains how it is that the "May" sometimes presents an appearance as though its trunk were originally composed of a number of distinct trees closely planted together.

CHEMISTRY.

The progress achieved in this department of the physical sciences refers chiefly to organic chemistry, and bears upon the theories or laws adopted by the younger school of chemists. The labours of Frankland, Duppa, Kekulé, Odling, Williamson, Würtz, Cannizzaro, Cahours, Beilstein Fittig, and Perkin, have done much to support the now generally believed doctrine of the distinction between *atoms* and *equivalents*. Chemical compounds begin to be classified in something more than an arbitrary fashion; they are grouped into natural families according to their *atomicity*—that is, according to the relation they hold to an atom of hydrogen. Thus, potassium and its kindred are termed *monatomic*, or equivalent in their functions to one atom of hydrogen, and upon a similar scheme oxygen is *diatomic*, nitrogen is *triatomic*, and carbon is *tetratomic*. One of the principal discoveries corroborative of these views is that recorded by Frankland and Duppa. These chemists have traced out the connection "between the lactic and the acrylic or oleic series by reactions, in which the abstraction of the elements of an atom of water from the basilous portion of a member of the lactic group converts it into the corresponding member of the acrylic series." The subject of synthesis has been pursued by M. Kekulé with as much energy as ever. His success, too, has been considerable. He prepared a new aromatic acid by bringing together two substances of entirely different qualities. The new compound, which he has termed *xylic acid*, was prepared by passing a current of carbonic anhydride into a heated mixture of sodium, monobromated xylol and impure tolnol. The saline mass thus produced contains the soda salt of the new acid, which may then be obtained by neutralizing the base with hydrochloric acid. M. Pasteur has given much attention to the chemistry of wines, and has concluded that all the effects of age may be produced in wines by artificial means in a short space of time. To summarize his opinions, we may state:—(1.) That wine ripens or is improved by age simply by the action of oxygen. (2.) That when it becomes sick, it is in consequence of parasitic vegetation. (3.) That deposits in wine are due to oxidation, or parasites, or both. (4.) The deposits from oxidation adhere to the bottles, but those from parasites render the wine muddy. By heating new wine up to a certain temperature (140° to 150° Fahrenheit), M. Pasteur has given it all the characters of old wine.

The oxidation of fatty oils of vegetable origin has been inquired into by M. Cloez, who has pointed out some curious and almost unequalled facts. He has observed that the influence of light over the powers of oxidation is very considerable. He exposed oils to the air in colourless glass vessels, and also in vessels of green, blue, red, and yellow glass, and also in perfect darkness. After ten days' exposure, the increase of weight was greatest in the colourless glass, was rather less in the blue glass, was only small in the red, yellow, and green, and no increase at all was observed in the case of the oil left in the dark. The metals Thallium, Cæsium, Rubidium, and Lithium, have had their various salts and their reactions described by English and continental chemists; and even the metal Indium, the latest, and to us newest, of all the metallic compounds, has been produced in sufficient quantity to prove that it is beyond all question entitled to metallic properties. Some strange observations have been made upon the subject of the permeation of metals by gases. MM. Troost, Kopp, and Deville's researches relate especially to these branches of chemical physics. It has been shown that platinum and iron, when white hot, become porous, and are rapidly permeated by hydrogen, which travels through them even under the pressure of the atmosphere, leaving a vacuum in the tube. In one form of these experiments, tubes of hammered and of cast platinum, measuring a twelfth of an inch in thickness, were fitted by means of corks into the axis of a shorter and wider tube of porcelain. A current of dry air was then passed through the platinum tube, and one of dry hydrogen through the other, which was heated to 2,000° Fahrenheit, the consequence of this was, that the oxygen disappeared, nitrogen mixed with steam passed out of the platinum tube, the hydrogen travelled through the pores of the platinum, and entered into combination with the oxygen within. The record of these phenomena is of great importance, for it

proves that air pyrometers, whose bulbs are formed of iron or platinum, cannot be employed in the measurement of elevated temperatures.

Electrolytic chemistry has not been behind the other branches. A method has been discovered by which iron and steel can be coated with a tough layer of copper. M. Weil, who has discovered the process, describes it as consisting simply in the suspension, by a zinc wire, of the metal to be coated, in an alkaline solution of tartrate of copper. The chemistry of painting, a subject of the highest interest, has had attention drawn to it by Dr. D. S. Price, who has shown that, contrary to the usual opinion, it is injurious to remove oil paintings from the influence of light. He had a picture painted and exposed to the action of sulphuretted hydrogen till it became exceedingly discoloured, and to all appearance destroyed; he then exposed it to the light, having covered portions of it with slips of paper. After a long exposure it was found that the parts exposed became perfectly restored, while those covered remained discoloured. The action of gun-cotton has been well investigated, and from the results arrived at, it seems not unlikely too that this compound will supersede gunpowder as an explosive preparation. It has been proved, for instance, that the initial velocity of the Enfield rifle projectile with the use of certain gun-cotton cartridges exceeds the initial velocity of the "service" gunpowder charge. This has been tested by means of trajectories, each projectile recording its path of flight or trajectory. The maximum incurvation of that of the "service" gunpowder charge of the Enfield rifle within a hundred yards of the muzzle of the gun being on the average $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, as compared with that of gun-cotton, which is only $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches. The paths of the projectiles were recorded by means of screens placed about fifty yards apart. Ozone, too, that puzzle of both chemists and meteorologists, has attracted the notice of many savants; and at the moment we write it is a question of discussion as to whether the tests now employed are really capable of indicating its presence. Dr. Lossen, a young chemist of Berlin, has made one of the most important discoveries of the year: he has found that the hypothetical compound intermediate between nitric acid and ammonia has a veritable existence. A simple means of determining the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, which bids fair to be of great service to those employed in sanitary investigations, has been discovered by Dr. Angus Smith. It consists of a small india-rubber ball, from which one tube passes nearly to the extremity of a small bottle through which the air to be tested is passed, whilst another serves as an exit tube. The bottle being supplied with half an ounce of baryta water, air is forced through in order to produce a precipitate of sufficient density. The quantity of balls-full of air required to produce the precipitate indicates the proportion of carbonic acid present. Dr. Hofmann's lectures at the College of Chemistry are a marked feature of the year gone by; but as these are published in book form, we need not deal with them. These and the lectures of Dr. Odling on Animal Chemistry, and of Mr. Grace Calvert on the Progress of Chemical Science, are the only other indications of advance to which we shall direct attention.

GEOLOGY.

No department has made more rapid strides forward during the past few years than that of Geology. The question of the action of ice in the formation of valleys was brought forward at the meeting of the British Association, and has been discussed in some of the journals. As yet, however, there is no decision arrived at. Professor Phillips argues against the glacier theory, and Ramsay, Tyndall, and others support it. Dr. Tyndall asks geologists to remember that there are hundreds of thousands of acres of soil at the head of the lake of Geneva which have been brought down by glacial action from the body of the Alps, and calls attention to the great glacier which had once crossed the Pays de Vaud, and landed the granite of Mont Blanc upon the slopes of the Jura. An American geologist, Mr. Belt, has also, in an able memoir on the lakes of America, advocated the glacial theory. A fierce discussion has taken place between Dr. Carpenter and Mr. William King, of Queen's College, Galway, relative to the animal characters of Eozoon. Dr. Carpenter demonstrated very satisfactorily that Eozoon is a genus of Polymorphous Foraminera; and Mr. King, who has examined some of the rocks of Connemara (in which the fossil was erroneously said to exist), and has found some other structure, arrives at the questionably logical conclusion that the fossil in the Laurentian rocks of Canada is merely a crystalline deposit, and not the remains of an animal. Professor Harkness has explored the rocks of Connemara, and has borne out Sir R. Murchison's recent views that these deposits belong to the Cambrian and not to the Laurentian series. He has also shown that the slaty rocks of Westmoreland, which separate the carboniferous limestone from the permian of the vale of the Eden, contain lower Silurian fossils similar to those of Cumberland. He has, too, detected fossils in the green slates and porphyries which lie intermediate between the Skiddaw strata and the higher Silurian; and he has found others in the Coniston flags, which he considers the equivalents of the upper parts of the Caradoc formation. A chart of the fossil crustacea has been drawn up by Mr. J. W. Salter and Mr. Henry Woodward. The subject of the origin of coal has had some light thrown

upon it by the observations of Mr. W. M. Williams, upon the vegetable deposits of the Achensee. The Achensee is thirty miles north-east of Innsprück, and its water is remarkably clear. The bottom is strewn with branches and trunks of trees, which in some parts stand upright, as though they had grown in the places where they stand. This, however, Mr. Williams does not admit. He thinks the trees grew on the border of the lake, and were then by the mountain torrents washed into its basin. The cause of earthquakes has been attributed by Mr. R. A. Peacock to the action of steam pent up in the earth. We have the following evidences of the development of steam by natural causes:—(1.) The contact of the metalloids bases with water or air. (2.) Ejections of steam from volcanoes. (3.) Ejections of steam from geysers. (4.) Ejections of steam from earthquakes. (5.) Rocks ejected from volcanoes by steam. (6.) Steam produced by volcanoes beneath the sea. (7.) Ejections of hot water from earthquakes. The Maltese caverns and their contents have been the subject of a paper by Mr. Busk and Dr. Leith Adams. Numerous caverns exist in the limestone of Malta, and in some of these the remains are chiefly, if not exclusively, those of an extinct species of elephant. The cavern of Zebberg gives the remains of two species of very small elephants, from which the late Dr. Falconer gave the name of *Elephas Melitensis*. Malta would not now yield a month's food to many individuals of even our species, and hence Mr. Busk concludes that the island must at one time have been joined to the opposite coast of Africa. "The Marine post-Pliocene Deposits of Canada" is the title of a valuable paper read before the British Association, by Principal Dawson. This geologist has maintained that the striation of the surfaces and the deposits of boulder clay must have taken place under the influence of ice driven by ocean currents, and that there is no evidence of any period when the continent was covered with glaciers, though these may have existed on parts of the land remaining above water during the period of depression. He showed that the drift has been from the north-east, or against the slope of the country; and that the materials of the deposit are of such a character as to prove that they could not have constituted sub-aerial moraines; and, finally, that marine fossils occur in some parts of the boulder clay.

The jaw of the Archæopteryx has been examined by Mr. John Evans, who, in a paper on the subject, discusses its relations. He thinks that the presence of teeth in the jaw of such an anomalous creature is not to be wondered at, and he therefore concludes that the jaw in the Solenhofen state is really that of this strange bird. Professor Van Beneden has written a monograph on the Zeuglodonts, in which he states that the nasal bones in all European forms correspond with the condition of these bones in the mutilated portion of skull described some time ago by M. Jourdan. The American Zeuglodonts he believes to have been gigantic carnivorous cetacea, haunting the shores like the plant-eating Manatees. He states, also, that in these animals the atlas vertebra is separated from the other cervicals. Herr Rudolph Ludwig has described a number of calamite fruits from Spathic iron ore. The fossil consists of shortly-stalked fruit-spikes, lying in a whorl round the stem. Each spike consists of a number of closely-packed, broad, short, and sharply-pointed bracts, arranged in a crown-like manner upon circular disks attached to the hollow-jointed stalk. He has figured the structures referred to. M. Serres has described very fully the anatomy of *Glyptodon clavipes*, an almost entire skeleton of which has been set up by him in the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, at Paris. It is the most perfect specimen in Europe. The head, which is entire, is remarkable for its great vertical depth, and the cervical vertebrae present many striking peculiarities. It would seem that this animal was better adapted for herbivorous habits than the elephant, for the dental bulbs are persistent, the lower jaw is enormously developed, and the zygomatic arch is furnished with a strong spur for increasing the attachment of the masseter muscle. A very curious discovery was reported to the French Academy, by M. Lartet, who found a piece of fossil ivory in an ossiferous bed at Périgord, and which bore a sort of representation of a long-haired elephant. Dr. Falconer, who examined the specimen, pronounced it to be a drawing of the mammoth, or elephant of the glacial epoch. The carving of the neck of the animal displayed a representation of the mane of this extinct animal. Another curious discovery has been recorded by the same geologist. At Périgord he found, in a human bone-cave, the bones of the musk ox associated with those of the great bear, the cave-lion, the reindeer, the auroch, and the horse, and in the midst of the relics of human industry. The musk ox, now banished to North America, never comes lower than $60\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and here, therefore, during the earlier part of the Quaternary period, it lived in a latitude 15° more southerly.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

The appearance of Asiatic Cholera in Europe last year gave medical men abundant opportunity for research, and yet very little has been effected towards completing our knowledge either of the disease, or of its cause or cure. We do not say this in disparagement of the medical profession, for we believe it has done its utmost, but in order to show that in a science like medicine, when the phenomena which present themselves for investigation are surrounded by so many complex conditions,

and so seldom exhibit themselves under the same circumstances, the difficulties of framing theories even by induction are enormous. Something, however, has been achieved, for it has been proved both by observation and experiment, that cholera is produced by some poison (probably organic) which passes through water and the atmosphere from the diseased to the healthy. It has, too, been shown that the intestinal discharges of choleric patients are loaded with vegetable organisms of a low form of life, and that by a due attention to the premonitory symptoms the progress of the malady may be stayed. It is yet a question whether—when the poison has thoroughly invaded the system—it is possible to cure the sufferer; and through ice, hot water, copper, and a hundred and one other remedies have been suggested, there is no logical reason to form the belief that any of them is a specific. The medical journals of the past year contain innumerable papers on the subject of cholera, but few of them deserve even to be read. Two instruments for the investigation of the processes going on in the body during health and disease have come into use. The sphymograph, a contrivance for recording graphically the several movements of the chambers of the heart, promises to be of infinite value in the diagnosis of cardiac affections; and the thermometer, whose employment is so highly recommended by Dr. S. Ringer, seems likely to afford most important results in the investigation of febrile diseases. The antagonistic properties of certain organic poisons have been pointed out by Drs. Keen, Taylor, Moorhouse, and Mitchell. This is a most useful branch of research, and bids fair to supply us with antidotes to poisons which hitherto we have been unable to counteract. A case is sufficient to illustrate this. Dr. Taylor was called in to attend a girl who had taken a poisonous dose of laudanum. The patient was insensible: it was some six hours since the laudanum had been taken, and life was despaired of. Under the influence of galvanism, a poisonous dose of another drug—belladonna (deadly nightshade)—was now administered. After a few hours, consciousness was restored, and the girl recovered, the strangest feature of all being that none of the symptoms of belladonna poisoning presented themselves. It has been shown by other physiologists that Calabar bean and belladonna are also mutually antidotal, and that tobacco and nux vomica have similar qualities.

M. Bert has engrafted the tissues of one animal upon those of another, and thus has completed Hunter's experiments, by proving, through the medium of injected fluids, that the blood-vessels of the animal grow into the substance of the engrafted tissue. It has been shown by Herr Cohnheim, of Berlin, that the cells of the pulp of the spleen are contractile, and exhibit movements similar to those of the white corpuscles and of pus-cells. The anatomist has proved too that this power lies in the cells, by injecting water into the spleen, and thus removing any white corpuscles which it might contain. The structure of the kidney has had several memoirs devoted to it. Mr. Reginald Southey, in summing up all the observations which have been conducted upon this gland, concludes by asserting that the malpighian bodies are not connected either with the secretion of urea or with that of water, but are, what he terms, "blood-regulators." Dr. Duckworth has published an essay on the anatomy of the suprarenal capsules, in which it is contended that the cavities in these organs are abnormal, and are produced by the decomposition of blood by careless manipulation, or by morbid vital processes. Congelation of animals has been shown by M. Pouchet's experiments to produce different results from those generally admitted. No animal can recover after perfect congelation; but if the cold be not carried below 32° many animals may escape death. The first efforts of cold are a diminution of the capillaries and expulsion of the blood corpuscles; and the secondary results are, rupture of the blood corpuscles, crenation of their borders, and isolation of their nuclei.

A discussion has taken place between Dr. Richardson on the one hand, and Dr. Gamgee, of Edinburgh, and Herr Kühne, on the other, relative to the ammonia in blood. The former still asserts that free ammonia is always present in healthy blood, and the latter allege that it is only present as a product of decomposition. It is proposed to decide the question experimentally at the next meeting of the British Association.

M. Colin's researches upon the mechanical power of the heart have forced him to conclude that the impulsive force of the left ventricle is four times greater than that of the right, the ratio in lbs. being 255·65. M. Krishaber has published the results of his experiments upon the functions of deglutition. It appears from his statements that solid food passes over the sides of the epiglottis; whilst liquids pass quite over this structure, a small portion of the liquid dropping into the larynx and moistening the membrane lining the vocal cords. He asserts that a piece of food may often be borne in the air passage without inconvenience. Dr. Richardson has shown us how the life of warm-blooded animals may often be restored by artificial means, even after the heart has ceased to beat. He introduces blood heated to 90° into the animal, forcing it through the vessels by means of a syringe, and in several of his experiments the results have been most successful. A new poison from the Gaboon has been described by M. Pelikan; it exerts its action chiefly upon the heart, which it first excites and then paralyzes. M. Dareste attributes dwarfism to accelerated development; he has proved his theory by several observations upon the develop-

ment of the chick. Two new anæsthetics, safer than and as cheap as chloroform, have been recommended by Mr. Nunneley; they are bromide of ethyl and chloride of olefant gas. The Croonian Lecture of the Royal Society was this year delivered by Dr. Beale, who demonstrated to his audience that the nerves have no free ends in muscle, but form exceedingly delicate networks of fibres.

MICROSCOPY.

By this term we do not mean Histology, as the study of the minute structure of objects is called. Histology is, properly speaking, anatomy, and should come under the headings of Medicine, Botany, and Zoology. In the succeeding paragraphs we propose to treat only of the progress made in the manufacture of microscopes and microscopic appliances. The past year has been exceedingly fertile in the production of microscopic apparatus. The most important contrivance is one which was described last September by Mr. Smith, of Kenyon College, U.S., in the *American Journal of Science*. This instrument is intended for the illumination of exceedingly minute opaque objects, and is intended to be used with such high objectives as the $\frac{1}{8}$ th and $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch. It consists of a tubular box introduced between the end of the microscope tube and the object-glass, and having an aperture in its side and a plain mirror within, opposite the aperture, occupying half the chamber, and inclined downwards at a fixed angle. In using this illuminator, a lamp and bull's-eye condenser are so placed that a beam of parallel rays passes into the aperture horizontally. On entering the chamber the rays meet the mirror, are reflected by it down through the object-glass, and upon the object from which, of course, they pass as usual into the object-glass, and so reach the observer's eye. In this manner the object-glass is made its own achromatic condenser. The objection to this contrivance lies in the fact that half the rays are cut off by the mirror; but this has been removed by an improvement carried out by Messrs. Powell and Lealand, who have substituted a plate of plain glass for the silvered mirror of Mr. Smith. A novel and useful dissecting microscope has been devised by Dr. Lawson, of St. Mary's Hospital. It is based upon the fact that when two lenses are employed in viewing an object all the relief is shown. Dr. Lawson employs two eye-pieces, which contain sections of a lens of large diameter, and, being from the periphery of the lens, have a prismatic as well as magnifying effect. The stage consists of a trough of gutta-percha, in which the animals for dissection are pinned under water. From the side of the box which bears the stage and eye-pieces, two arm-rests draw out on either side, in this way much facilitating the labours of the anatomist. The instrument has been displayed at all the scientific soirées, and has attracted much attention. It is manufactured by Mr. Collins, of Great Titchfield Street.

The last-named maker has constructed a most ingenious diaphragm, which is so arranged that by turning a screw the aperture may be diminished to any extent with the greatest nicety. It has been styled the "graduating diaphragm," and is much used by working microscopists in the investigation of delicate structures. A new form of achromatic condenser, partly upon the plan of the Kelner eye-piece, has been invented by an amateur, Mr. Webster, and is now with some improvement sold by Mr. Collins. It consists of a double concave lens, to which is cemented a convex one, the combination being achromatic. Beneath it is a wheel of diaphragms so constructed that the effects of oblique and dark ground illumination may be easily obtained. Mr. Collins has appended to the instrument a new form of his condenser, in which, by the movement simultaneously of a number of shutters, a nearly circular aperture of any diameter can be obtained. The whole arrangement is a veritable *multum in parvo* of microscopic skill, for it is at once an achromatic condenser, parabolic illuminator, and graduating diaphragm. These instruments would cost at least £8 or £10, while this simple combination is sold for £2 or £3. A simple and useful form of "finder" has been constructed by Messrs. Baker, of Holborn. It consists of a curved lever attached to the stand of the microscope, and moving vertically up and down so that it can be made to touch the stage. When an object is in the centre of the field, the lever is brought down upon the slide so as to leave a small indentation, which is then marked with ink. When the object is afterwards required, it is only necessary to place the stage in its rectangular position, and laying the slide upon it, work the milled heads till the point of the lever fits with the indentation, or rests upon the ink-mark. A new mode of using the Lieberkühn has been suggested by Mr. K. Bridgeman. He covers up a portion of the reflecting surface, and thus by throwing the light from one particular direction upon the object, he brings out peculiarities of structure not before observable. The barbs of *Opuntia tunicata* show admirably under this arrangement. Dr. Maddox has devised a wire spring clip, which will be found of immense service by those employed in "putting up" objects. It simply consists of a piece of brass wire, so bent that one part of it slips over the end of the slide, and the other presses uniformly over the surface of the glass, covering the object about to be mounted.

Count Castracane recommends the employment of chromatic light for the examination of the structure of such objects as the diatomaceæ. This suggestion, though of little importance to English workers whose glasses are all so well corrected, may be

useful where achromatic glasses are not employed. He uses one of Dubosc's heliostats, and obtains by it a pencil of coloured homogeneous light, which he throws upon the object under examination. Mr. Richard Beck, adopting the suggestion of Mr. Bridgeman (given above), has constructed a Lieberkühn of such a kind that the light is thrown only from one side of the objective upon the object. Further adopting the suggestion of Mr. Sorby, Mr. Beck has modified this illuminator by the introduction of a small flat mirror immediately in front of the object-glass, and covering half of its aperture, and of a small semi-cylindrical tube, which cuts off all illumination from the Lieberkühn. The result of this arrangement is a form of illuminator (which shows peculiarities of structure not noticeable with the "parabolic illuminator," as Mr. Beck calls his first modification. Mr. Smith, of America, has described a form of growing slide, in which the development of plants, &c., may be examined. It is composed of two plates of glass three inches long, two inches wide, and about 1-25th of an inch thick, which are separated by slips of the same thickness, and cemented by marine glue. A small aperture in one of the corners allows water contained in the slide to ooze out by capillary attraction, when said aperture is covered with a piece of thin glass. The object is placed beneath the thin glass, and may be supplied with enough water for three weeks, without removing the slide from the microscope.

MINERALOGY, METALLURGY, AND MINING.

In these three kindred departments a good deal has been achieved. English scientific men have discovered many new processes for the utilization of materials formerly cast away as useless; and Continental workers have given us some valuable essays on the chemistry of metallurgic operations. A new method of preparing steel was brought under the notice of the French Academy by M. Bérard. In this gases are made to play the principal part. The process consists essentially in alternately oxidizing and reducing cast-iron. The oxidation is effected by the introduction of atmospheric air, and the reduction by means of hydrogen and carbonic oxide. The steel produced by this means is said to be equal in quality to the ordinary kinds. Metallic tungsten can now be obtained in great purity, and in considerable quantities, by a method discovered by a Swedish metallurgist. This method has not been described; but it is, we understand, an exceedingly cheap one. A means of preventing the oxidation of iron and steel has been described by M. Chambeyron. It consists in the incorporation of the iron with a metal or alloy little affected by oxygen. He introduces zinc in the state of vapour into iron and steel, when these are intended for exposure to oxygen only; and a volatile alloy of zinc, tin, or lead, when the iron is to be submitted to other oxidizing influences. While the iron is at an exceedingly high temperature, zinc vapour is forced into the retorts, and thus is driven into the pores of the metal, and remains incorporated with it when cold. Dr. F. G. Finch has detailed a process for the utilization of slag from blast-furnaces. He suggests that the slag should, when hot, be run into moulds, and that when cooled it should be used to pave streets. This method is adopted in Paris and in many parts of Belgium. Dr. Yæcker has described some newly-discovered phosphatic deposits in Wales. They cover nearly two miles, and consist of a black phosphatic limestone, and a black phosphatic shale. The former contains from 30 to 35 per cent. of phosphate of lime, and the latter from 54 to 64 per cent.

Mr. Abel has investigated the compounds of copper and phosphorus, and has reported some useful observations. His inquiries have shown that the addition of phosphorus to copper immensely increases its tenacity. The average breaking-weight of very good ingot copper is 25,000 lbs. on its square inch, and the average breaking-weight of sound gun metal is 32,000 lbs. But copper with 5 per cent. of phosphorus requires 38,389, and if combined with 1.5 per cent. of phosphorus it would bear a strain of more than 47,000 lbs. The combination of the phosphorus prevents the facile rolling of the metal when hot, and utterly unfits copper for telegraphic purposes. On the subject of the action of acids on metals and alloys, we have had the valuable experience of Dr. Grace Calvert. Among other curious facts, this experimenter has shown that at ordinary temperatures sulphuric acid does not act on pure zinc, but if there be the slightest degree of oxidation present, a slight action gradually intensified becomes manifest. Some specimens of South American minerals were exhibited to the British Association by Mr. David Forbes. One of them (Darwinite) is of interest. It was named after Mr. Darwin, as it was found in the part of South America explored by that celebrated naturalist. It is composed of eighteen equivalents of copper to one of arsenic. M. Caron's important inquiries into the constitution of steel were last year awarded the gold medal of the Belgian Academy of Sciences. M. Caron alleges that steel is essentially composed of iron and carbon, and owes its good qualities or its defects to two different causes—the state of the carbon in the metal, or the nature of the foreign bodies with which it is united. Wherever steel is good, its carbon can, under the influence of tempering, combine with the iron and give a hard brittle metal which the tempering renders supple and elastic. When steel becomes bad after undergoing several beatings, it is because its carbon has

been burnt and separated from the iron, and tempering cannot regenerate the combination. This separation is mainly due to the influence of silicium, whose presence is detrimental. M. Ferreil has described (in the *Bulletin de la Société Clinique*) a process for the detection of chromium in iron. The ore is first heated to remove the silica, and then it is dissolved in acid and precipitated by solution of potash. The liquid is then heated to 90°, and permanganate of potash is added to it, drop by drop, till the permanganate loses its colour. It is then filtered, saturated with acetic acid, and acetate of lead is poured into it; the chromium is thrown down as chromate of lead. The experiments of Messrs. Calvert and Johnson prove that either galvanised iron or lead should be employed for the purposes of ship-building. They found that when equal quantities of several metals were placed in equal weights of sea-water for a month, steel lost most by corrosion, lead least; the order being steel, iron, copper, zinc, tin, galvanised iron, lead. The first lost 29.16 grammes, and the last a trace which could not be estimated. A paper on the nature of alloys has been published by M. Jullien. The writer is of opinion that metals do not combine with other; that iron does not unite with carbon, silicon, or nitrogen; and that such a mixture as that of hydrate of lime and dry hydrated sulphate of soda presents all the character of a solution, but none of those of combination. He regards liquid cast iron as a solution of liquid carbon in liquid iron. Grey pig-iron, obtained by casting in hot moulds, is a mixture of graphite and steel, both being in the amorphous state. Liquid glass, he says, is a solution of a neutral silicate in one of its components; granite is a liquid glass slowly cooled; lava, liquid glass suddenly cooled. Bronze slowly cooled is a solution of crystallized tin in amorphous copper, and bronze suddenly cooled is a solution of amorphous tin in amorphous copper. It has been proved by M. Caron that graphite, coke, lamp-black, and all carbons deprived of alkalies and carburetted gases, are incapable of converting iron into steel. A bar of iron heated in a tube filled with particles of graphite, and hammered and tempered in the usual manner, gave no indications of having become steel. It was fibrous, could hardly be bent when cold, and its surface was easily acted on by the file. Several announcements of new discoveries of petroleum-springs have been made during the past year, and some new minerals have been described; it has also been alleged that a valuable mercury mine has been discovered in California, and some new carbon mines have been found.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Among the many discoveries which the past year has brought forward, there is none of greater interest or importance than that of the application of photography to engraving. This, the invention of Mr. Walter Woodbury, promises to do much for illustration. By it, an engraved metal block of an object can be produced by photographic agency. A negative of the object to be engraved having been taken, it is fastened over a glass plate covered with a layer of gelatine and bichromate of ammonia. After sufficient exposure, the gelatine plate is placed in hot water. This dissolves away the portions which have not been exposed to the light, and thus leaves a hard representation in relief of the object photographed. This is now fixed upon a plate of type metal, and the two are submitted to great pressure, the result being that the metal exhibits a perfect intaglio, the depressions corresponding to shadows. In printing with the block thus obtained, a semi-transparent gelatinous ink is employed, and when the paper is removed from the block, this ink remains upon it like jelly from a jelly-mould. Hence, as the more elevated layers sink into the paper, deep shades are produced; and as the shallow ones are absorbed, lighter shadows result, in this way the most delicate gradations of shading are produced. A novel application of the art is that termed the burning-in process. In this the photograph is taken upon opal glass or porcelain, and afterwards burnt into these substances, and covered with a vitreous glaze. The plate is first coated with a peculiar varnish, then with the sensitized collodion, and is finally exposed. After the usual operations of "developing," &c., it is placed in a bath containing a salt of platinum, then washed with cyanide of potassium, and afterwards heated till the organic matter is completely destroyed. The metallic matter sinks into the glass, and is at the same time vitrified. It has been shown by Professor Miller, in an essay on actinism, that the property of transmitting the actinic rays of light is not directly related to the transparency of the medium. Although water, fluorspar, and rock-salt, possess considerable diactinic power, they are all surpassed by rock-crystal. The vapour of water, though highly impervious to the calorific rays, allows the actinic ones to pass freely through it. A new process has been described by Mr. Simpson, and has been styled the "Simpson type." It is said to produce wonderful results, and consists in the employment of a special collodion, to every ounce of which is added 7½ grains of nitrate of silver, 2 grains of chloride of strontium, and 1 grain of citric acid. A plate of opal glass, well ground and polished, is coated with the collodion chloride of silver, and when quite dry is placed cautiously in contact with a negative, and printed in the usual manner. The discoverer has been awarded the President's Medal of the Photographic Society.

A new method of printing photographs upon ivory has been recorded, but the process is much too long for description here. A considerable amount of discussion has taken place relative to the discovery of the action of light in hardening bichromatised gelatine. The *Popular Science Review* contends that the discovery is due to Mr. Fox Talbot; and, we believe, the *British Journal of Photography* takes a similar view of the matter. The *Photographic News* and the *Photographic Journal* advocate an opposite opinion. The controversy has been carried on by some of these periodicals in a most discourteous tone—the *Photographic Journal* displaying a good deal of coarse vituperation in its assertion that Mr. Talbot has no claim to the merit of the discovery. The question is still *sub-judice*. M. Niepce presented a note to the French Academy of Sciences upon the method of obtaining black shades in heliochromic processes. He suggests three or four methods. By the first a pure black is obtained, either by contact or in the dark room. In the second, a slightly indicated black (*black by induction*) is obtained. In the third, a scarcely indicated black, submitted to diffused light, produces what M. Niepce styles *black by alteration*. The fourth process is employed in the production of a dark tint approaching black. Photography has been used to record the movements of scientific instruments, such as the magnetic needle, &c., and is now employed to do all the night work at the Royal Greenwich Observatory. The apparatus used in registering the movements of the magnetic needle—such as variation and dip—is extremely interesting. Attached to the cord which suspends the needle is a small concave mirror, so placed that it can receive rays of light from a lamp situate near it, and reflect them on to a piece of photographic sensitive paper. This paper is connected with a drum, which by clockwork makes a revolution in the 24 hours. As the needle slowly moves, the mirror reflects the light from the lamp to the paper, causing the beam to pass from side to side; and as the paper itself is slowly moving forwards, each tracing which the light leaves is borne away, and thus an actual register is made of the needle's movements. The same principle has been applied to the registration of the changes in the height of the mercury in the barometer, and to the various other instruments. A photographic novelty, with the extraordinary name of *Caoutchoucotype*, has been described in one of the American journals. The new process is based upon the fact that the compound of india-rubber and sulphur may be vulcanized by light as well as by heat. The raw mixture is placed on a thin sheet under the negative for a certain time. After exposure, it is acted on by some solvent such as ether; this penetrates and expands the parts not acted on by light, producing a relief, from which casts may be taken. There is considerable difficulty, however, in conducting the operation to a satisfactory issue. Mr. Carey Lea, an American photographer of much note, has discovered a new developer, which is composed of ten grains of gelatine in an ounce of acetic acid. It is stated to possess most valuable qualities. Mr. A. Claudet has devised an ingenious apparatus for exhibiting figures as if they were in motion. Its principle is explained by the fact that if we represent separately the different attitudes of a figure in motion, and submit them rapidly and in succession to the eye, the mind is impressed with the idea that the image it perceives is in motion. Two different positions are sufficient to illustrate the principle; but in order to render the illusion complete, eight should be employed. Two cubic frames placed under each lens of a sort of stereoscope, and containing each four different pictures, are made to revolve by the reciprocating movement of the slide, and each time a new position is brought into view till the eight pictures have consecutively passed before the eyes.

PHYSICS.

Not the least important progress made in Physical Science has been that respecting the application of the spectroscope. This instrument has now been adapted to the microscope, so that the most minute particles of substances can be investigated. Indeed, in some instances, particles no larger than half a blood-corpuscle have had their spectra examined. Several forms of spectrum-microscope have been already described; but of these, that devised by Mr. Sorby has accomplished its work most satisfactorily. In this, the prism combination is attached to the eye-piece. In the side of the latter also, there is a slit through which light may be admitted, so as to form a second natural spectrum for comparison with that of the object under examination. "A speck of blood," says Mr. Sorby, "which could not weigh more than the one-millionth of a grain, will show a perfectly characteristic spectrum." The subject of dialysis, which was brought under the notice of scientific men a few years since by Mr. Graham, has had a very interesting essay devoted to it by Dr. Marcet. This gentleman questions the so-called laws of dialysis in the case of animal membrane. A number of observations upon the mode in which certain colloid substances travelled through animal membranes, have convinced him that in these animal tissues there are exquisitely delicate canals through which these fluids percolate. Indeed, histology fully bears out Dr. Marcet's opinions, for in most membranes a system of microscopic anastomosing canals is to be seen. The polariscope has been turned to good practical account by Mr. Sugden Evans. Knowing that essential oils when examined with the polariscope exhibit a peculiar power of rotating light, and that the most

intense ray is produced under definite circumstances, he thought that in the event of an oil being adulterated, these conditions would be altered. The instrument devised by him is simply a modified polariscope. The eye-piece of which is set in a circular disc of brass, whose circumference is divided into 360 degrees. The prisms are so placed that an index needle in the eye-piece points to zero when a ray of light transmitted through the oil is at its maximum intensity. As this ray in an adulterated oil is produced by a new position of the prisms, and as the needle indicates the movements of the latter, it is evident that the scale will at once point not only to the presence of an adulteration, but will in some measure indicate its extent.

The theory of the electro-dynamic field has been discussed both here and abroad, and it has been argued that there is but a single fluid. Electrical standards—the matter which was brought so prominently forward by Mr. Fleeming Jenkins and Dr. Matthiessen—has been reported on by the committee of the British Association. The standard has been constructed in five different materials: platinum, mercury, platinum-silver alloy, gold-silver alloy, and platinum-iridium alloy. The unit will be adopted by the great telegraph companies of Great Britain, by the Indian Administration, and by the colonies. Mr. Gassiot has described some curious phenomena in connection with stratified electric discharges. He uses a battery of 4,000 insulated glass cells, and instead of sulphate of copper about a teaspoonful of sulphate of mercury in each cell. When one of the terminal wires of such a battery is introduced into a V shaped tube containing distilled water, and the other allowed to touch the moistened surface of the glass, but is not in actual contact with the glass, a luminous discharge is produced, entirely filling a vacuum-tube without any appearance of stratification. On depressing the wire, stratified discs of red light are rapidly produced at the positive pole, and on further depression their discs assumes a variety of forms. These facts are quite novel. The radiation of the dark rays of heat was beautifully illustrated by Dr. Tyndall in his lectures at the Royal Institution. The electric light was reflected by a concave mirror of short focus, and a cell of rock-salt, containing iodine in sulphide of carbon, was placed between the mirror and its focal point. Thus all the light was absorbed, yet when objects were brought into the focal point of the mirror they became instantly inflamed. Professor Tyndall has given to the phenomenon the term *calorescence*. On the electro-chemical properties of hydrogen we have had an able paper by M. Crova. The writer states that a metallic plate covered with hydrogen proceeding from the decomposition of an electrolyte possesses an electro-motive force which varies with the intensity of the current. From a great number of experiments, in some of which he produced various results, M. Crova concludes that hydrogen is a gaseous metal. Some remarkable facts concerning the diffusion of gases have been stated by Mr. Ansdell. He has found that gases diffuse slowly through india-rubber, although they travel rapidly through biscuit-ware. If a glass cylinder be intercepted at its middle by a piece of biscuit-ware properly cemented in, and then one end of the cylinder be covered with a piece of india-rubber, and diffusion allowed to proceed through the latter, the gas which has diffused remains between the india-rubber and the biscuit-ware. This Mr. Ansdell supposes to be due to the existence of two forms of the same gas, one capable of penetrating india-rubber but not biscuit-ware, and *vice versa*.

Turning the spectroscope again upon the Nebulæ, Mr. Huggins has fully borne out his views as to their constitution. He considers, from the peculiarity of the absorption bands displayed in their spectra, that the nebulæ are constituted of gaseous matter, heated to an intense degree, but by no means luminous throughout. If they represent the matter of which the stars are formed, they would have shown more than three bands in their spectrum. The Abbé Laborde has investigated the spectrum of the electric spark, and has given us the results of his researches. He has studied the spectrum of the lightning flash especially. The lines observed by him are all of a dull white or lead colour, but one among them is always more apparent than the others, and is sometimes seen alone. This line is not far from Fraunhofer's line E. When the flash is seen at a great distance, the spectrum seems to be continuous, and the lines disappear.

A most powerful thermo-electric battery has been devised by Professor Wheatstone; though composed of only sixty elements, it is capable of fusing fine platinum wire. Professor Wheatstone has noticed that constantly fusing the elements increases their power. The experiment of laying down the Atlantic cable gave rise to several essays upon marine telegraphic cables, and their mode of insulation, &c.; also, as to the influences of the induction from the earth in developing secondary currents, but of these we cannot even supply abstracts.

ZOOLOGY AND COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

The labours of zoologists during the year 1865 have been so numerous and comprehensive that we set about our abstract of them with considerable diffidence. Our veteran naturalist, Owen, has given us proof that he still assiduously pursues his favourite study, in a memoir read before the Royal Society upon the anatomy of the mammary gland of the *Echidna hystrix*. In this he has cleared up the history of this excep-

tional mammal by showing how it suckles its young. The milk-gland of the *Echidna* is of a lobular character, and is comprised of a number of cœca bound together with connective tissue; but, instead of opening into a general cavity which communicates with a teat, as in other mammals, there is simply a slit-like aperture, into which the head of the young creature is thrust. Thus, instead of the young receiving the teat, the teat absolutely receives the young. In adaptation to this function, the anterior limbs of the creature are disproportionately developed, so as to grasp the hair of the parent, and attach itself in such a manner as to prevent all the strain falling upon the neck. The histology of the lower Echinoderms has been examined by M. Jourdain. He has especially explored the lacunar cavity and its fluid. The latter contains a great number of corpuscles, which resemble in form the white corpuscles of mammalian blood. They are colourless, nucleated cells, circular in outline, and disc-like in form. The blood appears to flow regularly, and in a definite direction in these animals; it passes from behind forwards along the walls of the body, and then travels in the opposite direction in the neighbourhood of the intestinal canal. The movement is in great part sustained by clusters of cilia. These observations refer chiefly to the anatomy of the *sipunculus*. Mr. C. Spence Bate read a valuable paper before the British Association on the genus *Anceus*. He has traced the distinction between the male and female. The *Anceus* with a large head and pointed mandibles is believed by him to be the fully-developed male, while that with the small head and no mouth is thought to be the female. The Annelida of the coast of Guernsey have found a friend in Mr. E. Ray Lankester, who has been good enough to examine and catalogue them. This young naturalist records the presence of seventy-seven species, of which three are quite new to science, and seven to Britain. He has dedicated one of them, *Halosydna*, to his friend Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys.

The development of one of the Ephemeroidea (*Chloëon dimidiatum*) has been fully observed by Sir J. Lubbock. The larva in its earliest stage is a minute transparent active creature, with a large head, tapering abdomen, and two long caudal appendages. It spends about a year in the water, and goes through twenty changes of form, on each occasion casting its skin. In the first instance it has no respiratory organs, but after a while branchiæ become developed. It produces three tails whilst in the larval state, but has only two in the imago condition. In the early portion of the year a good deal of discussion occurred relating to a paper of Professor Owen's on the brains of monotremes. The Professor left his readers (it appears unintentionally) under the impression that in these animals the cerebrum has not its lobes united by a commissure called the corpus callosum. This impression was corrected in an able essay by Mr. Flower, and hence the controversy arose. It is now regarded as decided, that in these creatures the cerebral lobes are united, though not so completely as in the higher mamalia. M. E. Claparède has published a memoir on the circulation of the blood in spiders of the genus *Lycosa*. The heart is situate in the median line; at nine different parts it presents diverticula in three pairs, and at the level of each pair of these, there is a pair of orifices. At the moment of dilatation the blood rushes into the heart through these apertures; it passes from the heart into the thoracic aorta. The peripheral circulation is entirely lacunar, there being none of these vascular networks which M. Blanchard has described. M. Duméril announced to the French Academy the birth of a number of young Axolotls in the reptile menagerie of the Museum of Natural History. In watching their development, M. Duméril discovered ample evidence of their true amphibian character. Herr Leydig has elaborately worked out the anatomy of the snail family. His observations upon the structure of the auditory capsule are of most importance. The capsule in all has the form of a shortly-stalked vesicle. The stalk serves to form a connection with the brain, and does not lead to the exterior of the head, so that when the parts under examination are not altered by pressure, the capsule appears sharply defined with a clear border.

It has been proved, if proof were necessary, by the inquiries of M. Davaine, that the vinegar eel (*Rhabditis aceti*) is not developed spontaneously. This animal will not live in any of the organic acids save those immediately produced from sugar. In saccharine solutions it develops and propagates with rapidity. A number of experiments have convinced M. Davaine that the worm lives in fruits, which it enters when these fall upon the ground. Fruits are employed in fermenting, and in this way the vinegar eel is introduced into the vessels which are used in the fermentation processes. A new Actinozoön has been described by Dr. Percival Wright, of Trinity College, Dublin. It has been termed *Hartea*, and forms a new genus of *Coronulariæ*. Mr. St. George Merait and Dr. Murie have dissected the *Nycticebus tardigradus*, and they call attention to the resemblance certain of its muscles (the *flexor longus pollicis*) bear to those of man, and to its sloth-like mode of progression, and its great power of slowly and easily raising up its head, while hanging by its hind limbs alone. Professor Agassiz has discovered that fishes undergo remarkable metamorphoses, which have been overlooked by naturalists. He has proved demonstratively that the Mediterranean fish called *Argyrolepeus hemigymnus* is the young of the common Doree (*Zeus faber*). He holds also that many other fishes go through a startling

metamorphoses. The external auditory hairs of crustacea have been studied with much advantage by Herr Dr. von Hensen. He states (1.) That they are always implanted over a hole in the chitinous membrane. (2.) The border of this hole projects in the form of a tooth. (3.) The stem of the hair does not rest directly on the hole, but is supported by an extremely delicate membrane. (4.) The extremity of the hair presents an appendage with which the nerve is connected. M. Gerbe has assured us as the result of his observations, that the larva of the *Palinurus*, or spiny lobster of our seas, does not resemble the typical *Phyllosoma*. This at least is true of it in its early stage; but after the fifth month its real characters become seen; the presence of false feet indicating its relation to the *Phyllosoma*.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

The Record of Zoological Literature.—This work is unquestionably the treatise of the year. In it we find reference to most of the memoirs which have been published during the year 1864, upon the various departments of zoological science. It is edited by Dr. Albert Gunther, of the British Museum, who has compiled all the information relative to the mammals, fish, and reptiles, and it contains contributions from Dr. Cobbold, Dr. E. Von Martens, and Messrs. Newton, Dallas, and J. R. Greene. It extends over more than 600 pages, and, as the several essays (abstracted) are arranged in zoological order, reference to its contents is extremely easy.

The British Hemiptera is the title of the volume given by the Ray Society to its readers. It is a voluminous treatise, in which all our English Hemiptera-Heteroptera are described, and most of them figured. The authors, Messrs. Douglas and Scott, are well known for their researches upon the British bugs; and the present volume, though extremely uninteresting to any but enthusiastic insect-hunters, is very creditable to their industry.

Homes without Hands.—The Rev. G. J. Wood is the author of this work. He has arranged the members of the animal kingdom according to the mode in which they prepare their homes. The book is a natural history of a special kind, is beautifully illustrated, and, though erroneous in some particulars, is worthy of an extensive circulation.

Iron Ship Building.—Mr. Fairbairn advocates in this volume the employment of iron in the manufacture of all vessels. He supports his arguments by much valuable evidence, and recommends, as a substitute for such cumbersome ships as the *Warrior*, vessels heavily plated only four feet above and four below the line of flotation.

Introduction to Modern Chemistry is the reprint of Dr. Hofman's lectures delivered in the College of Chemistry. They are almost exclusively an advocacy of the modern views of notation; and, though written in good English, have a terrible smack of the German idiom. The arguments for the adoption of the Unitary system are forcibly and fairly stated.

Handbook of Geological Terms.—Mr. Page has issued a new edition of a well-received book. It is a sort of convenient dictionary, is very comprehensive, and, save in regard to its arrangement of the animal kingdom, is accurate, and in keeping with the advance of science.

The Structure and Growth of the Tissues.—Dr. Beale's little volume contains a statement of his views on the structure and development of the tissues of the animal body. All questions except those investigated by the author are omitted. As an *exposé* of Dr. Beale's views, it is a convenient volume easily read; but beyond this it has little value as a histological treatise.

A Year at the Shore.—Mr. Gosse always supplies us with a handsome book when he gives us one at all. This is no exception to the rule. The volume is divided into chapters corresponding to the twelve months of the year; and in each of these the animals of the month are well described. A number of exquisitely coloured illustrations accompany the letter-press.

Geological Errors.—This is an Irish book with a famous title. It is intended to show the errors of geologists generally, but it fails to do so, and illustrates how certain geologists who follow the author's example may make an unpleasant exhibition of their reasoning faculties. Mr. Kelly should use his hammer more, and his pen less frequently.

A Manual of Physiology.—Dr. Carpenter's manuals—of which this is one in its fourth edition—have acquired a celebrity quite unprecedented. We fear, however, that the present volume will do little to add to the author's reputation. It is a curious medley of the views of the cell-theorists and their opponents. The author, in changing his views, has done justice to scientific observers; but in revising his manual he has not dealt with equal fairness by his readers. The book has lost its plan, and is yet not up to the present advance of microscopical science.

The Memoirs of the Anthropological Society is a large 8vo. volume, containing a good many useless, and a few exceedingly obscene, essays, which, we believe, were originally read before this distinguished and highly moral association. There are some apparently who have yet to learn that there is a very wide hiatus between pruriency and philosophy.

Prehistoric Times is an excellent volume by Sir John Lubbock. It treats of all those questions which the Abbeville discussion brought so prominently before the public a couple of years ago. The quaternary deposits, the age of man, the shell

mounds, and the lake habitations, are all described in a style which is remarkable for its terseness and simplicity.

Elements of Physics.—The second part of Dr. Arnott's treatise on Natural Philosophy is included in this volume. The phenomena of physics are clearly stated and tolerably well explained; but we find very little allusion to modern discoveries. The spectroscope is completely ignored, and Tyndall's researches on heat have not had even a line given to them. Nevertheless, with a few bad qualities, the book has a great many good ones.

Frost and Fire.—Two handsome volumes have been published under this strange title. They deal with all those geological phenomena which are produced by extreme alternations of heat and cold. The author, Mr. Campbell, has travelled for many years, and gives us the results of his own experience and observation in a style and manner peculiarly his own. It is to be regretted that he has not been more systematic, for it must be confessed that, while his book is a most delightful companion, it is, as often happens, a very bad teacher.

The Achromatic Microscope.—Mr. R. Beck has here put together a good deal of information relating to microscopy, and chiefly in reference to the instruments of Smith, Beck, & Beck. This work is, in point of fact, an elaborately-executed catalogue.

A Manual of Geology.—The Rev. Samuel Haughton has added to his series of manuals one on geology, written by himself. It is the reprint of a series of lectures, and has therefore certain faults. Still, it is nicely illustrated and well written, and, had it embraced an account of work done during the past three or four years, would have been one of our best students' textbooks.

The Application of Geology.—Professor Ansted's lectures before the Society of Arts form here a convenient and readable volume. The writer shows what is the practical value of stone-science, and has done much to convince those who think geologists are dreamers, that the study of geology is of the highest utilitarian import.

The Genetic Cycle in Organic Nature.—This book is written by Dr. Ogilvie. It aims at doing what Quatrefages has already effected, though it rather differs on some points from the views of French naturalists. The style is too rigidly scientific to be very intelligible to the ordinary reader, and, as the book contains no original matter, it is not likely to be consulted by zoologists.

The Planet Saturn.—The author of this volume gives us a monograph, and an able one, on a single planet. The work displays much erudition, and exhibits a good deal of originality of thought. The views of the nature of Saturn's rings are plausible and seductive.

British Conchology is the third volume of Mr. Jeffreys's useful treatise on marine shells. In it we find some of the bivalves and many of the univalves described.

Other scientific works are:—"Ice-Caves," by the Rev. J. F. Browne; "Cheap Wines," by Dr. Druitt; "Contributions to Natural History," by a Rural D.D.; "Man's Age in the World," by an Essex Rector; and "Sea-fishing as a Sport," by L. Young.

OBITUARY.

Death has been busy among our *savants*. The ranks of our workers have been sadly thinned during the past year. Natural Science especially has to mourn the loss of some of her most distinguished followers. In the twelve months which have glided by, the spirits of Hooker, Lindley, Fitzroy, Falconer, Woodward, Schomburgh, Remak, Piria, Bakie, Waterton, Malgaigne, Cuming, and Paxton, have passed from among us.

Sir William Jackson Hooker was born at Norwich in 1785, and, although intended by his parents for mercantile pursuits, devoted himself to the study of botany at an early period of his life. Prior to his appointment to the mastership of the gardens at Kew, he held a professorship of botany at Glasgow. He was for sixty years engaged in the cultivation of botanical science, and the various journals bear ample testimony to the value of his labours.

Dr. John Lindley was born in Norfolk, in the year 1799. He has published several treatises upon botany, some of which have become recognised school and college handbooks. As a teacher in his capacity of Professor in University College, he held a high reputation; but as a deep thinker he was not held in much esteem. He observed carefully, and recorded his observations clearly; when he attempted to generalize, he failed, and his systematic arrangement of plants was never regarded as a philosophic one. His "Vegetable Kingdom" articles in the "Penny Cyclopædia," and his editorship of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, are evidence of his industry and love of his pursuit.

Dr. Hugh Falconer was born in 1808, and was chiefly remarkable for his several valuable essays upon questions relating to palæontology, especially those concerning the Quaternary deposits. In 1832 he had charge of the Botanic Gardens at Saharunpore, and it was mainly through his exertions that the Government was induced to cultivate tea and cinchona in the Himalayahs. During the later years of his life, he was resident among us, and, it will be remembered, came under the notice of the general public in connection with the celebrated Abbeville jaw-bone controversy.

Dr. Samuel Woodward, a most distinguished conchologist and enthusiastic student of palæontology, was born at Norwich in the year 1821. In 1845 he was appointed to the Chair of Botany and Geology in the Royal Agricultural College of Cirencester, and in 1848 he received an appointment in the Natural History Department of the British Museum. His contributions to scientific journals were numerous and important; but the work which, more than all his other labours, will tend to immortalize him, is his splendid treatise on "Recent and Fossil Shells."

Sir Joseph Paxton was born in the year 1804, and, although he was less remarkable for his scientific worth than for his artistic taste as a landscape gardener, his "Botanical Dictionary" and *Magazine of Botany* entitled him to a certain status in botanical science. His greatest achievement was the plan of the Crystal Palace, and this alone will cause his name to be long remembered both by the public and his profession.

Sir Robert W. Schomburgh was more of a geographer than a botanist, though he distinguished himself in both these capacities. In 1835 he undertook the exploration of Guiana, and discovered the Victoria regia, that prince—or shall we say princess?—of aquatic plants. On the completion of his survey of Guiana, he received the order of Knighthood; and the latter portion of his lifetime was spent in Siam, where he held the post of consul.

Admiral Fitzroy, who was born in 1805, reaped many laurels as naturalist and meteorologist. As Captain Fitzroy, he commanded the *Beagle*, and was thus associated with Darwin's celebrated journal. The later portion of his career was devoted to the study of meteorology, which he may be said to have first converted into a practical science. His prediction of storms and his weather signals have made him an authority in the mouths of our sea-faring population.

Sir John Richardson, the great Arctic explorer and naturalist, was born in 1787. His scientific writings, says one of his biographers, fill up some twenty volumes, treating mainly of the zoology of mammals, birds, and fishes, and most instructively of the distribution of species. He made two Arctic expeditions under the command of Sir John Franklin.

The following are the names of some other great men who have died during the year 1865:—Charles Waterton, the naturalist; Balfour Bakie, the African traveller; Hugh Cuming, the conchologist; Professor Malgaigne, the French surgeon; Herr Remak, the Prussian anatomist; Signor Piria, the distinguished Italian chemist; Professor Valenciennes, the great French ichthyologist; Professor Gratiolet, the Dutch anatomist; and Captain William Henry Smyth, the eminent hydrographer.

A FRENCH correspondent, speaking of the recent prohibition by the French authorities of the circulation of a well-known Brussels newspaper, says:—"Gargon, l'Indépendance Belge!" This appeal is the joke of the hour at every *café* on the Boulevards, and especially in the Quartier Latin. It took very well at first; the wretched waiter thus apostrophized, accustomed as he was to this demand, instantly started on his errand, and minutely inspected the scattered tables, on one of which a copy of the paper was always to be found. He returned with an air of blank dismay to report it as unaccountably missing, and was remorselessly despatched to the nearest kiosk, whence he came back with the physiognomy peculiar to April fools, or to verdant schoolboys sent for maps of the undiscovered islands, and informed his client that it was "in the index." The joke, however, has since been overdone.

THE wish of William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, that there should be in London a "free commercial library," seems in a measure on the eve of fulfilment. It is said that the corporation of the city of London a few days ago unanimously voted the use of the Guildhall, recently restored at great cost, for the purposes of an Industrial Exhibition, to be inaugurated on the 1st of March next. On the motion of Mr. Lampray, of Paternoster-row, member of the General and Executive Committees, it has been determined to devote the surplus funds towards the establishment of a free public library—after those admirable institutions in Manchester and Liverpool, we presume—for the city of London. Particulars of the proposed institution will be laid before the public very shortly, and in the meantime several large city firms have signified their desire to contribute liberally towards its establishment and endowment. Several influential members of the corporation have also expressed their intention to support the movement. Perhaps the bankers and others interested in the history and growth of our financial operations will stipulate that one division in the library shall be for a collection of books on monetary matters, whilst our city merchants could arrange that the books and tracts relating to the rise and progress of our present mercantile greatness might be duly cared for. Our present banking systems, insurance systems, credit systems, with the laws relating to trade, bankruptcy, &c., the progress of free trade and general system of open competition, with the decline of the old trade guilds, trade mysteries, and secret societies for the restriction of workmen and the careful protection of large profits to their masters, are all subjects of great interest; and no special gathering of books and tracts upon these subjects, that we are aware of, has yet been made. The late Mr. McCulloch, author of the "Commercial Dictionary," formed a small collection, and Lord Overstone, we believe, has many works relating to the history of finance, but no public library, that we are acquainted with.

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